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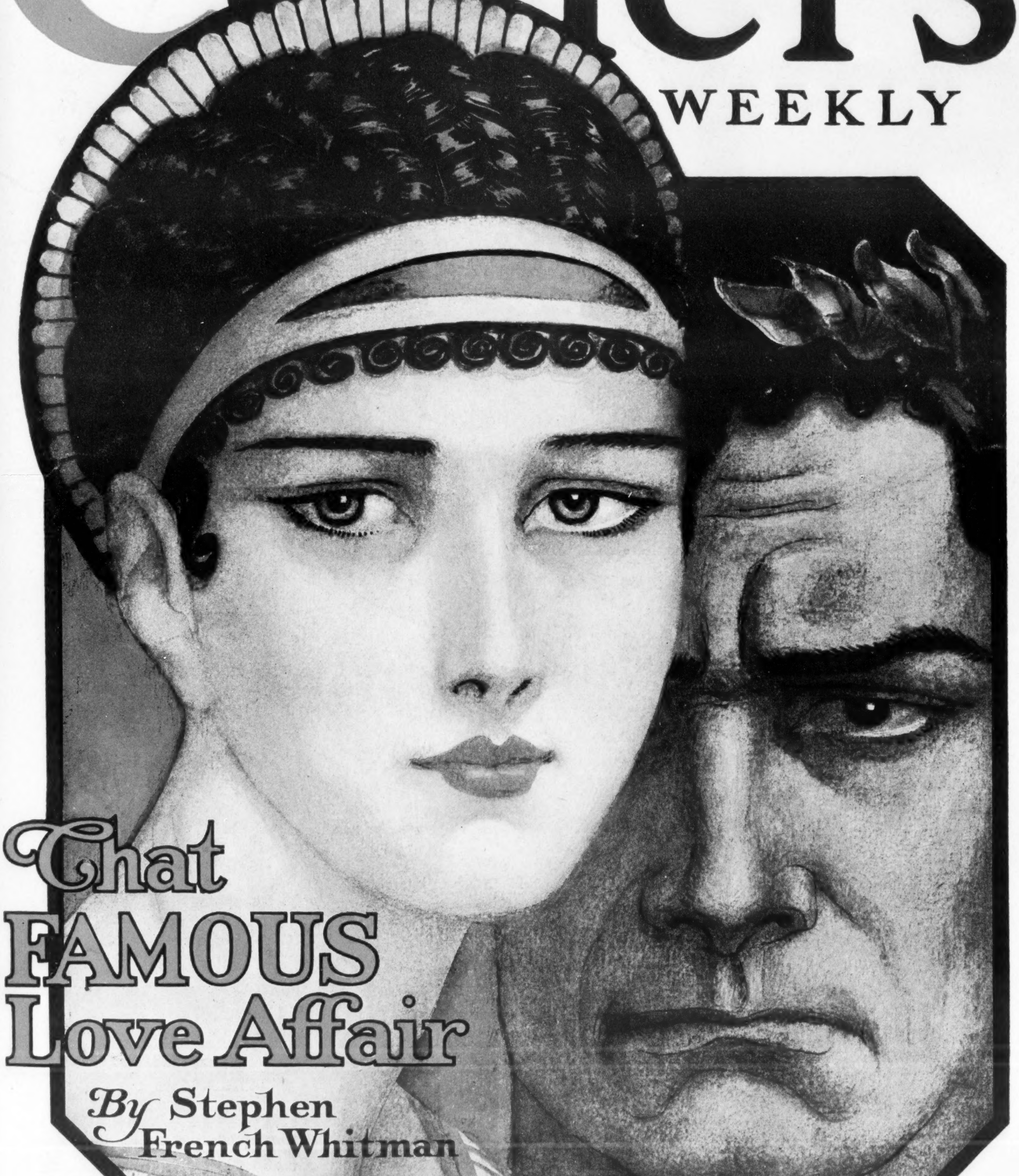
Collier's
WEEKLY



That FAMOUS Love Affair

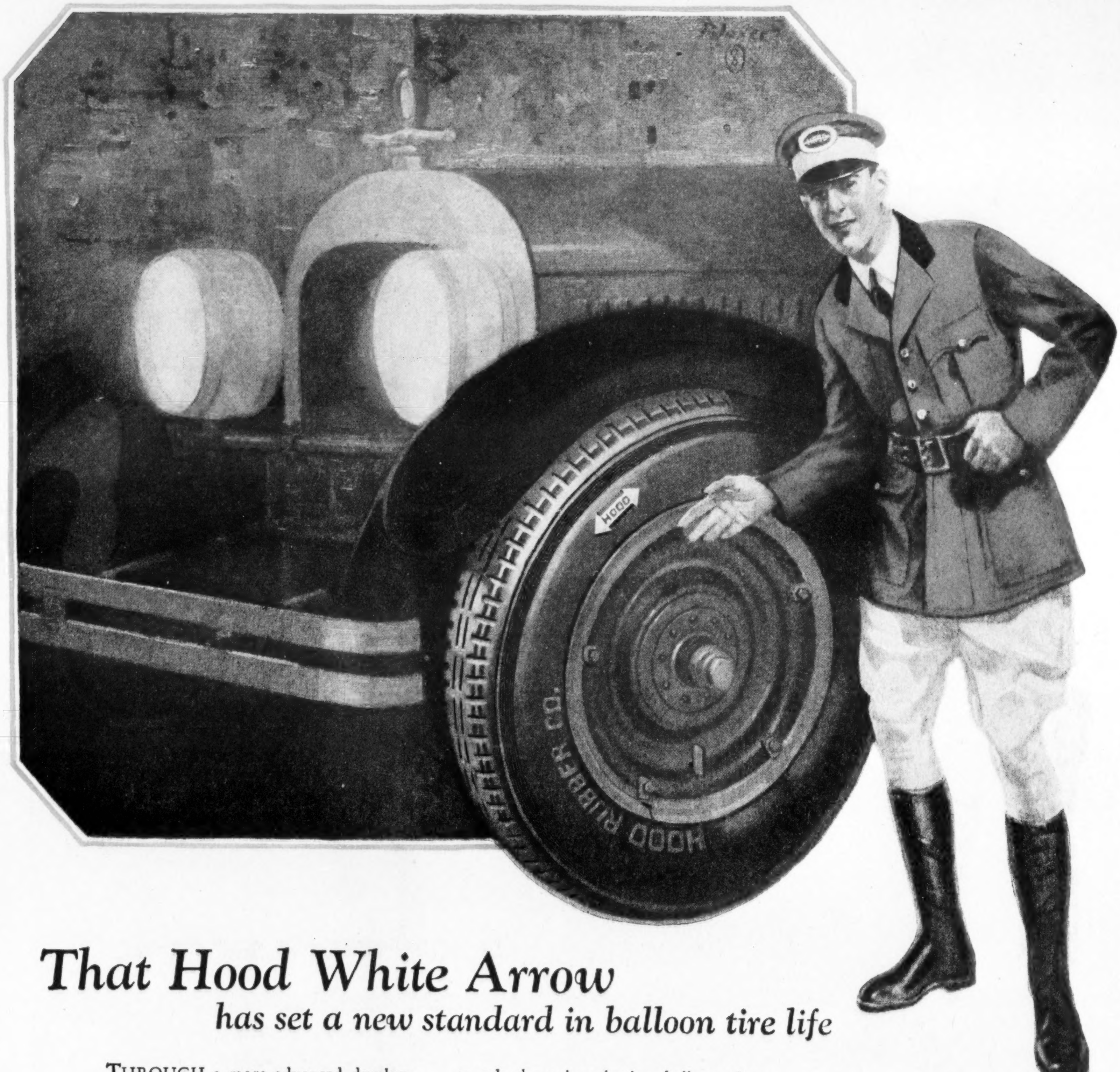
By Stephen French Whitman

Cover by W. T. Benda

Also

Brand Whitlock—Chauncey M. Depew—Houdi

William Allen White—Albert Richard Wetjen—Ja



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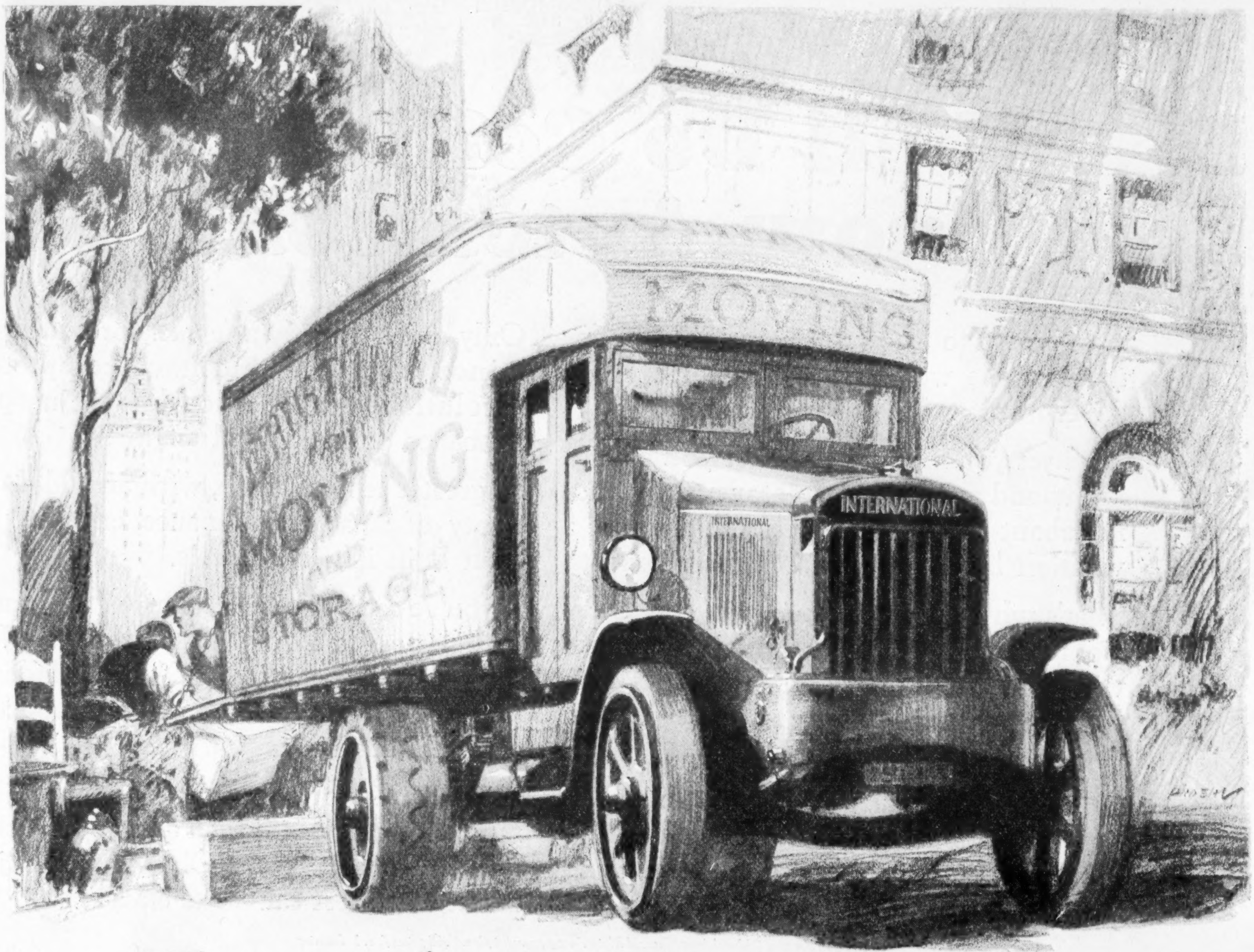

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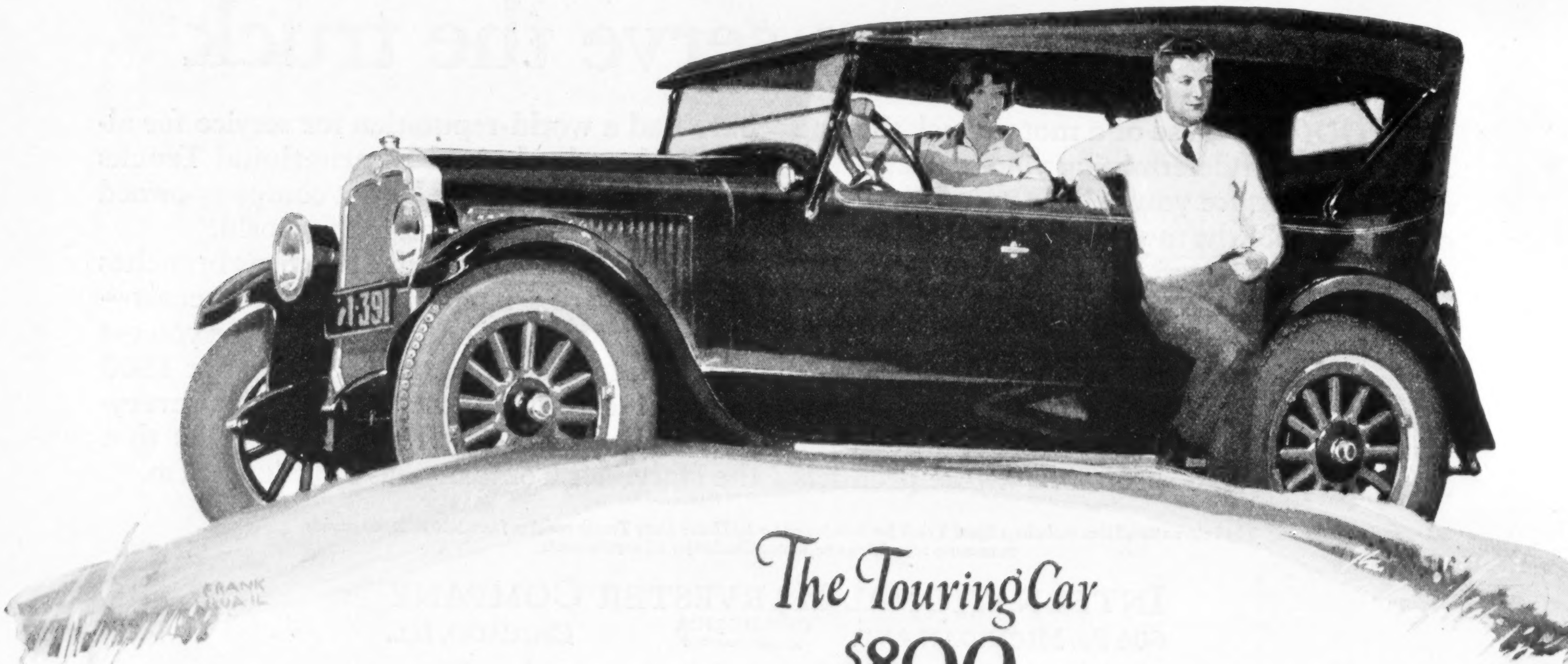

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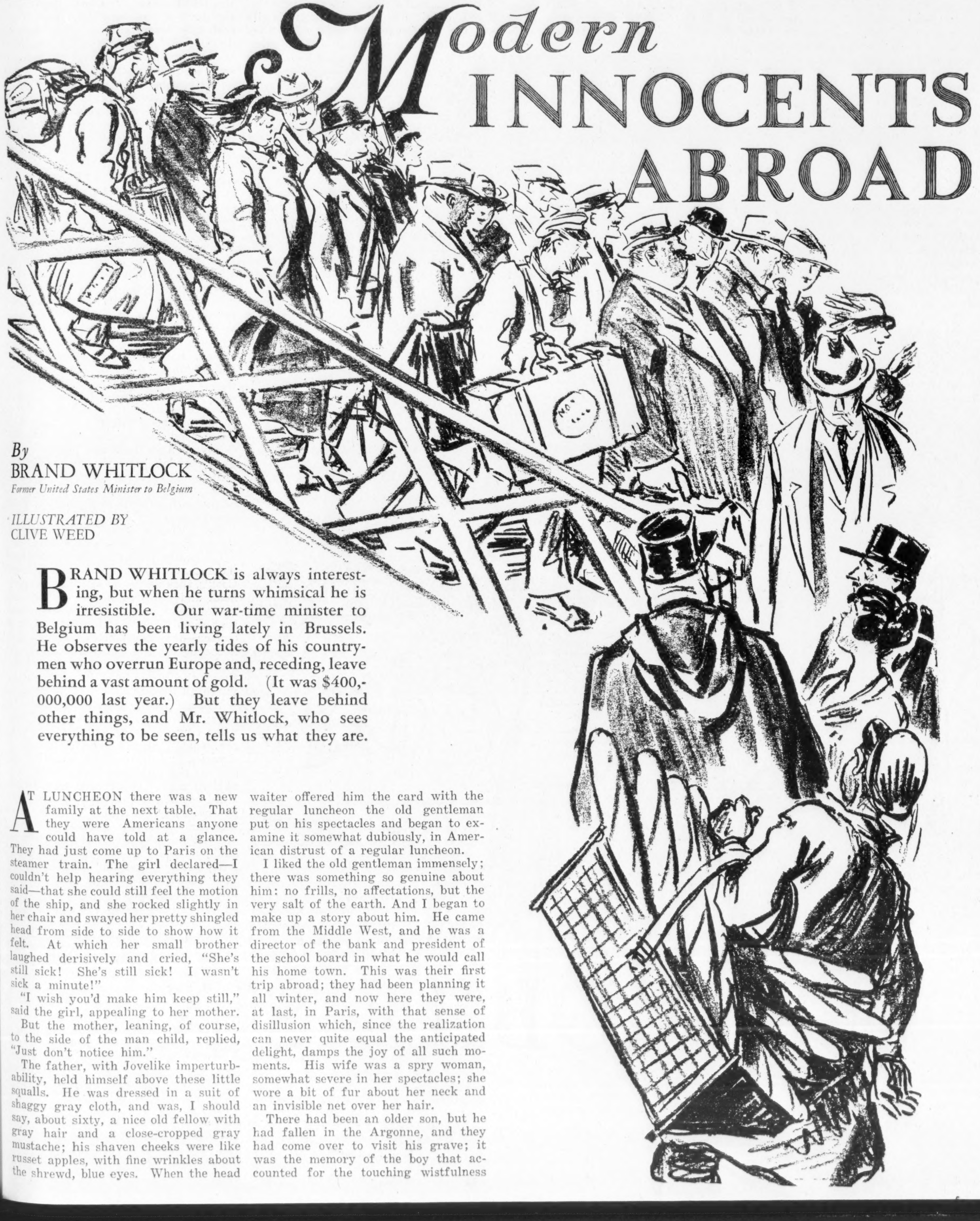
Modern INNOCENTS ABROAD



By
BRAND WHITLOCK
Former United States Minister to Belgium

ILLUSTRATED BY
CLIVE WEED

BRAND WHITLOCK is always interesting, but when he turns whimsical he is irresistible. Our war-time minister to Belgium has been living lately in Brussels. He observes the yearly tides of his countrymen who overrun Europe and, receding, leave behind a vast amount of gold. (It was $400,000,000 last year.) But they leave behind other things, and Mr. Whitlock, who sees everything to be seen, tells us what they are.

AT LUNCHEON there was a new family at the next table. That they were Americans anyone could have told at a glance. They had just come up to Paris on the steamer train. The girl declared—I couldn't help hearing everything they said—that she could still feel the motion of the ship, and she rocked slightly in her chair and swayed her pretty shingled head from side to side to show how it felt. At which her small brother laughed derisively and cried, "She's still sick! She's still sick! I wasn't sick a minute!"

"I wish you'd make him keep still," said the girl, appealing to her mother.

But the mother, leaning, of course, to the side of the man child, replied, "Just don't notice him."

The father, with Jovelike imperturbability, held himself above these little squalls. He was dressed in a suit of shaggy gray cloth, and was, I should say, about sixty, a nice old fellow with gray hair and a close-cropped gray mustache; his shaven cheeks were like russet apples, with fine wrinkles about the shrewd, blue eyes. When the head waiter offered him the card with the regular luncheon the old gentleman put on his spectacles and began to examine it somewhat dubiously, in American distrust of a regular luncheon.

I liked the old gentleman immensely; there was something so genuine about him: no frills, no affectations, but the very salt of the earth. And I began to make up a story about him. He came from the Middle West, and he was a director of the bank and president of the school board in what he would call his home town. This was their first trip abroad; they had been planning it all winter, and now here they were, at last, in Paris, with that sense of disillusion which, since the realization can never quite equal the anticipated delight, damps the joy of all such moments. His wife was a spry woman, somewhat severe in her spectacles; she wore a bit of fur about her neck and an invisible net over her hair.

There had been an older son, but he had fallen in the Argonne, and they had come over to visit his grave; it was the memory of the boy that accounted for the touching wistfulness in the old man's expression. But just now he was puzzling over the card, and to save time he ordered coffee—large cups—to be brought on at once. He decided eventually against the regular luncheon, and chose for himself a steak and fried potatoes, leaned back in his chair and, telling the family to order what they wanted, abandoned them to their fate. Meanwhile a waiter, in what was intended to look like absentmindedness, had set down a tray of *hors d'œuvres* on the table, and the small boy had already gone to work on them, consuming sardines and olives and eggs with mayonnaise, and I know not what. The old gentleman glanced at him once or twice with disgust, and finally his mother ventured:

"I wouldn't eat too many of those things if I were you."

The boy promptly helped himself to pickled herrings and went on eating. They were silent during their luncheon; even the boy suspended, for the time being, his running fire of comment on life as it unfolded itself before his young and curious eyes. His sister glanced about the room with a certain disappointment; if Paris was like this, she seemed to be saying to herself, they might as well have stayed at home, where it was ever so much gayer.

Our hotel is a modest one, to be sure; there is nothing exciting about it. Take our orchestra, for instance; it consists of a violin, a cello and a piano. The violinist is prematurely bald, and where there is no hair there is temperament. He goes in for classical things; no jazz. Our trio couldn't play jazz to save their lives; they try it now and then, but the result is disappointing; they simply can't catch the syncopated negroid swing of the thing. Their greatest number, perhaps, is the Prison Scene from "Faust;" but who wants to hear that? Surely not the pretty girl whose bright eyes have been roving about this dining-room. . . .

Those Droll Drys!

WHEN the head waiter produced the wine card the old gentleman looked at it sympathetically, charmed by a sudden temptation, but the wife set her lips and looked at him through her shining lenses, and he apologetically handed the wine card back to the head waiter and said that he guessed not. The head waiter, after this incident, lost interest in my family. The regular luncheon was particularly good that day, and though the special dishes that they ordered cost more his professional pride in the culinary art was, after all, greater than his cupidity. He confided to me, in fact, that these confused, disordered meals, everybody calling for different things, get terribly on the cook's nerves during the tourist season; they cast a slur upon a repast prepared with care and meant to be judged as an artistic whole. He feels that the honor of his nation is at stake; is beginning to have fears for *la cuisine française*. And then this thing of drinking coffee instead of wine with the meal; the head waiter shook his head sadly. But wishing him to think well of my compatriots—for one's patriotism grows sensitive in an alien scene—I explained to him that they had just got off the ship that morning at a very early hour and that they felt the need of something. Precisely! Then why not the wine of France? Really, *les Américains* were a droll people; he couldn't make them out.

I didn't see my American family after that for several days, but as they were the vanguard of an army of summer tourists that invades Paris with the flowering of the chestnut trees in the Champs Elysées, not, of course, as a related but merely as a coincident phenomenon, there were other Americans to make up stories about.

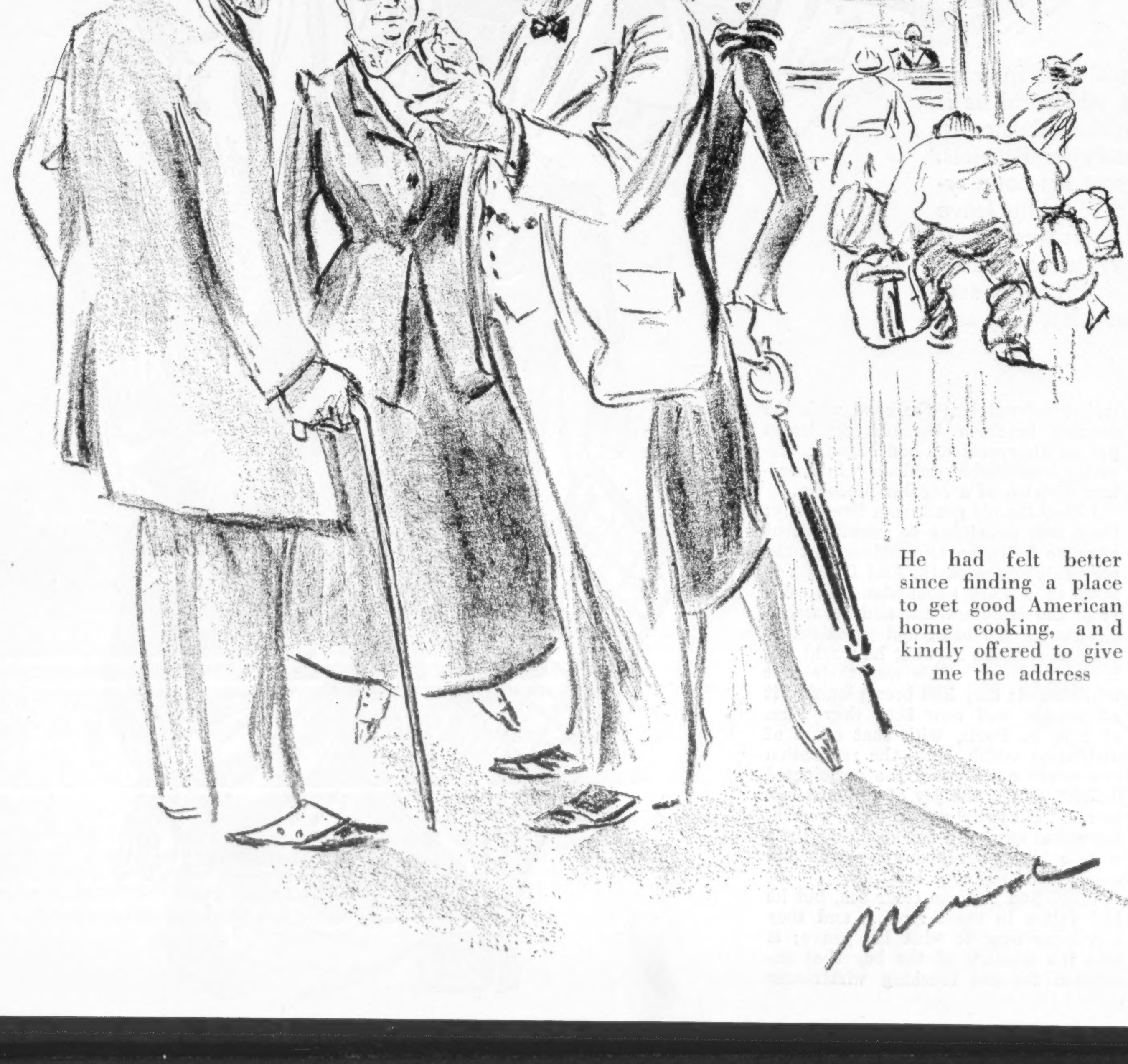
They come pouring into the hotel until it is packed with them, and it is the same with every other hotel in town. The dingy arcades along the Rue de Rivoli echo with American voices; one can't walk a block without bumping into someone from home; one is always looking into faces that seem familiar, constantly asking one's self, "Where have I seen him before?" and always on the point of bowing, as to an old acquaintance. Before the bookstalls in the Rue Castiglione, where the American magazines are exposed for sale, there is always a group of them; the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix blossom out suddenly in straw hats; great *chars-à-bancs* go lumbering along, with clusters of turned-up faces peering at the high mansards and chimney pots, or at the *pavillons* of the Louvre, or fixed intently on the conductor when, the *char-à-bancs* having stopped in the Tuileries Gardens, he stands up to lecture on the Arc du Carrousel and the statue of Lafayette. They go streaming across the Place de la Concorde and over the river, to look down into the crypt where, in the soft blue theatrical light, Napoleon lies under the dome of the Invalides. One is accosted by American lads in the Avenue de l'Opéra. "Say, can you talk English? Well, can you tell us where we can get some ice-cream soda?"

Paris suddenly ceases to be French and becomes American; the Paris newspapers even permit themselves a polite little joke about the discovery of a man in Paris who can speak French. And each new morning brings new crowds of them. They come in vast waves, like the tides; 200,000 of them every summer, those competent in such matters say; and they spend more than $400,000,000. There is something strangely affecting to the imagination in the spectacle. The thought of these vast hordes of people, well-dressed, with plenty of money to spend, all gay, happy, carefree, on this prodigious holiday, has something almost epic about it. It is as though the great western movement of restless humanity, begun ages ago with the Aryan invasion, has turned back upon itself and begun to flow the other way. It is a veritable hegira, and takes on some mysterious historical significance. Some come to escape the dreary influences of neo-Puritanism, others to study conditions at Montmartre or at Geneva. And there are teachers and librarians on holidays and university professors enjoying their sabbatical year. And all are drawn by that romantic attraction which Europe must always have for Americans.

And Europe does not disappoint them. Even if, hustled as they are along beaten tracks by the remorseless indefatigability of the man from Cook's, they derive no more than superficial and confused impressions of the scenes they so hurriedly visit—views that dissolve as swiftly as those in a cinema—they nevertheless gain a wider knowledge of the world and a fund of pleasant memories. They have been there, they have seen it, and that is worth all it costs.

William Dean Howells, of whom I always think with devotion, told me, when I was a young and ignorant person, that I should never understand America until I could visualize it against the European background, and advised me to go at once to Europe. I did not at the time quite know what he meant, but I think I know now. The professors, the teachers, the students, those who over there on the left bank, at the Sorbonne or the Beaux Arts, probably get the most out of it. They learn something of the life and the language; they know what to see and how, intellectually, to look at it; they realize all the vast implications, historical, political and artistic. They, and those who remain longer, exploring the quiet bypaths and visiting out-of-the-way places, fall under the spell of the older civilization and acquire a taste for the grace and beauty and leisure, the depths and dignity of its life. They will come back again. It is said that when the late Pope Leo XIII received a visitor he used to ask him how long he expected to remain in Rome; if he was told "A week," then, in bidding good-by, the Pope would say "*Adieu.*" But if his visitor said he was going to remain a month, the Pope would say "*Au revoir.*"

In the autumn, when the leaves on the chestnut (*Continued on page 36*)



He had felt better since finding a place to get good American home cooking, and kindly offered to give me the address

TRADITION

By
ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

ALFRED BRISCOE considered that Captain Owens was the next thing to God. But, then, Owens had been commanding ships for twenty years, while Alfred was on his first voyage as an officer—and fourth officer at that. Owens was a fine-built, square-shouldered man with silvery hair and a wind-reddened face. Alfred was broad and tall and blue-eyed and enthusiastic. One was nearly sixty, the other twenty-two.

Captain Owens held his job because the passengers liked him and because in all the years he had commanded he had not had one accident, not so much as a grounding on a bank of sand. He was either an extremely good navigator or extremely lucky. His first officer alone knew just how much he drank in secret and just how much of a man he was inside the immaculate shell. But the first officer, for the honor of Captain Owens, but mostly for the honor of the service, kept his knowledge to himself.

To Alfred Briscoe the captain was the ideal sailorman, calm, capable, courteous. Five years as an apprentice had taught Alfred some seamanship and less navigation, but they hadn't taught him, yet, how to weigh men. So he continued to worship enthusiastically the planking the captain walked on and to talk of him to Nellie at such times as the Arania was in dock at Liverpool.

"He's a great man," he would say; "a great man. Very seldom gives an order, but when he does he wants action. Weather never worries him. He'll sleep through anything less than a hurricane. Not like some skippers, always on the bridge every time there's a blow. And he's never had any trouble with a ship yet. The second and third mates can grumble at him all they want, they can't get around that fact. Can they, now?"

And Nellie, who was twenty and dark and worked in a Lime Street office and loved Alfred very much, would run her soft fingers over the solitary, thin band of gold round his cuff and say, "Of course they can't, dear. And you're going to be like him some day. You're going to be a captain of a big ship like the Arania, aren't you?"

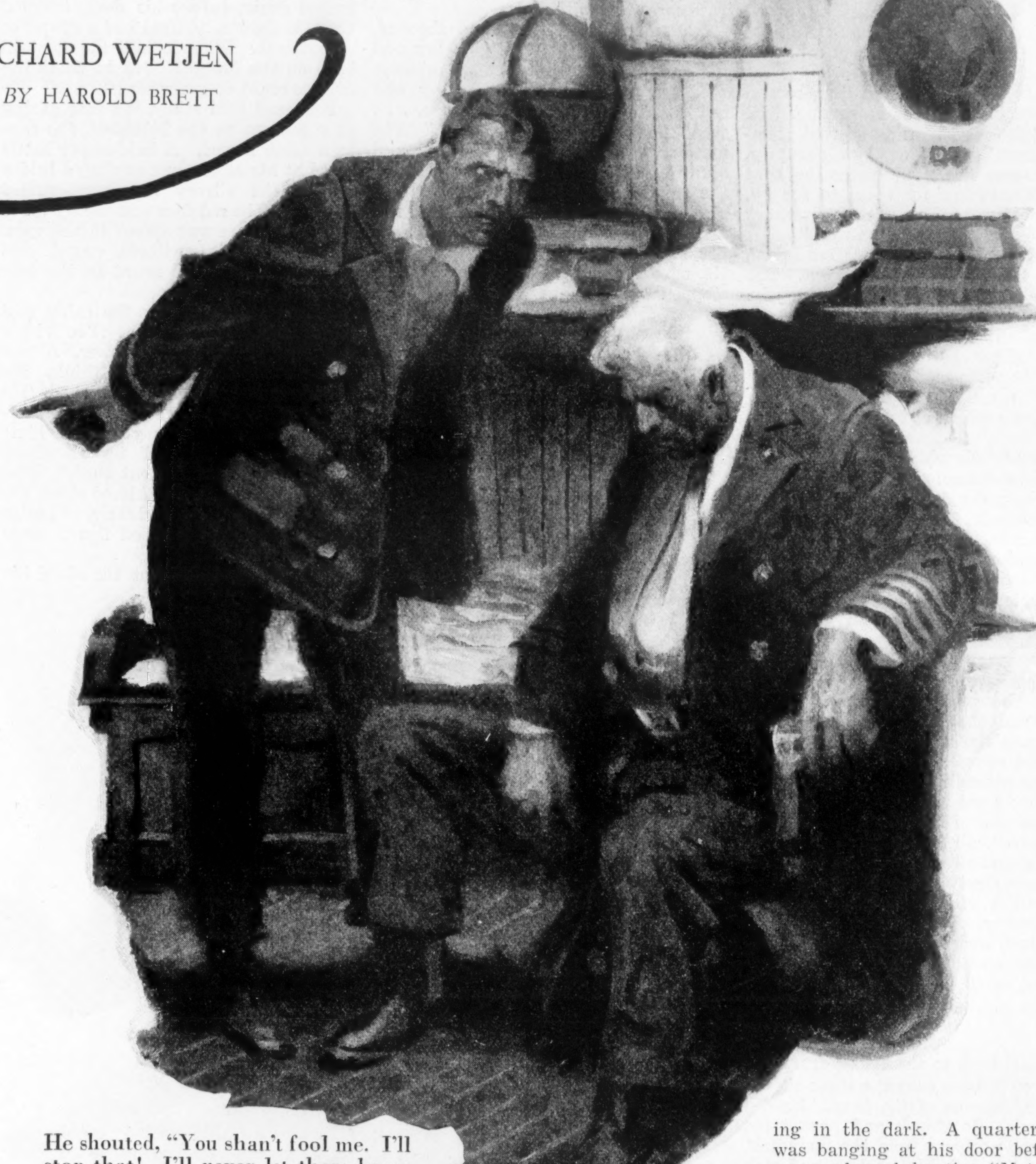
"You bet I am, kid. And then we'll fix up that flat and I'll start leaving half-pay home, eh? You bet!" And back at last he would go to the mighty three-funneled liner, his heart singing and his whole being contented that he should have such a girl as Nellie and such a captain as Captain Owens.

SEVEN voyages, Buenos Aires to Liverpool and back, Alfred Briscoe made on the Arania without once having his opinion of Captain Owens shattered. He put down the talk of his fellow officers as the grumbling and the envy of inferiors for a successful superior. The great fact stood out that in twenty years of command the captain had not lost or damaged one ship, not one. His record was unstained, to Alfred unstainable. And the first officer saw to it that as far as the crew and the passengers and the agents of the company knew it, it was kept so. The first officer and Captain Owens had been boys together on the old sailing ship, long ago and far away. Besides, there was the honor of the service to be considered.

Of course, there were times when the first officer slept. Then the second mate or the third, whoever was on watch and handy, took a hand. Once Captain Owens stumbled up the companion and rocked across the bridge. Alfred was standing by the binnacle and looked at him, worshipful. And the captain was a fine-appearing man, tall and silver-haired and hearty-looking. Reserved, of course. He had never spoken to his fourth officer. But, then, a master had to be like that.

Halfway to the for'ard rail Captain Owens stumbled over the edge of the sennit mat lying on the planking. He nearly fell, and only the quick arm of the anxious second mate saved him. Alfred thought it was the rolling of the ship and never knew that the captain's eyes were glazed from drinking and his lips hanging loose from the loss of control to close them.

Disillusionment came, of course, but it came very slowly and in a strange manner.



He shouted, "You shan't fool me. I'll stop that! I'll never let them know what a fool I've been"

THE Arania was somewhere south of the Azores when she ripped her bottom open on a rock that the charts said was not there. It was a mad, shouting night, with the lightning flickering across the sky and the rain driving like fury. The liner's lights went out abruptly. There was a lot of shouting, and the piano in the music-room crashed in ruin against the panel bulkhead. Alfred Briscoe was reading in his bunk, and the shock threw him across his cabin against the door.

He was not afraid. He had been to sea nearly seven years now and had experienced shipwreck once. He picked himself up, cursed and ruefully rubbed his shoulder. Then he commenced dressing in the dark. A quartermaster was banging at his door before he was ready and shouting, "Mate wants you on the bridge, sir. . . . We've opened up like a tin can!"

"All right," called Alfred, and thirty seconds later was out on the boat deck hurrying toward the navigation bridge. There was still a lot of shouting, and now mingled with it were the screams of women. The saloon and the promenade decks were in confusion. There had been a concert in progress when the liner struck, and the women were mostly in flimsy evening gowns. The hurricane lanterns, being lighted and brought for'ard by the dozen, showed hysterical girls and white-faced matrons, trembling men, and boys with bright eyes almost enjoying the adventure of it all.

The steerage was in panic. The poor souls down there had neither the traditions to uphold them nor the dry decks beneath them to give them comfort. Already their quarters were being flooded, and every spray that broke for'ard of the bridge drenched them through. Many died in that madness, trampled underfoot. Only on the bridge was calmness, order, in operation. And only in the engine-room, in the blinding dark, was heroism walking abroad.

On the bridge the mate was in charge. He had sent the third officer running along the boat deck with four quartermasters. And he was saying jerkily to the second mate, when Alfred Briscoe arrived, "Give our position to Sparks and tell him to send out the emergency call. Round up the men, requisition passengers, and get the boats out. I'll have some flares lighted to help you. Quick work. . . . And get them all away as soon as you can. . . . Good luck!"

"Good luck, sir," said the second mate, and he said it as he ran. Alfred touched the mate's arm, and that grim-lipped man turned on him abruptly, "Light some flares all along the boat deck. Something for them to see by. . . . Hold on, send up rockets first, get a quartermaster started on that."

"Where's the skipper?" Alfred asked, a pulse hammering in his throat. The mate choked and shook him savagely, "Run along. Never mind the skipper." But as soon as the fourth officer had left the bridge the mate made for the skipper's room. And what he found there wilted and rocked him.

The boat falls whined, even above the storm noises. Flares grew along the decks. Lanterns danced. Men shouted and women still screamed. And one by one the white boats danced away from the Arania's wallowing side into the encircling gloom of the wide, wide sea.

There was only half an hour, perhaps three quarters at the most. But the sailors and the stokehold crew of the liner made the most of it. The stewards even saved some of the saloon silver after attending to their passengers. One man, from the galley, broke open the glass case in the saloon dining-room and secured, all in the pitch dark, the tall gold-and-silver cup that the Arania's crew had won one voyage rowing against all the ships in Buenos Aires harbor. That cup was the pride of the line, and the man from the galley hung on to it, grinning and triumphant, until he was rescued, though he broke his leg and four ribs obtaining it.

COMING back to the bridge from aft, Alfred Briscoe caught a three-sheave block on the side of the head. He did not see it. It struck and passed by, torn loose perhaps from the mainmast falls, and it left him reeling and sick and half-unconscious. He held his hands to his head and moaned, "I've got mine. I've got mine all right." But discipline, long bred in him, forced his leaden feet to move forward to the bridge so that he might report. The volleying rain drenched him, and he revived somewhat. But by the time he reached his destination he was still sick and reeling.

He found the bridge deserted, and wandered aimlessly over the place. Moving around from the shelter of the chart house, he heard the mate's voice coming down-wind. He went toward it and halted as a spasm of pain shot through him from ear to ear. Then he caught the mate's voice again.

". . . like a damned fool. You've been propped up all these years. I've done it for your wife's sake. You're a great bluff. . . . You used to be a man once. Now take hold. I can't let you in the boats like you are. It'd be all over the first port we struck, and the inquiry'd smash you. . . . Make it a decent finish! . . . You could have done it once. . . . Take hold! . . ."

Alfred leaned against a rail and wondered dully what it was all about. No one had the right to talk to a captain that way. It wasn't ethical for a master to be shouted at. The Arania was lurching underfoot, heeling over and going down by the head. The lightning flickered and flashed from horizon to horizon, lighting sky and sea for brief seconds, then plunging the world into more intense darkness than ever. Alfred saw the mate rocking toward him, his face convulsed with rage.

The mate saw Alfred and shouted, "Come along, you! We'll go below and get off her. She can't last ten minutes longer. . . . Let that swine stay and rot. . . . My God, I loved him once. . . . what shall I say to his wife? . . ." The mate rocked past the fourth officer and stumbled down the companion. He had the ship's papers in his hands. Alfred stared after him with sick eyes, not knowing the mate had reached the breaking point after years of sacrifice. He moved along, staggering, until he stopped by the open door of the captain's room. Then his dazed eyes focused and he forgot where he had been going.

THE cabin was lighted by two oil emergency lamps, one each side of the washbowl. Even now the place looked warm and comfortable, a haven from the inhospitable elements. And in the swivel chair, before his desk, huddled Captain Owens. Alfred had a spasm of resentment. Why hadn't the captain been on the bridge? Did he think the officers could do everything?

His head held stiffly, his face gazing at a picture on the bulkhead, the captain never moved. A half-empty bottle stood at his elbow, and one hand held a glass. The silvery hair was ruffled slightly. The red face was nearly white now, and there was terror in the eyes. The lips worked without sound, and there were beads of sweat on the contorted forehead.

Alfred stumbled into the cabin and said thickly, "You sick, sir? You'll have to hurry." There was no answer. Alfred held his head and tried to think. He became aware that he was shocked. He reeled on his feet and stared at the half-empty bottle. Words came to him: "You've been propped up all these years. . . . You're a great bluff." Who was it had said that? Alfred shook his head and then said clearly, "You're drunk." But the huddled figure made no movement.

Alfred looked dully at the blood his groping fingers had found on his head. Good heavens! He had heard for a long time the captain was a drunkard, but he had never believed what the other mates had said. And it was true. This man, the captain of the Arania, the captain of a ship sinking somewhere south of the Azores, was drunk in a time of stress. This man was a master of the craft, the old and honorable craft. This man he had worshiped; this man had been his ideal, his perfect sailor.

He reeled on his feet again, and anger swept him. What a fool he had been! He lunged forward toward the deck.

He shouted, "By God, you get up on deck. I've boasted of you and believed in you, and you're not going to let me down. Get up!"

But Captain Owens only quivered and huddled lower in his chair and whimpered with the terror that gripped him. His nerve was gone. He was no longer even a man. He was limp as a sack. He could not even stand. Alfred raged with the passion of disappointment. It seemed the whole world was crashing in ruin about him. There was fire in his head. He felt the Arania lurch under him. Not long, two or three minutes perhaps. A wild idea came and his eyes took in the cabin. Coats and oilskins swung from pegs.

He shouted again, "You shan't fool me. I'll stop that! I'll stop that! I'll never let them know what a fool I've been." He was half sobbing when he lurched across the cabin. There was fire in his head. He hoped Nellie would understand. Good old Nellie. Perhaps he was half mad. He was certain he had never felt so angry in his life. How his head hurt. . . . He stumbled out on deck. . . .

A SEAMAN in one of the boats saw it first. The flares were dying, but the lightning showed plainly a tall, broad figure on the bridge, near the port rail, a figure in the peaked cap of rank. An arm lifted in a gesture of farewell, calmly, slowly, and every man saw clearly in the ghostly light the four broad bands of gold on the cuff. The lightning faded, and when it came again the Arania was gone.

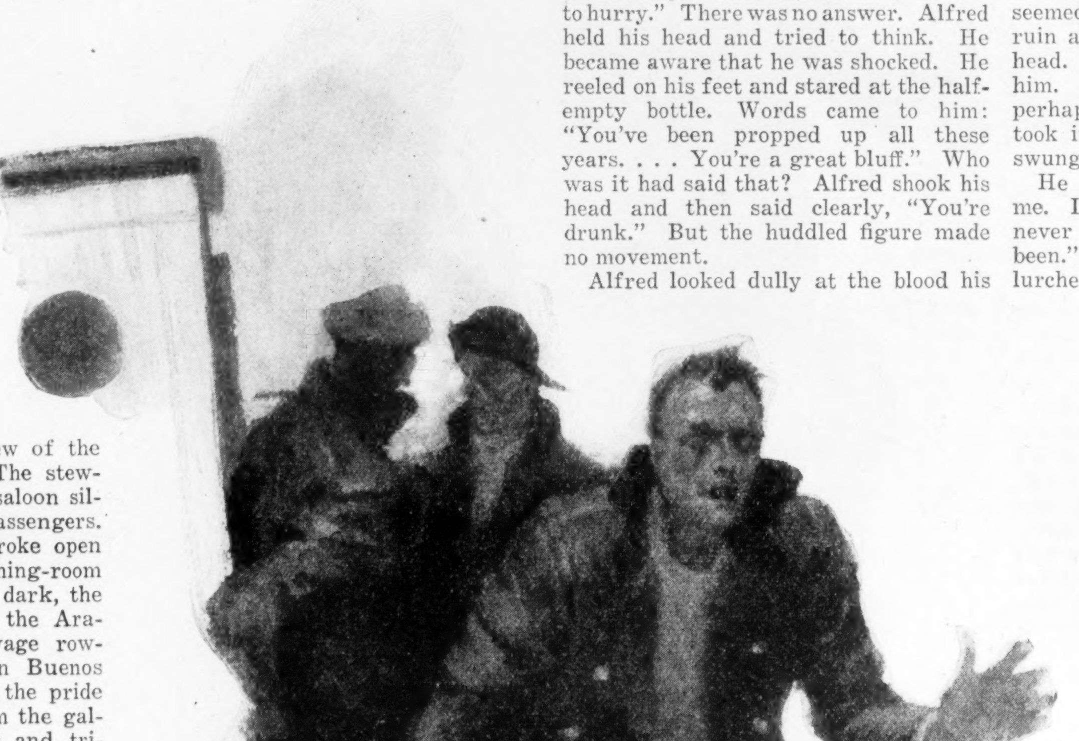
In one of the boats the mate was whispering, "Well, you saw that! You saw that!" And his voice was suddenly glad, and friendship and peace were in his heart again. And the seamen round him nodded their heads and murmured, "Went on the bridge, with his ship, like a man." And they knew it was so because it was the tradition. . . .

Early next morning, soon after dawn, a black-sided freighter laden with Australian wool sighted wreckage bearing one man and sent her first officer over to investigate. When he came back his face was puzzled. On the bridge, after seeing the castaway safely between blankets, he said to his commander, "Damned funny. Youngster from the mail liner Arania. She went down last night. He's had a bash on the head, and is talkin' to himself, but I guess he'll be all right. Says he's fourth mate."

"Well," said the captain comfortably, "we'll cruise about a bit. May be some others. Fourth mate, you say?"

"Yes, sir." The mate scratched his head. "But he's got on a captain's coat."

This insignificant detail did not come out at the inquiry, so it appeared that Captain Owens was lucky right to the end.



"Good luck, sir," said the second mate, and he said it as he ran

The GREAT TEST

Will the qualities which brought Calvin Coolidge to the White House suffice for future trials?

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The Coolidges are members of the Congregational Church

THE fact that Coolidge was born on the Fourth of July is disturbing. Naturally the people expect a prodigy. And then, being born on the Fourth of July, he keeps climbing upward steadily in patriotic service, never pausing for an office of profit; never stopping to lay by an honest dollar, just acting all the time like a person out of the school reader—these things breed hero tales. In a life wherein virtue is always being rewarded, wherein copy-book lines are forever coming true—and in the life of Calvin Coolidge all the cross-stitched wall mottoes and samplers of three hundred years of New England piety and probity are suddenly crashing out of their frames into gray pin-striped trousers and a frock coat—the all too superstitious masses are not to be blamed if they see signs and portents arising from simple things.

Take the fact that this wordless man marries a girl from the deaf and dumb school; in a hapless world such meticulous order seems miraculous. And if one holds perfect accord and complementary union are miraculous, here is a miracle. For the marriage of Calvin Coolidge and Grace Goodhue is one of those Heaven-sent events designed to renew the flagging faith of humanity.

Of course no one ever got eulogy of Mrs. Coolidge from her husband. Searching through interviews with him and books about him, one finds only half a dozen words of acknowledgment of this gift of God: "She is a great help to me"—only that. But if he could have said more such a woman would have been superfluous. As it is, she is a vital part of his success, of his life, of his happiness.

So let us consider Grace Anna Goodhue Coolidge, born a Vermonter, graduated from the state university, now in her middle forties, handsome, animated, lovely of mien and manner, a brunette for his blond, charming where he is silent, quick where he is slow, intuitive where he is logical. The whole union seems cabalistic, in some way occult, done by fairies or super-creatures—the Heaven-made marriage.

One would say that, along with all the perfections which Calvin Coolidge has achieved, this marriage, in the one human area where the average of mischance is highest, just could not have happened. It is like that Fourth of July nativity for a man who walks straight through ten thousand absolutely insuperable objects straight to the White House. It just cannot be. But here it is, this marriage which completes a man and a woman by spiritual synthesis.

Mrs. Coolidge stands slightly above the medium height for women, with a slender figure and supple; a good dancer, a fine, firm carriage and a head poised for frankness. Candor is the first characteristic of her face. Her eyes are larger than common; her brow is broad; her nose is marked for strength as well as beauty, but the strength of her face is in her mouth, wherein is least beauty but most character. Clearly she is emotional. But obviously she has herself in hand. It was she in the little room at Plymouth whose eyes were wet when the reporters saw the Coolidges the hour when the news of Harding's death came to them. But it was she also who, when her husband wrote his first statement after his inauguration, gathered the scattered manuscript, sorted out the pages and handed the duplicate sheets to the reporters.

She never leaves her job. In twenty years, during which she has lived with a man with a queer passion for public service, she has forgone all that he has forgone, has sacrificed all that he has, and more, considering the ways of women; has played life's rather hard game, as the home-making wife of an abnegating political ascetic who never made a dollar out of office, and through it all she has turned a laughing, defiant face at the fate that set her a bit apart from other women of her caste and kind. If any woman, seeing the end of the road, smiles, thinking it an easy way, let her live twenty years, bring up two children, and keep house for a rising statesman without a maid! And if any woman envies the mistress of the White House, let that woman go down into the shadow of death and part with a son, and come back to a place where she cannot be sad, cannot show her grief, where duty demands that she cover her sorrow and turn a gay face to a forgetting world.

Cautious Cal is a Symbol

LIKE a wine-glass elm in a Vermont meadow, alone, thin, slight, graceful but sturdy for all native winds and weathers, shedding a shy indefinite sense of beauty rather in memory than in the eye, is this union of two lives that we know as Coolidge in the White House to-day. Yet, make no mistake, he is no shrine piece, this Coolidge, but a faulty man, who makes his mistakes like the rest of us. He keeps his word rather more inviolate than most politicians. But he is chary of it, and probably is not above giving a reason to one man for refusing to assume an obligation and an excuse to another; the reason and the excuse being quite different statements of fact about a situation in politics.

No blurter or bawler-out of sheer raw truth is he. Yet intrigue irks him. He does not meet it with gusto as Roosevelt met it. But he does not meet anything in life as Roosevelt met it. Neither does he let life overcome him as it defeated Harding, nor does he shrink from hard knocks as Wilson sometimes shrank. He stands often before problems, unanswering them. But no cowardice silences him. His silence comes because he is not sure of the truth. A vain man would bluff. A daring man would chance it. A dishonest man would parley. Each of them probably would be happier before a problem than the silent, joyless, cautious man. Measure life any way you please, in terms of success or of satisfaction or of ease, almost any kind of man gets more fun out of existence than he of the dumb, cautious type.

Probably he figures triumphantly that his career has justified his theory of life; that pride in his Presidential office has made up for the joy he may have lost in getting there. There are those who would differ from him. Indeed, there are those who order their lives on a quite different theory, and end warming the stove in the village store. It's a matter of taste and choice.

When President Coolidge came to the White House he brought a trained mind there. The habit of application which the New England mind acquires easily, his four years at Amherst, had settled into the rut of his life. He has always had a clean and healthy brain, which does not mean a powerful mind, but it means a physical organ which will bear the strain of physical work, long and close application; a mind which in the Coolidge case works normally and logically, and in the end produces those normal and logical conclusions known as common sense. He takes no short cuts, follows no hunches, sees few visions.

His slow processes of thought enforce the silent habit which is his outer characteristic. But they do more; they keep him humble and give him always an outer air of modesty which his inner opinion of himself may sadly belie. Certainly he has reason to be proud of himself. With his five talents he has done more than most men who have ten. But because he plods slowly from premises to conclusion, where he sees others brilliantly sweeping by him upon intuitive processes to the truth, he has kept a humble if not a contrite heart. Thus humility marks every line of his contour, keeps him off his heels when he walks and gives him almost but not quite a mincing gait. This consciousness of a slow process of reasoning downcasts his eye, and we see him forever staring down his nose.

As President of the United States Coolidge fitted into the national psychology, indeed into the world psychology, of those post-war days. The world as well as America is disopinionated. It has had to give up so many of its ideals, to discard so many of its finalities, to stop, look and listen at every crossroad in its problem, fearing chaos. A cautious world turned logically—may we say mythologically?—to cautious Cal, the strong, dumb, omniscient creature who hurls thunderbolts out of the silence, or—if you disagree with him—the meek, dull, lucky little man who sits tight and grabs quickly.

A dozen years ago the American people would not have accepted him. They were in no mood for him or his kind; they were adventurous. They admired daring. They were all for setting out upon grand pilgrimages to high goals. They followed Roosevelt and Wilson, men of aspiration, leaders who looked forward into a better day and a nobler time.

But this third decade of our century is a decade of reaction from war. The people are not interested in large altruistic enterprises. They desire substantial things, and for themselves chiefly. They are trusting to the devil to take the others behind. In this mood they turned overwhelmingly to Coolidge. "Economy will solve the problems of our country," declares Coolidge, and the majority applauds. It really believes that. It refuses to recognize problems which economy will not solve. So to all intents and purposes the ignored problems are just uncomfortable and unaccountable facts. The men and women who followed Roosevelt to Armageddon, and those who aspired with Wilson to a peaceful world, seem to have submerged, and the great majorities which these leaders once commanded have disintegrated. And now the voice of Conservatism is heard in the land. Coolidge symbolizes rather than leads Conservatism. He lacks the daring of leadership; even if he had its tenacity—its stubbornness, if you will. His courage is of another quality, which makes neither converts nor crusaders, but holds the fort.

The inauguration of Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States marked a new era in Republican politics, the coming of a new dynasty. For ten years a group of conservative leaders in the Republican organization, chiefly centering about the senatorial leaders, dominated Republican politics and Republican conventions and Republican caucuses in Congress. These leaders were known as the Old Guard. Custom had staled them. They were becoming corrupt. In Ohio they were disreputable. In many states of the Middle West they shielded petty grafters and became patronage brokers of a rather mean sort. In many states of the South the old Republican organization was frankly corrupt. And everywhere, north, south, east and west, it represented no cause, merely organized an appetite for office; talking the while about Republican principles, which as a matter of fact were not strongly different from Democratic principles. In many states Republican leaders were the messenger boys of Big Business, puppets of a ruling local plutocracy, manikins growing rather too powerful for the wires that joined them. They were becoming the masters and not the servants, were these political leaders, and revolt spread among the master classes, who are essentially honest according to their lights, despising graft and tolerating the grafters only when it is profitable or necessary to do so.

The Old Guard Fought Him

COOLIDGE, coming suddenly to the White House, turned a hard face to the Old Guard, not dramatically, not conspicuously, perhaps not even consciously to either party. But he was not their kind. For nearly thirty years he had lived in politics, rising every biennium in power but never aligning himself with the crooked forces of his own party. He came from a liberal state where the Republican party had become fairly conservative but never dirty. He came out of a civilization where every penny had pincher dents on it and every dollar was accounted for in public expenditures. He came with no hangers-on, with no machine, with no friends to reward, no enemies to punish.

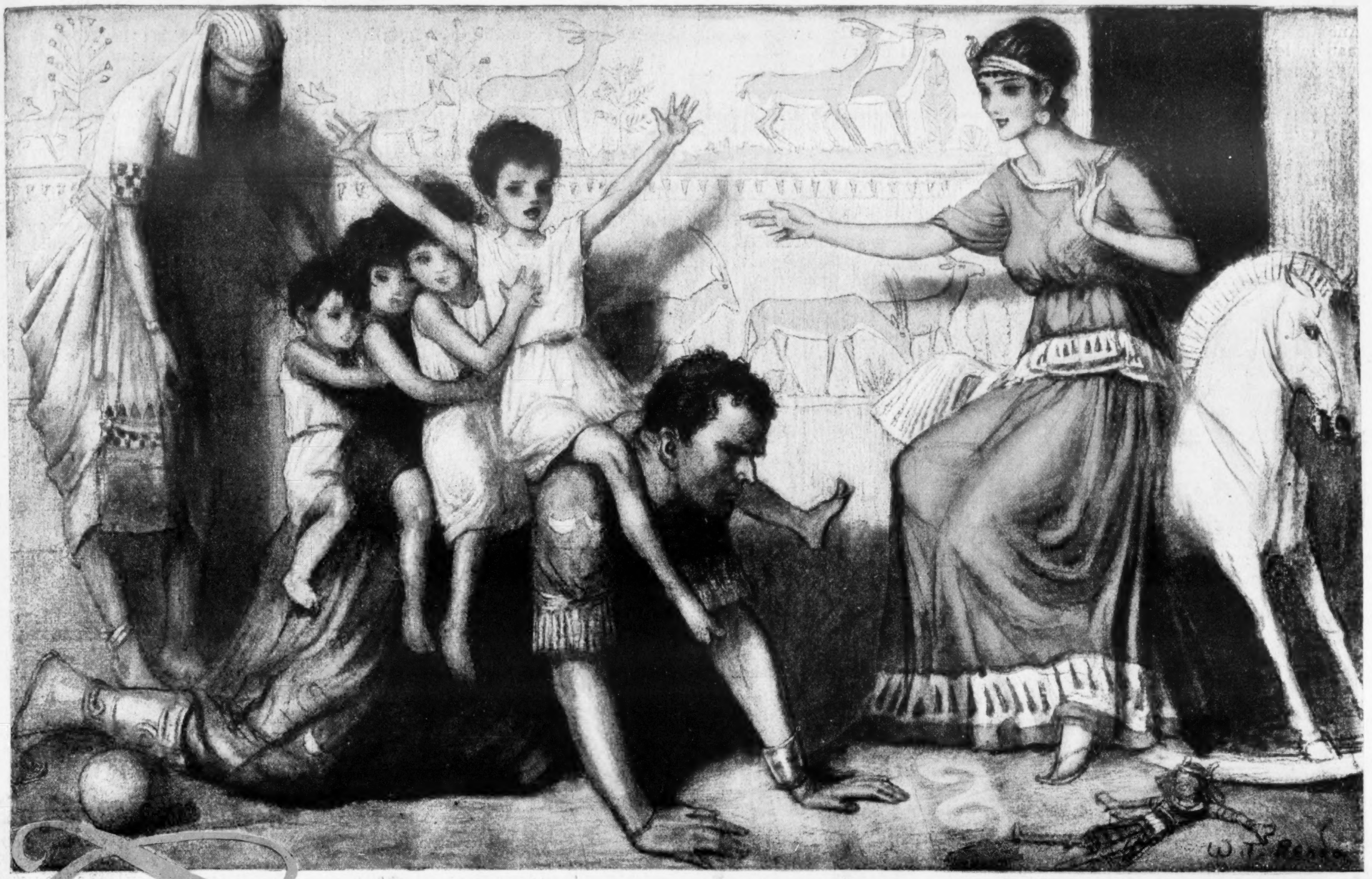
Inevitably came a clash with Congress, which meant not primarily with the Democratic and Progressive leaders of Congress but with the accredited Republican leaders as well. They thought they took his measure after his first message to Congress. He manifestly issued an invitation to Russia to open negotiations looking to recognition. Rumor in the Senate declared that this invitation came because Senator Borah desired it. But it was obvious that Russia responded. The Secretary of State replied bitterly to the advances of Russia, discrediting the President; also angering Borah. Congress had no love for Russia. But it felt that the President could be ignored by Congress if he could be ignored by the Secretary of State. The President had one major request to make of Congress: to follow the plan of the Secretary of the Treasury in the matter of reducing the surtaxes, which would reduce the taxes of the rich. Congress blatantly ignored that request. The President declared dogmatically against the bonus for veterans of the World War. Congress passed the bonus bill. He vetoed it. Congress passed it over his veto. And as the bill was going over the Presidential veto in the Senate, no one sat more complacently by, smiling like a cat with cream on its whiskers, than Senator Lodge, the Republican leader in the Senate, the senator from Coolidge's own state. The President desired the Japanese immigration restriction bill to be worded so that Japan would not be offended. His wishes were ignored and his veto overridden. The President felt that the pay of postal employees could not be increased until postal rates were increased. Congress increased their pay. The Republican leaders and the Republican whip in both houses could not be relied upon to support the President. Congress was out of bounds. It was the Old Guard, not the La Follette wing of the party, that was in rebellion against President Coolidge. It was the crowd that named Harding that overcame the President in Congress. And somewhat, though not entirely, it was the Republican party of the West—the regular Republicans of the West—that allied itself with the Democrats of the South and the Progressives that President Coolidge could not control, much less lead. He was back in Amherst, a freshman again, back in the legislature a singed cat, back in the state senate serving his first term, back in the governor's chair learning the game. He seemed to learn it. Never did a party leadership take more reluctantly a Presidential nominee than the Republican leaders took Coolidge in 1924. They took him only because the rank and file of the party demanded it. The vote getter of Massachusetts became the vote getter of America.

If he fails to make the selection of issues, he is faced with chaos; if he makes it, he faces a fight.

Four Years of Strife?

AS HIS inaugural passes we see him facing his fight. No fine figure is he cutting in the combat. Always he dramatizes himself indifferently. He seems to be standing, looking down his nose with a certain stubbornness in his countenance and a certain meek determination in his mien. Twice a week he goes to the newspaper conference, where bright young reporters from every important city in America and most of the capitals of the world are assembled to question him.

Instead of appearing as the stern, strong, silent, omniscient leader at these conferences he slips into the meeting without a word, without even a nod or a greeting. He looks bored, with a certain touch of discouragement in his boredom. The ordeal is unpleasant. It is the time-honored custom of the conference that newspaper men shall write their questions and submit them to the President. He reads the first question in the budget, puts it down, utters no word, reads the next, passes it, and when at last (Continued on page 44)



That famous Love Affair

By
STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. T. BENDA

TOWARD sunset on an afternoon in August, Cleopatra, the seventh and last of that name, sat in a marble portico of her palace on the Lochias peninsula, looking out at the Great Harbor. Twenty war galleys were moored to the naval quays below the terraces blossoming with oleanders; there were more behind the Island of Antirrhodus, and a hum of life arose from all those tall vessels with their many banks of oars, their prows studded with spikes, and their decks encumbered with towers and catapults.

A saline freshness began to pervade these still, transparent waters that had shimmered all day in the heat.

Across the haven, on Pharos Island, the Temple of Isis gleamed amid its groves. To the right, at the harbor entrance, the marble lighthouse, the seventh wonder of the world, rose high into the sunshine, its lower story square, its next octagonal, its third cylindrical, its last composed of columns. Beyond, the Mediterranean Sea spread out as if illimitably its deep blue flood covered with sparkling points. But that illimitableness was a deception. There, to the north, lay the constant enemy, Rome.

The Queen's gaze returned to her ships.

Motionless for an hour in the portico, she had watched the First Royal Squadron come back from its maneuvers. Her green, far-seeing eyes had noted even the knotting of the hawsers. Everything had been smartly done, and now the swarms of galley slaves were streaming away along the water front, under the escort of troops, toward their barracks by the Harbor of Happy Return. The dark masses of figures, surrounded by twinkling helmets, undulated like serpents at the bases of the sumptuous buildings that fronted the Great Harbor. One heard a faint roaring of voices raised in a route song.

Those servile hordes, however, propelled only a portion of the Egyptian fleet. The Second Squadron was cruising off Pelusium; the Third was being reëquipped at the Cibotos docks. One hundred and eighty men-of-war were prepared for combat. The Queen pondered on the day when all those sea fortresses must fight at her order for the empire of the earth.

Would her Egyptians stand fast against the stubborn Romans?

"But I," she reflected, "shall have Romans too."

Nevertheless, that thought did not brighten her eyes to-day.

The sea breeze caressed her face, as if tempting her to smile. The odors of the flowering terraces mingled with the perfumes dispelled by her Greek garments. In her ebony chair inlaid with mother-of-pearl, alone in the portico of green and pinkish marble, Cleopatra looked a fragile little figure, gentle and harmless, a prey to nothing more than some passing feminine sadness.

Had she, as men said, been beautiful in her youth; or had her enchantment even then consisted in exquisiteness of manner, a temperament that seemed at one moment subtle and the next capricious, a pride that made her cold immediately following her jolly laughter? She was still dainty, elegant, flawless from constant care of her appearance—she still appeared nearly girlish because of two great treasures that she had not lost, her sense of humor and her audacity. And perhaps no queen had ever shown herself to be a woman in so many charming ways.

SILENCE fell on the ships and the harbor. From the mainland, behind the great palace, rose the noises of Alexandria, that frivolous and fickle city packed with all races and religions, all splendors and vices, more regal and more corrupt than Rome itself.

A dark-eyed woman in amethyst-colored Greek robes appeared in the portico.

"Cæsarion and Antyllus haven't come home," she remarked. "I hear that they've sneaked off again to the fairground at Eleusis."

The Queen, her slender lips tightening, replied: "Send both of those boys to me as soon as they return. My little Iras, do you know where my husband may be?"

"Throwing dice with his Romans in the old blue peristyle. He has complained of a headache."

"Why should he complain? He was drinking till daylight, wasn't he? I heard them singing atrociously on the terraces after the first hour this morning. I want to see him too. He may find me presently in the children's apartment."

"Is there anything else?" the lady-in-waiting asked.

"Yes, my dear, the kitchens. They have been using Carian honey in the cooking. Have the bees of Hybla stopped working? No; but somebody is turning a dishonest penny in this house. And what's the matter with the pastry lately? And yesterday Antony got a half-spoiled oyster! I am not in the field with my army; I am at home. If these things continue, I'll see the cooks themselves, and they will not enjoy the conversation. Warn them."

"The chief cook is ill," Iras ventured.

"He has evidently been sampling the food intended for me."

Iras, quizzically smiling, departed on her sandaled feet without a sound.

The Queen continued to gaze out to sea. A pearly light, faintly tinctured with pink and green, filled the shaded portico, softening the hue of Cleopatra's auburn hair, which was arranged on her little head, according to the current Greek fashion, in nine parts running back to the disklike knot at the rear. Her delicate and aquiline features remained serene, as she thought:

"Dice at the present moment. To-night more heavy drinking. To-morrow another headache. Tell me, Marcus Antonius, are you still enough of a man to lead the host that I am conjuring up?"

The lighthouse across the Great Harbor was flushing in the first rays of the sunset when Cleopatra rose and went into the palace.

THE immense house of the Ptolemies had been much embellished since the Egyptian marriage of Cleopatra and Marc Antony. Everywhere one saw walls covered with the rarest marbles, fretted ceilings encrusted with gold, doors lined with tortoise-shell and studded with emeralds, pavements of onyx and alabaster. On tables of chiseled ivory stood priceless bric-à-brac from the remotest lands, the invaluable black-and-red vases of an earlier Greece and those unheard-of curiosities in art which pleased the Queen so much. But the beautiful slaves, of all colors and accomplishments, who moved through the rooms over the shining floors, were as costly as the porphyry pillars inlaid with garlands of rubies, or the old statues from Athens and Olympia.

Compared with this house of hers, the best of the dwellings that Cleopatra had seen in Rome were fit only for emancipated slaves.

As she passed through each suite—the portals guarded by mercenaries of the Macedonian Household Troops, the anterooms full of gossiping pages and women—her clear eyes missed nothing. Here she noted the upholsterers from Sidon, hanging fresh curtains of Tyrian dye stitched with vivid flowers and birds. There she saw, in gardens, the Sicilians, clipping the bushes. In a pillared court, dark-browed Sporadean girls, in the transparent, sea-green robes of Cos, were feeding peacocks at the appointed hour.

She was pleased to see everything running like clockwork, as things always ran in her house.

Here was the endless repetition of splendid vistas, the alternating odors of perfumes, incense, and blooms transplanted from exotic lands. But what she noticed especially was that the soot of last night's lamps had been washed away, that the pavements showed no foot tracks and that the pedestals of the statues were free from dust.

Cleopatra turned in at a door tended by two negroes with effeminate faces. She heard, rising above a clamor of remonstrances, the bawling of a child: "Aie! Aie! Aie!"

She halted on the threshold of the nursery.

"I want to go home!" wailed a big-eyed, puny girl of six, running to Cleopatra in an agony of resentment. Her black braids, interwoven with tiny silver images, were all disordered; her narrow chest was heaving under the pleated black robe. She was Iotapa, the daughter of the King of Media. It was she who, for reasons of state, had been married a year ago to Cleopatra's seven-year-old son, Alexander Helios.

The curly-headed Alexander was there, planted defiantly on his small bare feet, scowling, with his tunic torn at the neck. His twin sister, Cleopatra Selene, immaculate in a lemon-colored chiton, sat on a stool regarding the fracas with intense excitement. The three-year-old Ptolemy was howling in sympathy with the little Median princess.

Without effort the Queen lifted Iotapa into her arms.

"There, there; it's all right now. If Alexander has been wicked, he shall be punished."

THE two Macedonian nurses, robust in the costume of their native mountains, the Median nurse with her headdress and many bangles, the Athenian tutors and the Chamberlain of the Royal Children subsided with smiles of relief. The walls of the room were painted with animals. The rug-strewn floor was littered with dolls, hobby-horses and miniature armor.

"He ate my piece of candy!" wailed Iotapa, her face pressed against the Queen's bosom.

"She is my wife," Alexander Helios retorted, with a dramatic gesture, "and what is hers is mine."

"Being your wife," said Cleopatra calmly, "she is also your equal. Besides, one piece of candy is your full allowance. You have not only affronted the daughter of a king; you have also disobeyed the orders of a queen. To-morrow you shall have no candy at all; but to-day—and to-morrow too—Iotapa shall eat her share before your eyes."

"I will not watch her!" declared Alexander, after a moment of stupefaction and horror. He turned on them his little back that imitated so well, in diminished form, his father's burly back.

"You shall watch her, my son, or I'll know the reason why. About face! How will you ever be a soldier, if you do it so slovenly?"

Cleopatra sat down sidewise on a hobby-horse with the foreign child in her arms. There was an awful silence as the Median nurse, her dark visage alight with triumph, brought to Iotapa on a platter the piece of rose-colored candy. Gulping down her tears, the wife of Alexander Helios tried a nibble, then crowed in exultation:

"I am eating it, Alexander! Look and see me eating it!"

The other, without flinching under the torture, answered contemptuously: "Bah! I have had two pieces, which nobody can take away from me."

Lowering her head, the Queen kissed Iotapa's cheek to hide her smile.

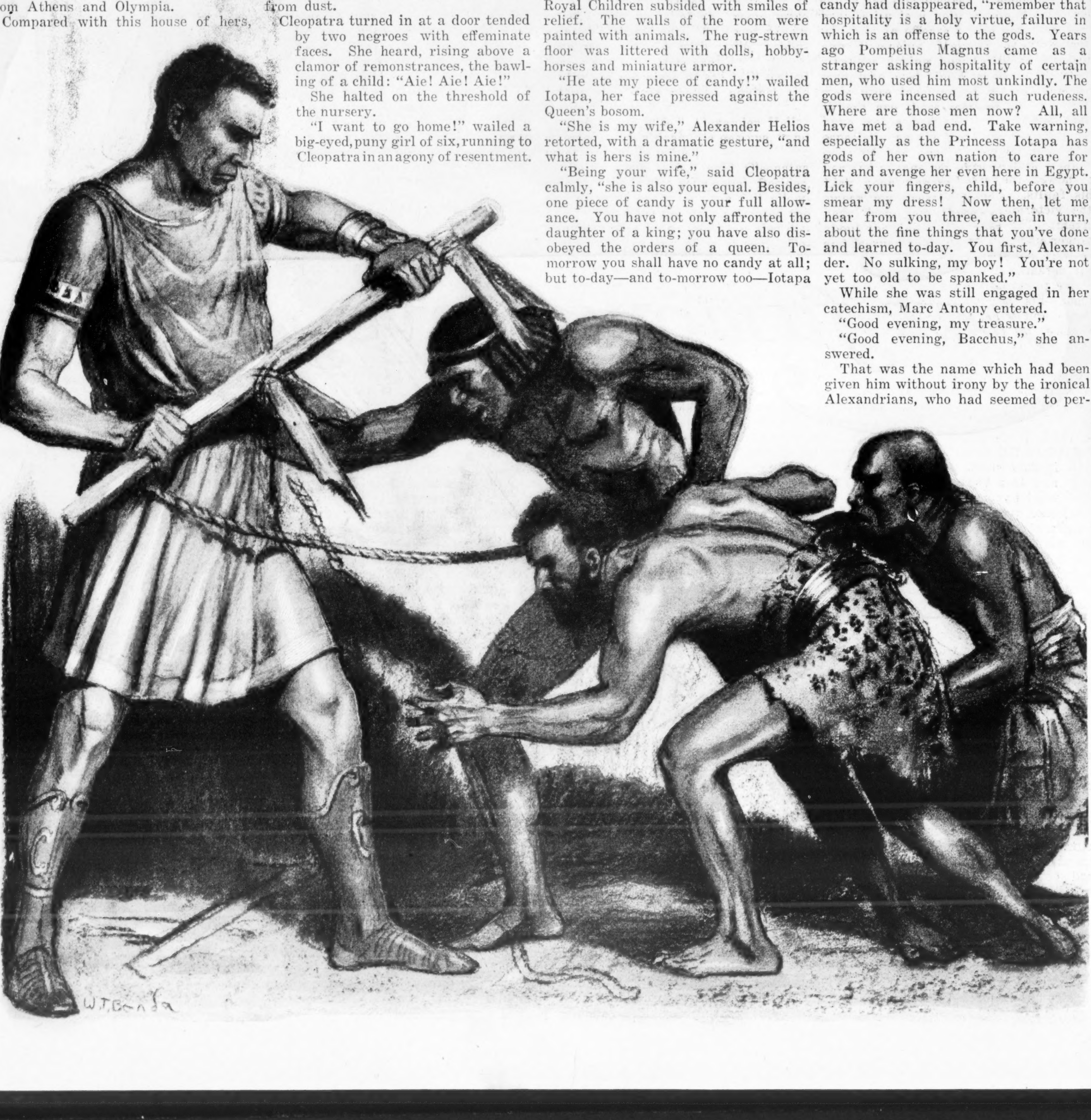
"Henceforth," she said, when the candy had disappeared, "remember that hospitality is a holy virtue, failure in which is an offense to the gods. Years ago Pompeius Magnus came as a stranger asking hospitality of certain men, who used him most unkindly. The gods were incensed at such rudeness. Where are those men now? All, all have met a bad end. Take warning, especially as the Princess Iotapa has gods of her own nation to care for her and avenge her even here in Egypt. Lick your fingers, child, before you smear my dress! Now then, let me hear from you three, each in turn, about the fine things that you've done and learned to-day. You first, Alexander. No sulking, my boy! You're not yet too old to be spanked."

While she was still engaged in her catechism, Marc Antony entered.

"Good evening, my treasure."

"Good evening, Bacchus," she answered.

That was the name which had been given him without irony by the ironical Alexandrians, who had seemed to per-



ceive in this Roman lord of theirs an incarnation of the gay Dionysus. Yet nowadays Antony flushed when Cleopatra addressed him so, feeling that from her lips a sting issued with the word.

He kissed the children, who all adored him, then looked round the nursery for the chair that would bear his weight.

"You were not in very good voice at daybreak this morning," the Queen remarked.

"Did we wake you up? Forgive me. It was a folly, that business."

"Never mind: I was awake already, and busy at our plans."

This added reproach made him hang his handsome head, covered thickly with dark curls, amid which some gray hairs were appearing.

HAVING now for the most part abandoned Roman dress, he had on a purple tunic of Chinese silk adorned with golden moons. His large forearms, from which the hair had been removed by a depilatory, emerged from short sleeves hemmed with fringes of gold. On his left wrist he wore a gold-and-sapphire bracelet; on his feet were boots of purple kid ornamented with gold tags.

In the last five years his appearance had changed greatly for the worse.

This big body of an athlete was becoming flabby. The heavy neck and jaws—once ridiculed by Cicero, perhaps from jealousy—were covered over with fat. But it was Antony's face that showed the accelerated progress of his faults. The hard countenance of the victorious general had grown indulgent. The eyes that had flashed so dangerously, on battlefield and rostrum, were haunted by the memory of certain defeats. The mouth, especially, had come to reveal the corrosion of his manhood—his unconquerable love of indolence and wine, his pride reduced to bombast, his force of will crumbled into self-distrust. But he was, at least, still fearless of personal danger, still chivalrous and easily touched in the heart, still the idol of his army, even that of the disastrous Parthian campaign.

He was jigging the baby Ptolemy up and down on his knee.

"How is your headache?" Cleopatra asked him, with a twinge of pity.

"Wretched! I've been in torture ever since I woke up. Imagine: we began with light Egyptian, then switched to Greek, and by midnight we were drinking it unmixed. As if that wasn't enough, some fool called for rose cordial, to be chased down with drafts of this year's Vesuvium! I understand that later on the dancers from Gades came in—a show for the dead; they had to applaud themselves. By the way, somebody knocked over the Vase of Pericles and smashed it to smithereens."

Cleopatra was silent from indignation.

"There also occurred a brawl," he continued, languidly massaging his scalp with his fingers, while little Ptolemy pulled at his golden fringes. "We made Plancus to represent the sea god: he painted his body blue and danced on the tables naked. That is to say, he had on a wreath of seaweed and a fish tail. Marcus Silanus, declaring that such conduct was outrageous in a Roman, threw a glass dish at him and cut him rather badly. The next minute both of them were yelling for their swords. But in the midst of it Plancus went to sleep. Taking a table for a funeral bed, we marched him all over the northern wing, with the proper lamentations. Really, Cleo, that part of it would have tickled you. We gave him a funeral wreath of garlic and radishes, and, instead of the penny for Charon—"

"Be still!" Cleopatra commanded under her breath. "What sots do you want your children to think their father's friends are?"

Antony sighed and wagged his head.

"Whatever my children may think of them, they are a very sick man's friends, a very foolish man's friends, but a penitent man's. This time I am through with the cups. No, never again!"

He turned to his son Alexander Helios, who was pinching his arm. "What do you want, O King of Media?"

"I want to be Hannibal on his elephant," said Alexander.

"This evening? Ye gods! Well, then, come on, and be sharp about it, because it's nearly bedtime. Are the others in it too?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" screamed Cleopatra Selene, Iotapa and the baby Ptolemy. All came crowding round Antony, who, on his hands and knees, let them climb upon his back, Alexander in front, his sister behind him, Iotapa next, and Ptolemy half sliding off at the rear. It was growing dusky. The smiling nurses began to light the tapers in the stands.

"All right?" asked Antony. And in a hollow voice, "This is the elephant of Hannibal the Carthaginian and on the elephant is Hannibal, riding Hannibal's Carthaginian elephant. Is that clear? Then off we go."

He began to crawl forward, swaying from side to side and trumpeting as much like an elephant as possible.

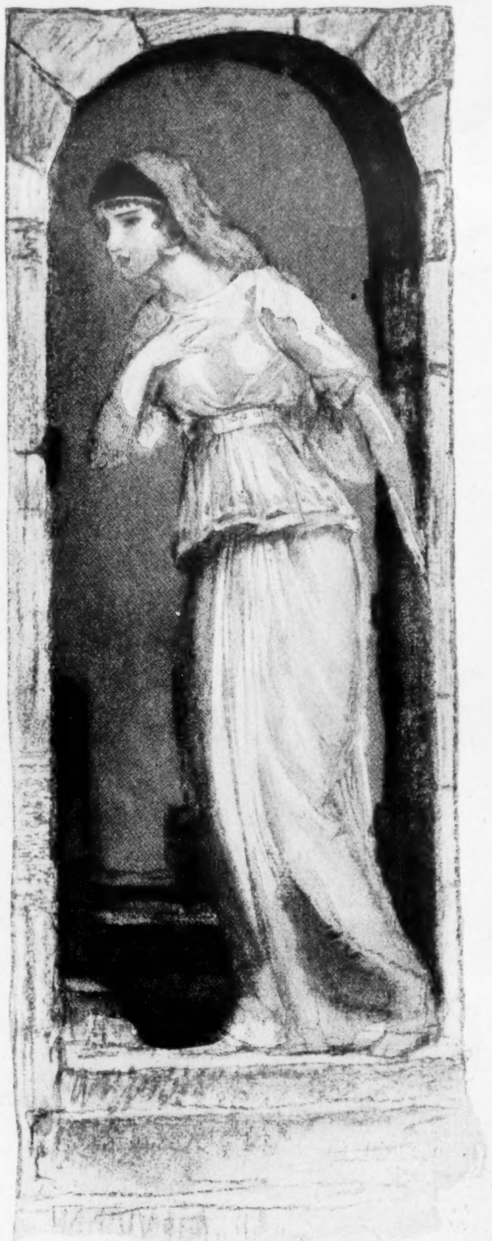
Squeals resounded as one child or another, on the point of slipping off, hugged the child in front more tightly. Their small flushed faces in a line, their shining eyes and open mouths, kept turning toward the Queen for approbation. She clapped them, seated on the rump of the hobby-horse, like a spectator at the games.

"He climbs the lofty and most perilous mountains!" Antony bellowed, as he heaved himself up on a cedarwood couch full of cushions. "And descends into the dreadful depths of the sea!" he moaned, regaining the rugs. "Whew!" he gasped under his breath, "my brain is bursting."

"That's enough for to-night, children," the Queen quickly interposed.

BUT Antony was going to end the game properly.

"How graceful is his Carthaginian waddle!" he cried. All the children immediately tried to waggle themselves on his back in imitation of him. "How beautiful the flapping of his Carthaginian ears!" Alexander reached forward to make his father's ears flap. "But alas!" Antony roared, "he has caught sight of a Roman. Alas! he is running away." At this point Ptolemy fell off behind. "Woe to Hannibal! Woe to all the little Hannibals and Hannibalesses! The Carthaginian elephant is carthaginiously turning his tail to the terrible Roman from Rome!"



Uttering screams of alarm and ecstasy the children tumbled off to right and left as the elephant galloped into the vestibule.

There, with a groan, he bumped his head into the knees of Iras, the lady-in-waiting.

"Cæsarion and Antyllus have returned," that injured woman announced to Cleopatra, when Antony had helped her to her feet.

"I will see them at once. Let the children be put to bed. Did he hurt you, Iras?"

"Aside from my kneecaps, which I think he knocked off, I am as well as ever."

"To-morrow," Alexander Helios remarked, before retiring with his grinning retinue, "I want to be the terrible Roman from Rome, and kill the elephant."

"You needn't bother—you have all but killed him to-day," Antony muttered weakly, holding his head in his hands.

The two boys were awaiting the Queen in the Egyptian hall—the only apartment of its kind in all the great Greek palace. They came forward reluctantly as Cleopatra and Antony entered, to divulge, in the light of the bronze candelabra set between the pillars, their tired faces, sunburnt foreheads and guilty smiles.

The Queen impassively compared them with each other.

The fourteen-year-old Cæsarion already resembled his father, Julius Cæsar.

The son of Antony by Fulvia had a bolder look, was even more handsome, perhaps, and, though a year the other's junior, already looked stronger.

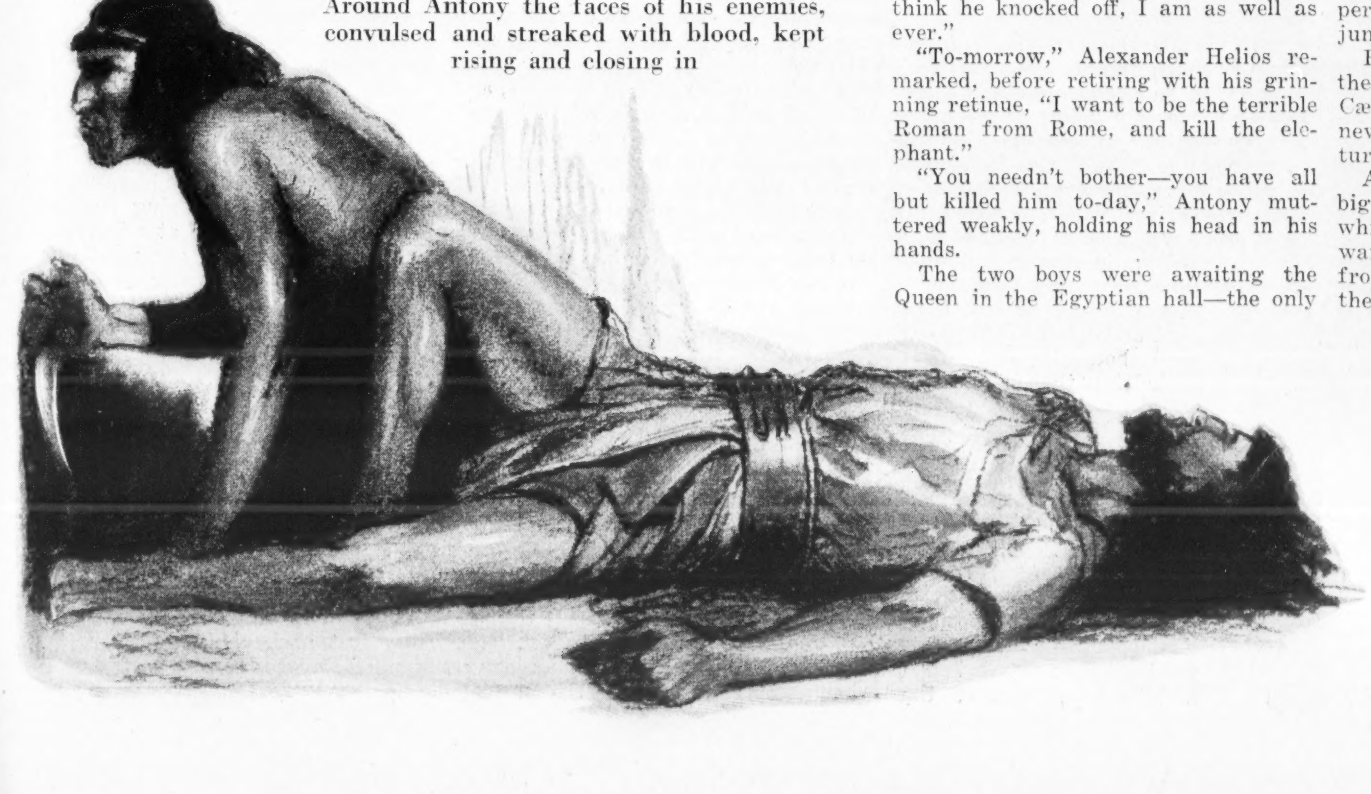
But Cleopatra, seeing in each boy the shadow of his father, knew that her Cæsarion could hope, as his companion never could, for a truly glorious future.

Antyllus and Cæsarion each held a big bunch of ranunculi and asphodels, which they had gathered on their homeward way—no doubt stealing them from the villas of Nicopolis. Now they offered the flowers as a peace gift to the Queen, who had in her gardens the blossoms of a world.

She was touched by this naïveté, though her face remained severe.

When she had accepted the two bouquets, in the hall insufficiently lighted by clusters of candles, with the painted human gods and beast gods of Egypt everywhere looming forth from the obscurity, she spoke in low accents, so that her words might not reach the slaves who prowled behind the pillars:

"You ran away from your lessons in oratory and fencing. You did no Homer, and learned not even one maxim. (*Continued on page 38*)



Around Antony the faces of his enemies, convulsed and streaked with blood, kept rising and closing in

How FAR can they HIT 'em?

By
GRANTLAND RICE

Tommy Hitchcock (left) and Luis Lacey can both better 150 yards

THE multitude at large esteems the punch, the big hit, above anything else in the game. Thousands may deny it and insist that their main interest rests in the skill or science unfolded before their eyes. But in the main those who say this are merely submerging their strongest emotions with words and protests.

Have the crowds paid out many millions to see Jack Dempsey's footwork? Wasn't it to observe the crushing power of his two deadly fists?

When Ruth is playing are the fans on hand to see the eminent Babe lash a line single scientifically over second or to see him maul one clean out of the arena into another lot?

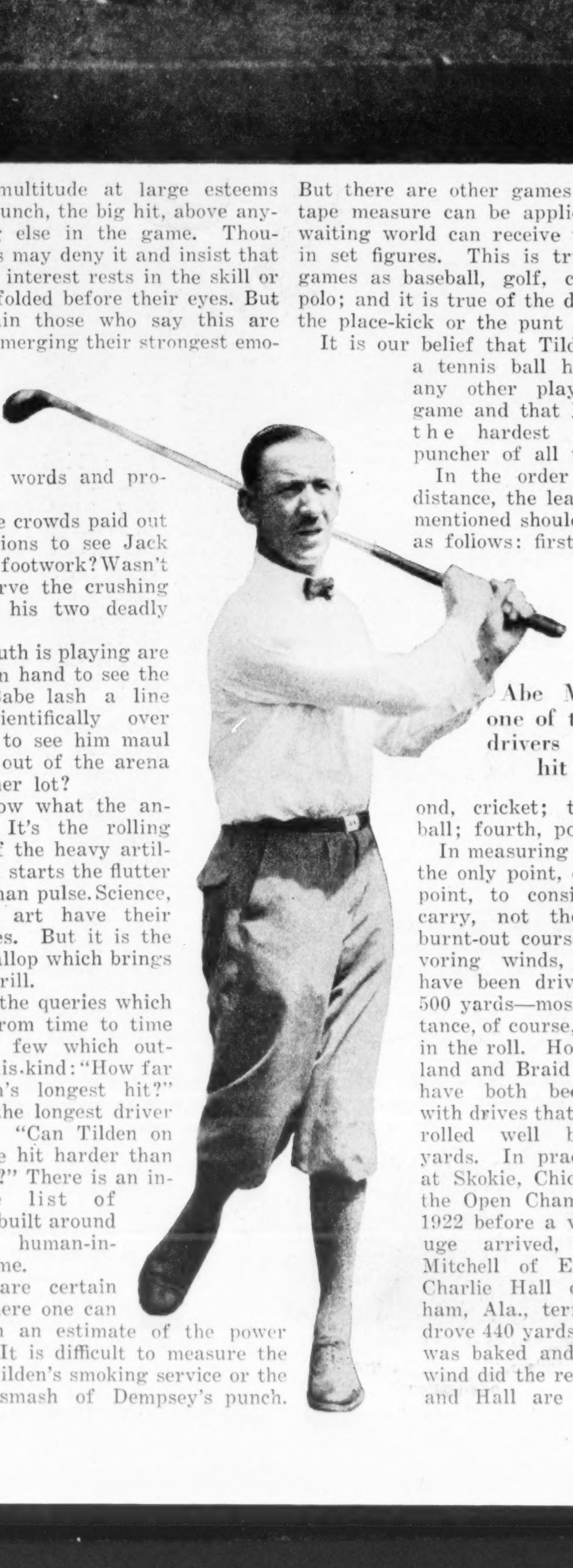
You know what the answer is. It's the rolling thunder of the heavy artillery which starts the flutter of the human pulse. Science, skill and art have their high places. But it is the mighty wallop which brings the big thrill.

Among the queries which drift in from time to time there are few which outnumber this kind: "How far was Ruth's longest hit?" "Who is the longest driver in golf?" "Can Tilden on his service hit harder than Patterson?" There is an innumerable list of questions built around the main human-interest theme.

There are certain games where one can only form an estimate of the power applied. It is difficult to measure the force of Tilden's smoking service or the stunning smash of Dempsey's punch. But there are other games where the tape measure can be applied and the waiting world can receive the answer in set figures. This is true of such games as baseball, golf, cricket and polo; and it is true of the drop-kick or the place-kick or the punt in football.

It is our belief that Tilden can hit a tennis ball harder than any other player in the game and that Dempsey is the hardest two-handed puncher of all time.

In the order of hitting distance, the leading sports mentioned should be ranged as follows: first, golf; second, cricket; third, baseball; fourth, polo.



Abe Mitchell is one of the longest drivers that ever hit a ball

In measuring a golf drive the only point, or the main point, to consider is the carry, not the roll. On burnt-out courses, with favoring winds, golf balls have been driven close to 500 yards—most of the distance, of course, being made in the roll. Horne of England and Braid of Scotland have both been credited with drives that carried and rolled well beyond 450 yards. In practice rounds at Skokie, Chicago, during the Open Championship of 1922 before a welcome deluge arrived, both Abe Mitchell of England and Charlie Hall of Birmingham, Ala., terrific hitters, drove 440 yards. The course was baked and a favoring wind did the rest. Mitchell and Hall are two of the longest drivers that ever lashed a golf ball into space. One of Mitchell's carries was measured at 315 yards, while Charlie Hall has carried over 300 yards on several occasions. Bingham, another slugging English pro, can outslug Mitchell, but he isn't as consistent and distance doesn't come with the same easy effort. Cyril Tolley and Roger Wethered, the longest-hitting amateurs, both English golfers, have each carried approximately 300 yards now and then. But for mighty hitting that must also include direction, control and lack of pressing, Abe Mitchell is the longest of the lot. In a recent long-distance driving contest in Texas, where the turf was normal, Mitchell averaged 307 yards on three attempts. This might be called "hitting the ball."

Ted Ray, another massive British pro, might outrange Mitchell on occasions, but his daily walloping will not be under the same control. Mitchell is around five feet ten inches in height and weighs 165 pounds. He is not heavy, but his tremendous forearms and powerful hands and wrists are great factors in his play. He has an extremely sound left shoulder on the back swing (it comes well around), and above all he has an unusual "scissors" movement with the left and right hands, the left in a fashion working against the right at the moment of impact to impart an extra amount of whip or snap. This also accounts for his brief follow through.

It has been proved, therefore, that a golf ball can be driven 315 yards on a carry, a matter of 945 feet.

Sultans of Swat

IT MIGHT astonish a number of noncombatants to know that a cricket ball has been driven farther than any baseball has ever traveled, even with the Sultan of Swat, Babe Ruth, lathering the leather.

Ranjitsinjhi, an East Indian cricket marvel and one of the greatest of all time, has driven a cricket ball slightly over 200 yards, around 620 feet. This surpasses Babe Ruth's longest drive. A few years ago at Tampa the mauling Babe caught a fast one to his liking and lined it to the farthest outpost. This wallop—unofficially measured—was slightly under 160 yards. It still stands as Ruth's longest single blow. In a game against Detroit at the Polo Grounds Ruth hit one into the center field bleachers, 445 feet away, the only time this distant spot has ever been raked by a batter's fire.

Babe Ruth is without any question the hardest hitter that ever played. In two seasons he ran up 113 home runs, 54 one year and 59 the next, an achievement deemed impossible until his great bulk loomed against the skyline. Ruth has every requirement for mighty hitting. Something over six feet in height, his weight—when he is in condition—is around 218 pounds. He has enormous hands that are wide, thick and yet quite plastic. With all this displacement he is still a willowy athlete without any sign of being muscle-bound. Standing with his left foot almost directly back of the right to yield increased pivoting, he has a free, sweeping swing which travels at terrific pace.

It might be noted here that Ruth's bat weighs 52 ounces, against a normal weight of 38 ounces, and that Abe Mitchell uses a 16-ounce driver, against an average weight of 13½. Power is determined by a combination of mass and momentum, and it so happens these two slashing sons of slug can make heavier weapons travel at a faster pace through the air than can most of the others with much lighter implements. A 52-ounce bat, moving at the same speed as a 38-ounce bat, would of course hit the ball a much greater distance.

It would be interesting to see how far Ruth could hit a baseball, carry and roll, upon a baked-out golf course with a favoring wind. We have no doubt that he could pass 200 yards.

Yet the fact remains that a baseball carry of 400 feet is a prodigious effort and that Ruth's greatest achievement in this line is about 155 yards, which in golf would be only a first-class mashie shot, just about half the carry of a Mitchell-Ray-Tolley drive.

Cyril Tolley, (Continued on page 49)

Give human nature a CHANCE

By
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

MR. DEPEW has called Father Time's bluff. At ninety-one he still insists on enjoying all the scenery along the great highway. This age of flapperism, radio and jazz doesn't disturb him. In fact, he says flatly: "To-day is better than yesterday." That's shocking heresy for an old-timer. It's only one of many shockers that a tolerant, wise, 91-year-young philosopher here gives us in telling us some of the secrets that enabled him to trap the Blue Bird.

Says this radio fan: "I'm fond of making speeches. I go to the movies. I do everything that's modern except tote a flask"

I'LL be ninety-one on April 23d. And if there is one lesson in life that I have tested and found truer than any other, it is this: To-day is a better day than yesterday. The man who lives in the past is of the past; mentally, he is living under false pretenses.

I have gone through life without any regular recreation, and only in the last twenty or thirty years have I conformed to regular habits. I have managed to prove that golf is not a necessity and girl and music shows not a tonic for the tired business man and that the business man who permits himself to get tired is a fool.

In a career that has taken me into most of the big law courts in the country, into the United States Senate and into the presiding chair of the board of directors of the country's greatest railroad, I have met millionaires and multimillionaires and known them intimately. I have met leaders in all the professions and in all the arts, but the happiest man I ever knew was a fifteen-dollar-a-week jack-of-all-trades, handy man and Methodist exhorter—"Happy Joe" of Peekskill.

From Happy Joe I learned in my youth and prime the workaday philosophy that I have passed on to hundreds and thousands—that contentment isn't so much what you have as what you think. Trite, true, and it works.

Sometimes I think that if 1925 saw my nineteenth instead of my ninety-first birthday, I'd never live to a ripe old age; and, strangely enough, that's one of the reasons why I believe this generation, far from being worse than any other, is much better. It gets its work done well in spite of multiplied distractions. There was no radio, no cinema, no talking machine, no electric light—little but the old-fashioned winter—when I was a youth. Our principal outdoor occupation was politics and our indoor job the household chores.

Young men took their politics, like their love affairs, seriously. We voted and gave our neighbors reasons for the political faith that was in us. I campaigned for Abraham Lincoln when I was twenty-one, making speeches as far west as Iowa, and that was exceedingly west in those days. We talked of politics in those days at our meeting places with the same fervor that young men nowadays talk of prohibition and the perennial bootlegger. Yet I contend that actual moral standards are no lower now than then, although morality as embodied in religion seemed to mean more to the younger folks when I was young than it means for the younger folks now.

This Old Joe I speak of was a type of the last generation but one. He died comparatively young, at seventy. He had all the apparent irresponsibility and lightheadedness of a half-wit, but he was the wisest man I've ever known. He was wise enough to know his limitations, to know that he had been born a handy man, a doer of odd jobs. There wasn't a job he undertook that he didn't do well. He sang always at his work and measured his humble fees to the pockets of those he worked for. He believed that his best contribution to the uplift of his neighbors was his weekly chapel exhortation. But he was no hell-fire spouter. He talked homely stuff to homely people, and no man knew him without profit.

Old Joe was the best example I know of temperance as opposed to puritanical abstinence. The past interested him, the future he wasn't concerned with excepting as it was to be planned for in the present, and the present he thoroughly enjoyed.

How the Wise Spell "Worry"

I'VE copied Joe's philosophy and applied it to my own life. It's a philosophy that has a place for intelligent anticipation, which is the way the wise spell worry. If you live from day to day planning to make to-morrow as livable as to-day, but refusing to face troubles that haven't arrived, you have Old Joe's system. It spelled seventy years of vigorous, happy life for Joe. It's spelled ninety-one so far for me.

I've worked practically every day of my life, eight hours a day and more. When I was younger I ate heartily and slept when I could find time to sleep. Now, and for the last thirty years, I've made it a point to eat sparingly and to sleep at least seven and a half hours a day.

Drinking was never really the curse of America. Eating was and is.

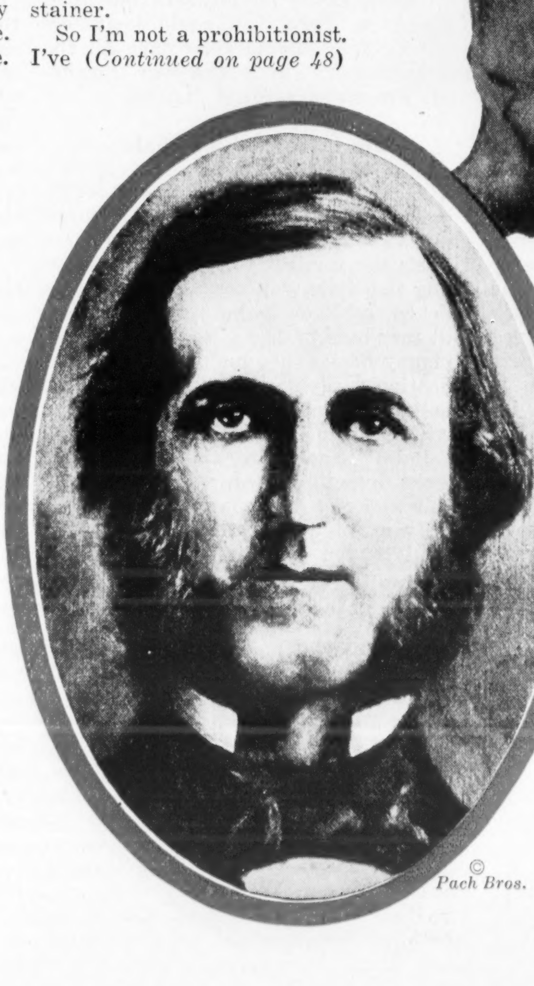
I found that I ate too much when I was this side of sixty. One day I discovered that I felt unwell, very much below par. On the principle of settling a present problem to take care of the future, I revised my diet. Beefsteaks and roast butcher's meat figured too much in my diet, I concluded. Out they went, never to return. I'm not a vegetarian; wouldn't be one—that's going to extremes—but I don't need red meat and don't eat it. For thirty years the only meat I've eaten has been poultry.

At about sixty-five I had another bad day. Instantly I analyzed the cause. My secretary, who had charge of my office regimen, told me that cigars came and went with too much rapidity—proved that I had the habit of smoking twenty-five cigars a day. Off went that habit. I've never smoked since.

And I'm not an anti-tobacco advocate. I merely believe that every human organism is capable of absorbing so much of a pleasurable poison, and no more. By the time I had reached sixty-five I'd absorbed my quota of nicotine, and my health told the story. Out went nicotine.

Much later, about three years ago, when I was about eighty-eight, I had another bad day. This time the analysis showed that alcohol was the trouble. I had always enjoyed wine; never relished the real hard stuff. I had made it a habit to drink a pint of champagne a day. It was tonic, stimulating, just as cigars were tonic and stimulating. But at eighty-eight it interfered with health and efficiency. Reluctantly but decisively I cut out the wine. Now I take a glass when a cold threatens —and I'm extremely susceptible to colds—but, apart from that, I'm a total abstainer.

So I'm not a prohibitionist. I've (*Continued on page 48*)



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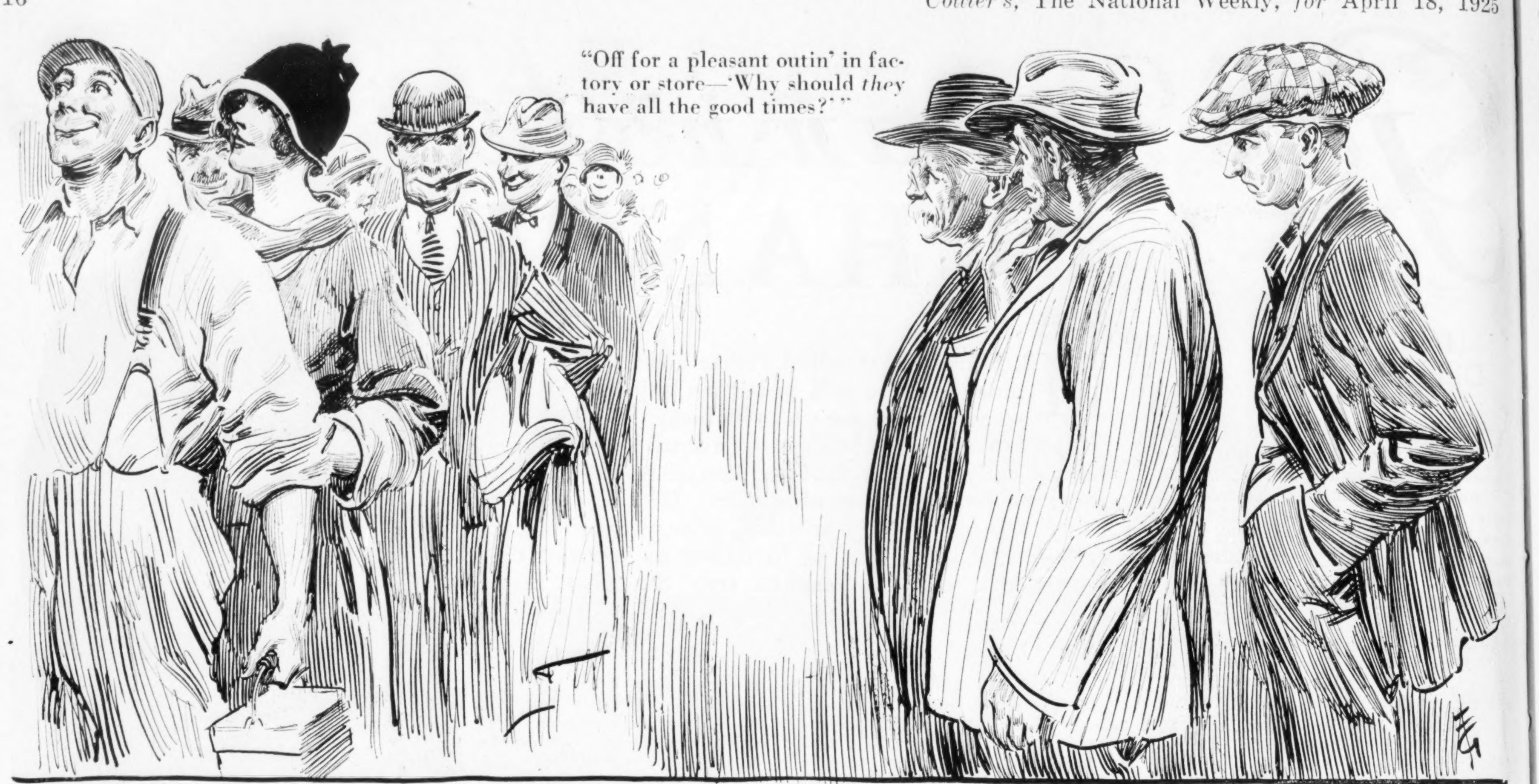
"In the years when I could do it, 16 or 18 hours' work was nothing extraordinary," Mr. Depew tells us. This portrait was made in 1863 when he was secretary of state of New York—and ready for an 18-hour straightaway



"Off for a pleasant outin' in factory or store—'Why should *they* have all the good times?'"

In the golden CHAIN GANG

Uncle Henry wonders why the Humane Society doesn't step in and end the drudgery of our leisure class

"I'LL TELL you what's the matter with this country," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs with more than usual violence. "It's the idle rich."

"The idle rich?" echoed Uncle Henry. "Why, 'Lonzo, what on earth are you talkin' about? Compared to the average millionaire, a squirrel in a cage is positively cataleptic. Study the annals of drudgery, an' you'll find that no people in the world work half as hard as our so-called leisure class. As I watch 'em leapin' from pleasure to pleasure, drippin' sweat at every pore, purple an' pantin', it's a wonder to me that the Humane Society doesn't step in.

"Put work alongside of play, an' it's a healthful, happy exercise. There's a fixed time to begin an' a fixed time to quit, likewise a lot of union rules to guard against overexertion. Not so in the realm of pleasure, where the unhappy victims of leisure toil from early until late, enjoyin' no such luxuries as the eight-hour day an' the five-o'clock whistle. Give 'em uniforms an' red suspenders, an' you couldn't tell 'em from firemen.

"Take John D. Rockefeller, for instance. While downtrodden toilers are still hittin' the hay, he's out on the first tee, takin' practice swings in preparation for a long, hard day.

"You're right about one thing, anyway. Class consciousness *is* on the increase. As rich men toil over golf courses in the burnin' sun, or play polo with the thermometer at 90, or wait in the broilin' heat for a tug to come an' tow the yacht back to shore, why wouldn't they look with passionate, hate-filled envy upon more fortunate men whose lot is cast in shady trenches or nice cool sewers?

"Once or twice in my life I've been in the company of men who were going off into the mountains on a trout-fishin' trip. An' as they thought of the icy water they'd have to wade in, the rocks they'd have to slip on, an' the weary hours they'd spend cuttin' hooks out of their pants, such bitterness would fill their eyes as made my heart ache. An' when they looked at the passin' streams of toilers, off for a pleasant outin' in factory or store, you could hear 'em mutter, 'Why should *they* have all the good times?' That's the way Bolshevists are manufactured, 'Lonzo.

The Cabaret Cannibals

"YOU get some joy out of your home, for you stay in it. In summer there's the lawn to water, an' in winter there's the furnace to fix, an' if everything else fails, you can always build a chicken coop or paint the bathroom. But members of the leisure class have so many homes they have to carry identification cards so the servants will let 'em in. No sooner have they got the curtains up in New York than they go to Palm Beach, an' the minute the trunks are unpacked, they pack 'em again and go to Newport or Europe.

"Even in the steel mills there are day an' night, but the idle rich work right through. Rushin' back from a hard day on the golf course, tennis court or polo field, they undress in the automobile, an' no sight is more common in the larger cities than men springin' up the front stoop in their union suits, an' then rushin' down again with shoes in one hand an' a collar an' tie in the other.

"When you get home of an evenin', you can take off your shoes, let down your suspenders, an' spend a restful evenin' cursin' Congress, but members of the leisure class are jes' beginnin' to get down to hard work about that time. I've been through the cotton mills of the South an' New England, an' I've visited lots of factories in my time, but the whole of industry can't show any such spectacle of human fatigue as the opera.

"The theatre isn't so bad, now that the heroine never screams when assaulted, but anything like restful sleep is impossible at an opera. Then there's supper an' dancin'. Did you ever see a cabaret floor about two o'clock in the mornin', 'Lonzo? I thought not, or you wouldn't be talkin' about the leisure class. Once in New York I had a ringside seat, an' never since then have I said a word about football's bein' brutal.

"Aroun' an' aroun' they went, as though in a whirlpool, all locked in a death grapple. Now an' then I'd see a man come to the surface, gnawin' an elbow, or wavin' a detached shoulder blade, or maybe it would be a woman, part of a human face caught in her earring. Every time there was a noise outside, each pathetic visage lighted up with insane joy, all hopin' that it was a police raid. An' when it turned out to be a false alarm, it was pitiable to see the expression of blank despair.

"No, 'Lonzo, I want you to stop utterin' these slanders against the rich. They come with especially bad grace from you, who've had it easy all your life, never gettin' money enough ahead to quit work an' make play a business. With me it's different. I've been through the mill, an' I know jes' what the leisure class is called upon to suffer. Even now my blood runs cold when I remember those terrible years when I decided to retire from active pursuits an' do nothin' but have a good time.

"For months I was the automat of the breakfast table, boltin' my cereal in order to go ridin'. It's still a matter of pride to me that the horse gave out first. I went campin', an' know the bliss of tryin' to put up a tent in a rainstorm. Fishin' was another of my sports, an' I personally macadamized hundreds of trout streams with my naked hips. With a weakness that now seems actually incredible, I've let ill-wishers drag me out of bed before daylight an' incarcerate me in a duck blind.

"Funny how the big moments of life take a man unawares. When I staggered from my couch one fall mornin' for the purpose of huntin' quail nothin' warned me that the day was to be big with importance. For the usual number of hours I stepped in mudholes so as to bring my feet to the proper degree of dampness, an' climbed through barbed-wire fences until I was weak from loss of clothes.

Free, White and of Age

"LIKE all his species, my high-priced bird dog refused to take any interest in quail, lavishin' all the wealth of his passion upon rabbits. Of course I had to cuff him, whereupon he'd lie down flat on his back, put all four feet in the air, an' moan piteously. Unable to stand the sight, I'd pet him, an' then, cheered to ecstasy by the reconciliation, he'd chase another rabbit. Along about three o'clock, absolutely overcome by the emotional strain, he gave out entirely, an' I had to carry him.

"All of a sudden, as I trudged along with that infernal setter in my arms, the thought came to me, 'I don't have to do this. Nobody's makin' me. I'm free, white an' over twenty-one.' It was a milestone in my life. From that day to this I've done nothin' more strenuous than work."

"Everybody in the world ought to be made to do some sort of work," insisted Mr. Stubbs.

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "I'm against layin' any more burdens on the idle rich. Anybody that pursues pleasure has got his hands full."

SARGON, *King of Kings*

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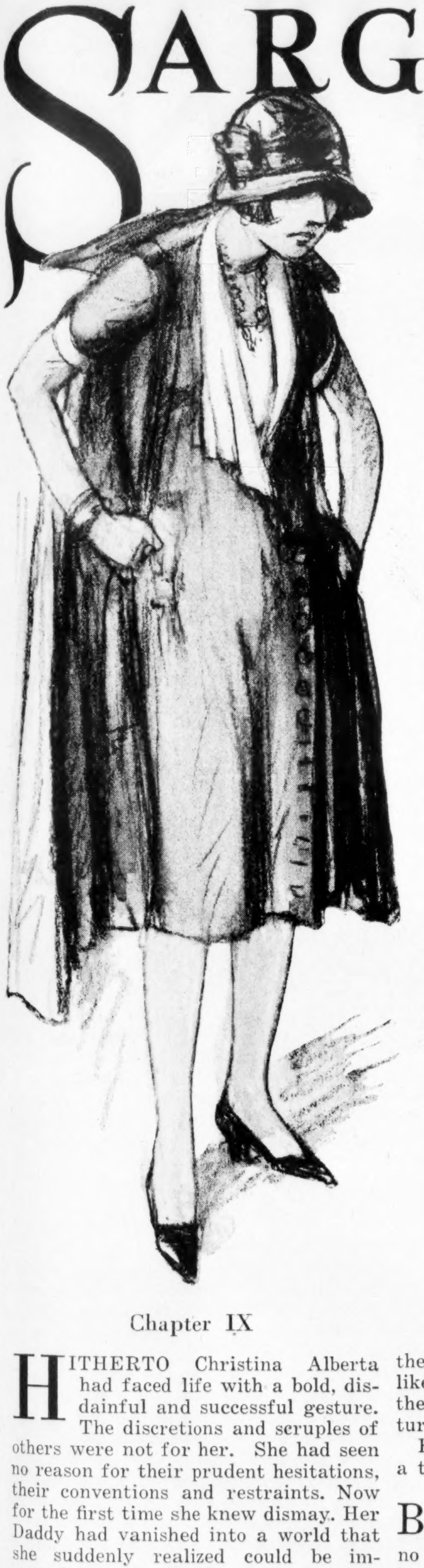
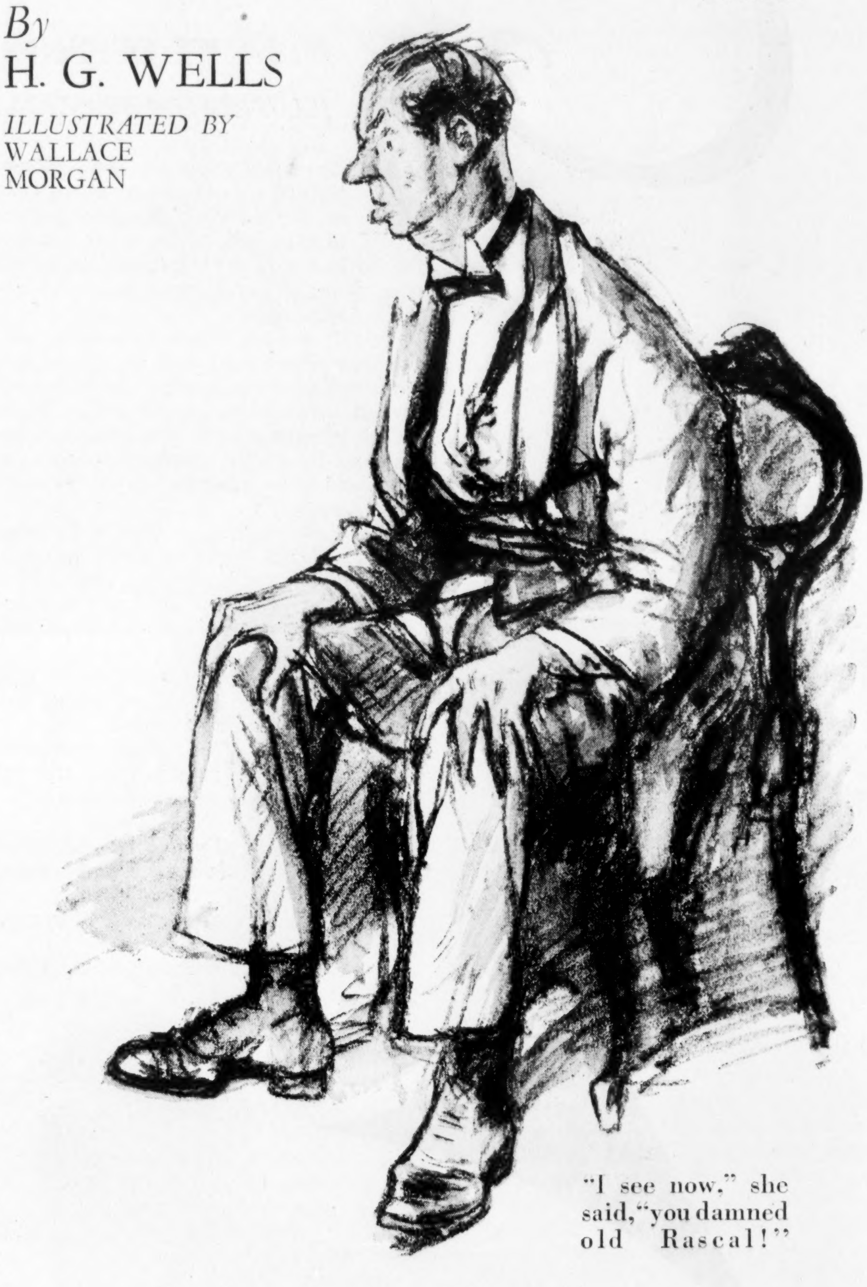
By
H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN





"I see now," she said, "you damned old Rascal!"

Chapter IX

HITHERTO Christina Alberta had faced life with a bold, disdainful and successful gesture. The discretions and scruples of others were not for her. She had seen no reason for their prudent hesitations, their conventions and restraints. Now for the first time she knew dismay. Her Daddy had vanished into a world that she suddenly realized could be immensely cruel. Teddy was rotten, so plainly rotten that only a fool wrapped up in her own sensations would have touched him. She lay awake for most of the night after her Daddy vanished, biting her hands and damning Teddy. Lambone, the great friend, was lazy, incompetent and futile. Harold and Fay seemed already a little tired of her misfortune and vaguely disposed to blame her for bringing her Daddy to London. She had no one else to whom she could turn. No one remained to her—except Christina Alberta herself, feeling a little soiled now and more than a little afraid.

"But what am I to *do?*" she asked the night, again and again, in her stuffy but artistic little bedroom.

Among the other disadvantages of her position, she had less than a pound of ready money.

It has to be recorded that for two whole days Christina Alberta did not even take the obvious step of going to the police. She had a queer, instinctive knowledge of the danger of bringing the police and the social system generally to bear upon her odd little Daddy. She had an innate distrust of official human beings. It was Paul Lambone who induced her to go to the police. He had the grace to be ashamed of his unhelpfulness, and after an interval of two clear days he came round to the Lonsdale Mews to offer his generous but sluggish help once more. He caught her having tea with Fay.

"Christina Alberta," he said, looking a very large comfortable figure of sorrow, "I've been worrying and worrying about you all the time. I didn't help enough. I thought he'd come back of his own accord and that all the fuss was a little premature. Have you heard anything?"

Christina Alberta was torn between the desire to snap his head off and a realization that he was after his fashion quite sincerely friendly to her and could be very useful.

"*Say* it!" said Lambone. "You'll be better, my dear, after you've said it and then we can talk matters over."

He got the reassurance of a smile. He brightened visibly. He was the sort of man who would hate to feel hated even by a cockroach.

He became sane and helpful and more and more like the man who wrote "What to Do on a Hundred and One Occasions." He made Christina Alberta admit to bankruptcy and made it clear to her that it was her duty to accept a loan of twenty-five pounds from him. He then dealt with the point about reporting the disappearance to the police and convinced Christina Alberta upon that. If Mr. Preemby had fallen into bad hands, the sooner the police looked for him the better. But he did not think that likely; he was much more inclined to the idea that Preemby had made a disturbance and been taken up.

He carried off Christina Alberta in a taxi to Scotland Yard.

BY SIX Mr. Preemby had been traced to Gifford Street. But there was no seeing him at Gifford Street. He had been certified as a lunatic, and he was bound, the attendant thought but wasn't quite sure, for Cummerdown Hill. They would not be able to see Mr. Preemby nor to learn anything very material about his condition until the next visiting day, whenever that might be, at Cummerdown Hill. Then if he was "fit to be visited" they might go and see him. The attendant was rigid in his statements and had the air of disliking both Lambone and Christina Alberta extremely.

As they came away from Gifford Street Christina Alberta observed that Lambone was angry. She had never seen him angry before. It was a very transitory phase. There was an unusual depth of pink in his cheeks.

"Dog in office," he said. "Just there to annoy people. Not at the end of my resources."

Christina Alberta waited.

"Ought to have gone to Devizes in the first place. Knows more about mental cases and lunacy law than any other man in London. Wonderful fellow. I'll go back to my flat and I'll ring him up and make an appointment. Then he'll put us wise about the whole business. And I want you to meet him, anyhow. You'll appreciate Devizes. Come to think of it, you're remarkably like him. Got the Life Force and all that. And physically like him. Very. The same nose—much the same profile."

"It's a nose more suitable for a man," said Christina Alberta. "I suppose *he* carries it off all right!"

"It's a damned good nose, Christina Alberta," said Lambone. "It's a valiant nose. Don't you break down to any modesty about it. It was your nose attracted me first to you. You'll spike a husband with it yet, and he'll adore it and follow it even as you do. Nowadays women have to be free and individualized; they have got to have features and distinction. The days of the wanton curl and the swan neck and complexion have gone. Not that you haven't the clearest skin I've ever set eyes upon, Christina Alberta."

"Tell me some more about Dr. Devizes," said Christina Alberta.

But it wasn't the next day that Christina Alberta met Devizes. She put that off for a day and fled down to Woodford Wells in response to a remarkable communication from Mr. Sam Widgery.

The Widgerys had never been correspondents of the Preembys except in so far as the payment of the dividends upon Mr. Preemby's interest in the Limpid Stream Laundry necessitated letters. There had been a certain amount of friction in the flotation of the company, and Mr. Widgery had remained resentful and sought to show as much by a studied curtness in his communications. Now came this letter addressed to "Miss Chrissie Preemby."

MY DEAR CHRISSIE:

This is a shocking business about your poor father I can't tell you how shocked I am I went up post haste to the workhouse where you had put him as soon as they wrote to me and got his watch and check book. It is fortunate they found my address in his pocket or I suppose I should have been kept in the dark as per usual about all this he did not know me and denied his own name, but afterwards he said he knew me for a filching commercial wrogue and would have my ears cut off and threatened me. I was to be unpailed whatever that may be. I have been thinking over all this business and since you are not yet of age I *(Continued on page 28)*

The LAST MAN

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

ALL the evening, at intervals, Sonia tiptoed into the bedroom to look at the doctor. She had gotten him to bed, right after dinner, for he had a heavy, "grippy" cold and was feverish and wretched. "Overwork," she said.

He fell at once into a deep sleep, and she was determined that he should not be disturbed. She muffled the bells and turned away callers. But at a little before ten the doctor was roused from his sleep by a loud, chesty voice as of a man used to booming orders on crowded streets.

The doctor sat up. The voice was saying: "I tell yer I wouldn't harm a hair of your husband's head, and if he's sick he's sick, but the old egg I'm talking about is rare pickings for Dr. Rast, *if* I know the doctor."

The doctor laughed to himself and then shouted, "Say, Joe, old scout, did you mention my name?"

"Well," cried Joe, "there you are, Mrs. Rast. That sounds more like it. Hello, Doctor, how are they coming?"

"Come in," said the doctor.

Sonia cried in alarm: "Oh, be careful. He's really sick. Please be careful."

"Sure, I'm careful. Don't worry, ma'am."

And as the doctor turned on the light in walked a massive and powerful policeman, in his complete uniform. He sat down by the sick man, leaning an elbow on his knee.

"So you're sick, Doctor."

The doctor blew his nose and grunted. "I'm not so sure, Joe. I think it's just that I'm being run by a woman. *Her* kind," he winked, "have to have someone to take care of. But don't tell her. And now, how are the Irish?"

"Fighting fine," boomed Joe. "But we'll be a sorry lot if *you* take to bed."

"How's your family?"

"Tiptop." Joe drew out his watch. "But say, Doctor, let me tell you about this hard-boiled egg that's under surveillance, or whatever they call it. I must hump it back."

"You want me to see someone?"

"WELL," said Joe, "we'll see how interested you are. Here's the facts: He's known as Snake Levine, and he's the worst low-down the New York police ever touched with a pair of irons. He's killed, he's robbed, he's done women dirt, and they call him Snake for reasons. When he's in prison even the pickpockets are against him. He's a leper to his own kind. That's the man.

"Well—" he paused. "He's dying, I think. He's in a garret in Chinatown, amid the chows and chopsticks, and he's so sick the ambulance refused to take him. Said he'd die on the way. Said get him a doctor and a nurse. Tom McLaren and I take turns watching the house, for if he gets better he's wanted for a robbery in Grand Street. Busted a jewelry shop only three weeks ago. Does this interest you?"

The doctor's eyes brightened. "How's the weather to-night?"

"Middlin' mild, and stars."

"Would you mind telling my wife while I dress?"

Joe rose. "Well, you're the Old Man, believe me. But I reckoned you wouldn't miss anything as choice as this." He went out.

In a few minutes Sonia came in, pale and anxious. "Dearest! Dearest!" She flung her arms about his neck. "Oh, dearest, are you really going out?"

"Don't worry, honey. I need some exercise."

"And you laugh when I'm sick at heart worrying over you. And I tried so hard to take care of you."

"Ah, Sonia, you married a thankless wretch. Now you've found out."

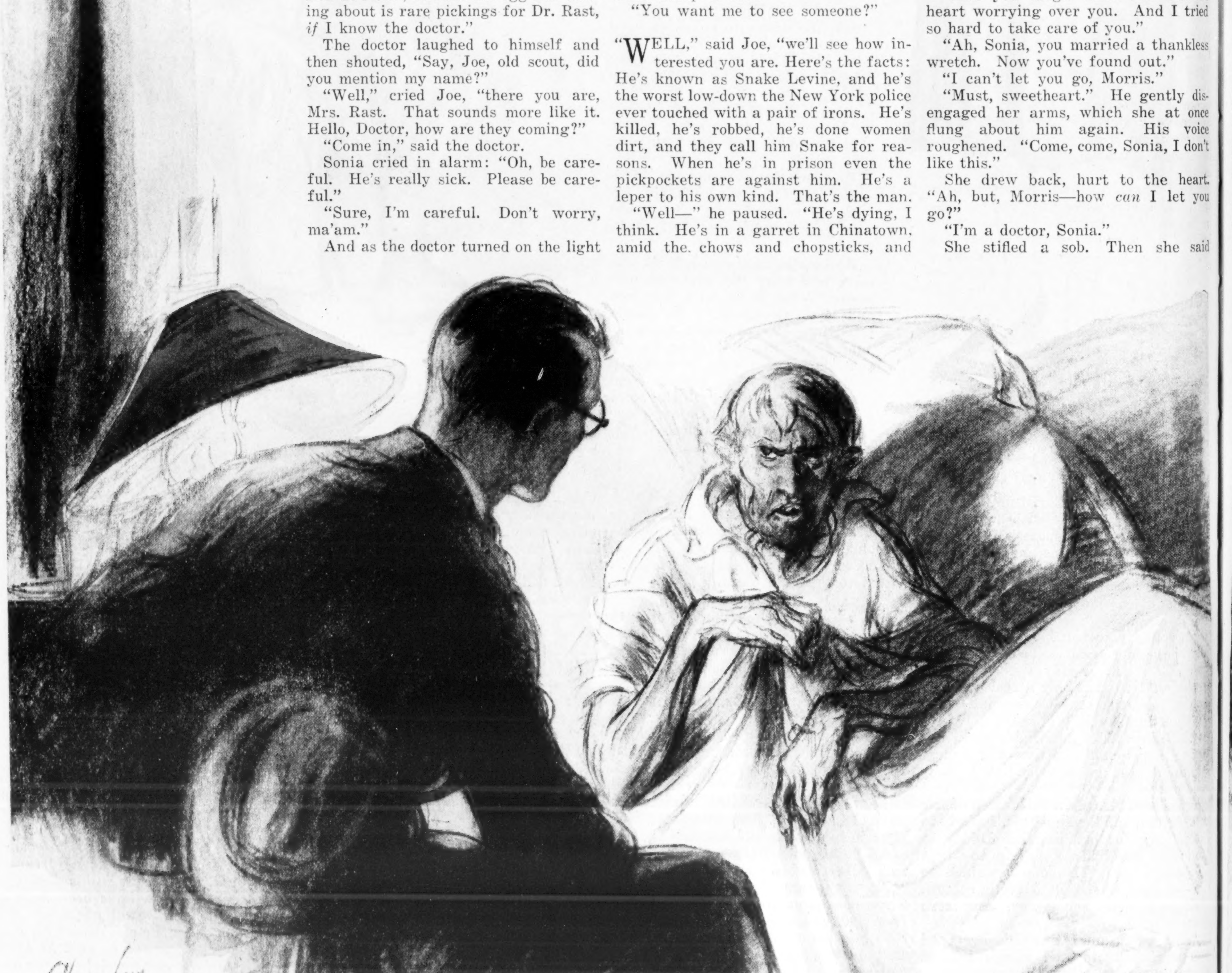
"I can't let you go, Morris."

"Must, sweetheart." He gently disengaged her arms, which she at once flung about him again. His voice roughened. "Come, come, Sonia, I don't like this."

She drew back, hurt to the heart. "Ah, but, Morris—how *can* I let you go?"

"I'm a doctor, Sonia."

She stifled a sob. Then she said



breathlessly, "Then listen, dear—let me come along."

"No. Not that," he said, tying his tie and drawing on his vest.

"Oh, please," she begged. "I'll be so quiet you won't know I'm with you. I can't leave you out of my sight when I know you're sick."

"Sick? Rubbish! Here's a man dying, Sonia, and all I have is a thick head. But then, usually, I have a thick head. You haven't any sense of humor at all."

"Oh, but please, dear. I swear I won't bother you. Just stand back in the shadows and stay near you. Please, dearest."

He laughed, drew her close and kissed her. "What an adorable, sticky wife," he said. "All right! And if you're sorry afterward charge it to profit and loss. Now come, my coat, my hat, my bag, and we're off."

Sonia laughed softly and soon they joined Joe in the waiting-room.

"We're quite a party," boomed Joe, and they set off.

THEY walked westward along East Broadway. It was winter weather, but the air had a touch of mildness, and the stars were lustrous over the city.

"Has this man," asked the doctor, "any relatives or anyone else attached to him?"

"None visible," said Joe. "He used to travel with women, but gave that up. I doubt if he has a friend in the world. The Chinamen, I think, know something about him, but they're mum. They shake their heads and say, 'Don't know. Snake velly sick.' He must have been paying them high; they watch round like dogs. But you'll soon see," he added.

They crossed Chatham Square under the L, and went down the festive, curving street of Chinatown, its shops all bright, its balconies decorated, the air pungent with spice and incense. Chinamen glided in and out of the shadows.

Sonia clung to the doctor's arm.

"How strange it all seems," she whispered—"how mad and mysterious! I'm so glad I came. Are you all right, dear?"

"Fine!" said the doctor. "Yes," he added. "It's a good layout. It's the real thing."

"And right here," said Joe, pausing, "we stop."

A store of knickknacks, brightly illuminated, was on the street front. The building towered up three stories to a sloping roof and dormer windows. Joe pulled open a door that gave onto steep green-painted steps. And these they mounted. At the head of the stairs a Chinaman in black silk, with his hands crossed in his sleeves, backed away, and they saw about the large center room many bunks set in the wall.

"Dope?" the doctor whispered to Joe.

"Not just now," said Joe. "We're watching, you see."

Two faces peered from a back doorway, beyond which burned large dim lamps set in intricate fretwork of writhing dragons.

Another door was pulled open, and they ascended another flight of steps to a long hall with many doors, all shut. No one was about here. Then they took another flight and came out on the top floor. Here the center hall was the width of the house, with Chinese lanterns suspended. And here in the dimness a voice sounded, "Hello, Doctor."

"Oh, it's you, Tom." Tom McLaren advanced. "Will you be here, Joe?"

"Yes, sure."

"I'll run down a bit. It's getting on my nerves. These yellow boys suddenly show themselves and disappear. There's one in now with Snake, serving him tea and mush, or something. I need some fresh air. Good luck, Doctor." And he went downstairs.

The door at the left, in the rear of the house, was slightly ajar. Lamplight fell in a shaft through it. Joe pushed it open, and they entered.

The room was half the width of the house, and along the partition wall was a closet door. There was a dormer window, a washstand, a few old chairs, and a tumble-down bed in a corner. An oil stove burned on the floor. An oil lamp stood on a table. Otherwise the room was bare.

As they entered, a Chinaman passed them and went out.

IN THE bed, partly propped up, lay Snake Levine. He was a ghastly sight. His long, bony arms and hands, hands gnarled and doubled with pain, stretched over the covers; his neck was stringy, and his face was evil. The cheeks were sunken, and the skin taut over the cheek bones; the eyes, set in disease-darkened sockets, glared with fever and malice; the nose was lean and hooked, the mouth with narrow lips and prominent teeth, and the thatch of hair was gray and disheveled.

He spoke at once, almost a snarl, "You're the doctor?"

The doctor took off his hat and coat and put them on a chair. "Yes," he said.

Snake glared at Sonia. "The nurse?"

"No," said the doctor, "my wife."

"So be it," said Snake. Then he turned toward Joe. "I know *that* one. My very good friend," he sneered.

"Sit down, Sonia," said the doctor. "You too, Joe."

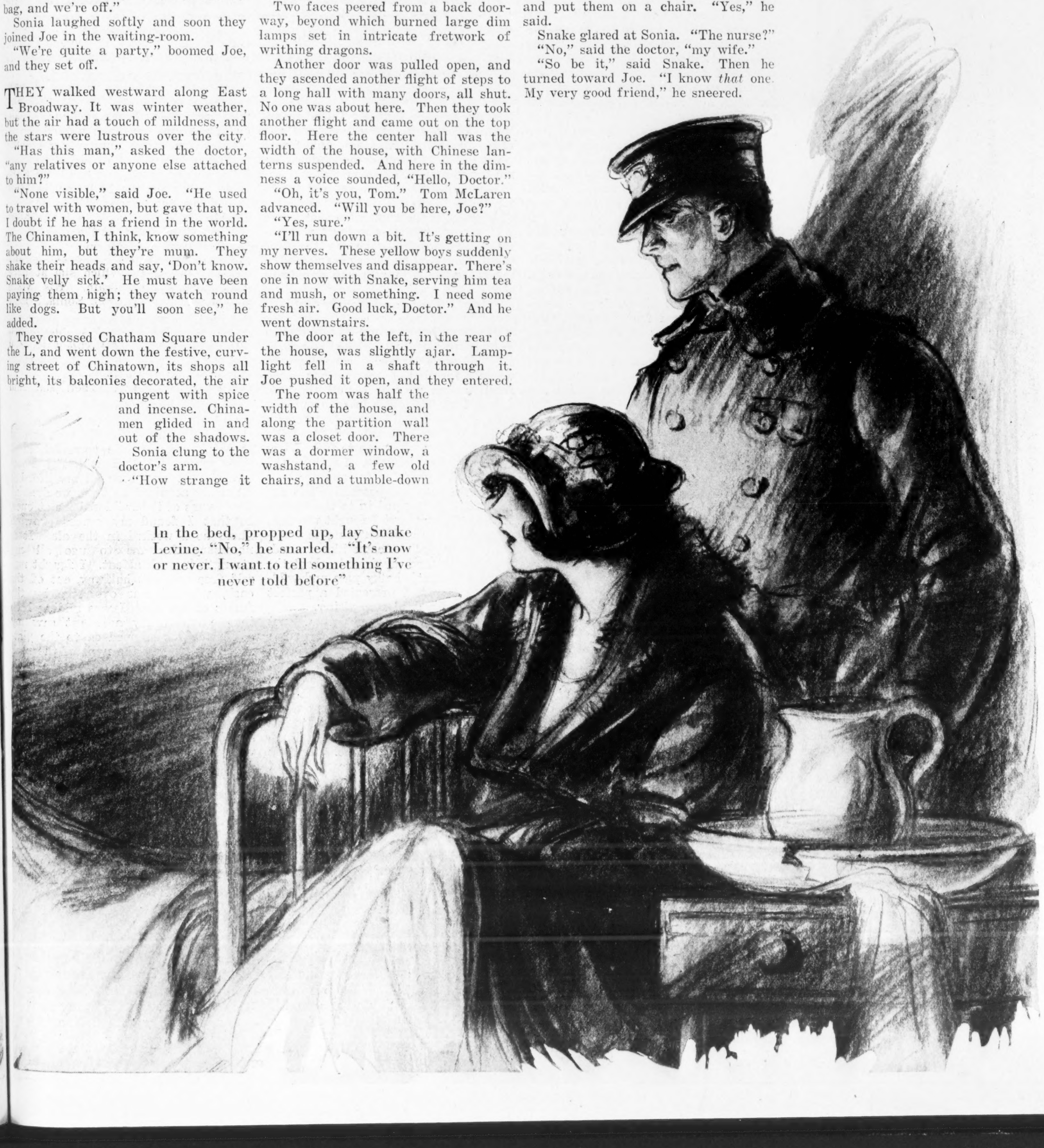
He himself drew a chair to the bedside, seated himself and took hold of Snake's wrist.

"No use, Doc," said Snake. "This is the last stand, and then I'm done." He raised his voice: "Done with the whole caboodle of you. I never had any use for the whole rotten outfit, nor they for me. Now we're quits. There won't be any more trouble."

"Well, we'll see—"

"See nothing!" snarled Snake. "I don't want any holy business. I'm a veteran fighting God, man and devil, and woman too"—his eyes seemed to gleam with an added fire—"and I never gave quarter nor asked it. So I'll die as I lived, and there's an end to it."

The doctor *(Continued on page 47)*

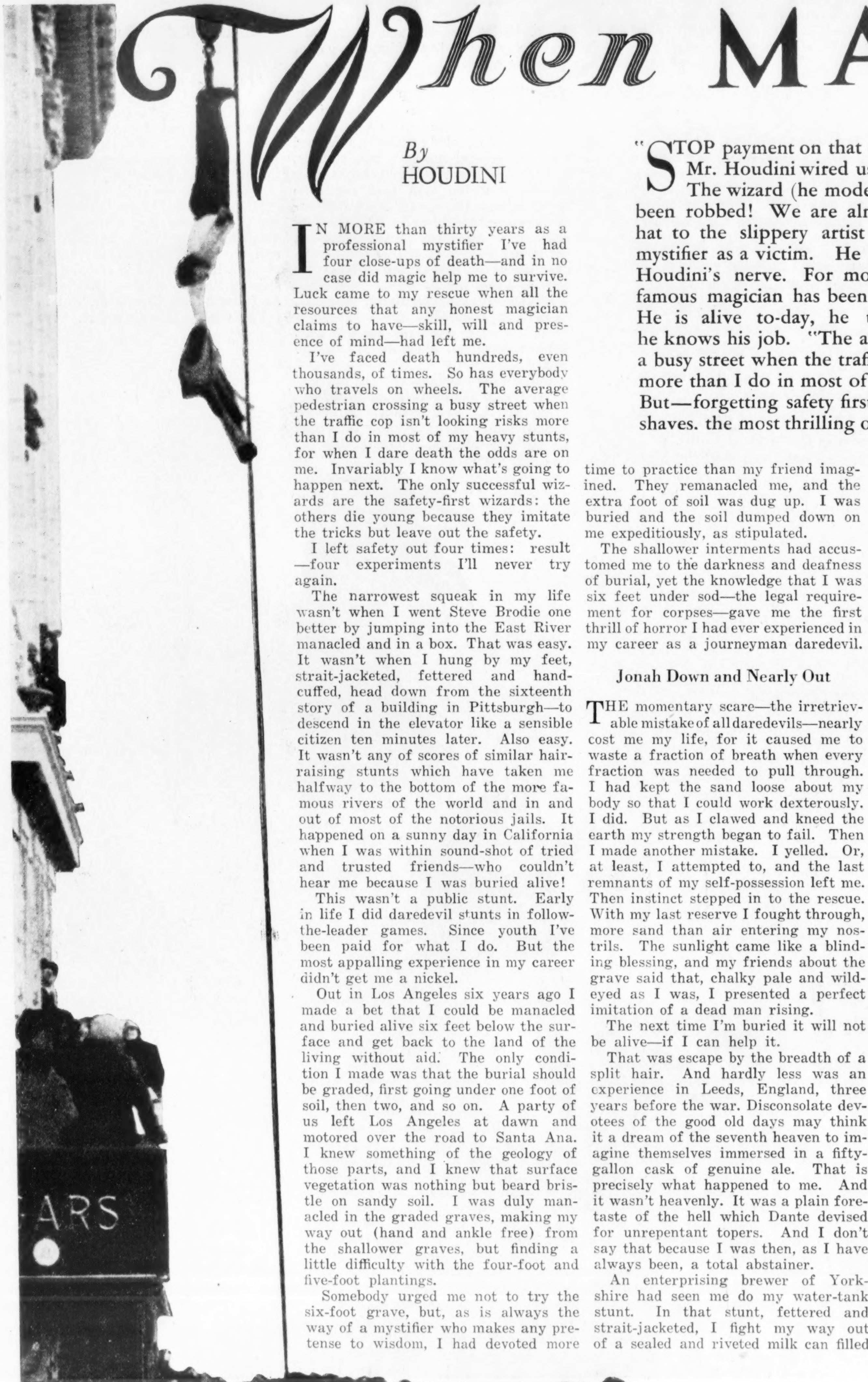


In the bed, propped up, lay Snake Levine. "No," he snarled. "It's now or never. I want to tell something I've never told before"

When MAGIC

By
HOUDINI

"STOP payment on that check. It did a Houdini!" Mr. Houdini wired us recently from Pittsburgh. The wizard (he modestly says he isn't one) had been robbed! We are almost tempted to doff our hat to the slippery artist who picked the master mystifier as a victim. He has nerve. But he hasn't Houdini's nerve. For more than thirty years the famous magician has been staging thrill-filled stunts. He is alive to-day, he tells us, simply because he knows his job. "The average pedestrian crossing a busy street when the traffic cop isn't looking risks more than I do in most of my heavy stunts," he says. But—forgetting safety first—he has had some close shaves. the most thrilling of which are here described.



IN MORE than thirty years as a professional mystifier I've had four close-ups of death—and in no case did magic help me to survive. Luck came to my rescue when all the resources that any honest magician claims to have—skill, will and presence of mind—had left me.

I've faced death hundreds, even thousands, of times. So has everybody who travels on wheels. The average pedestrian crossing a busy street when the traffic cop isn't looking risks more than I do in most of my heavy stunts, for when I dare death the odds are on me. Invariably I know what's going to happen next. The only successful wizards are the safety-first wizards: the others die young because they imitate the tricks but leave out the safety.

I left safety out four times: result —four experiments I'll never try again.

The narrowest squeak in my life wasn't when I went Steve Brodie one better by jumping into the East River manacled and in a box. That was easy. It wasn't when I hung by my feet, strait-jacketed, fettered and handcuffed, head down from the sixteenth story of a building in Pittsburgh—to descend in the elevator like a sensible citizen ten minutes later. Also easy. It wasn't any of scores of similar hair-raising stunts which have taken me halfway to the bottom of the more famous rivers of the world and in and out of most of the notorious jails. It happened on a sunny day in California when I was within sound-shot of tried and trusted friends—who couldn't hear me because I was buried alive!

This wasn't a public stunt. Early in life I did daredevil stunts in follow-the-leader games. Since youth I've been paid for what I do. But the most appalling experience in my career didn't get me a nickel.

Out in Los Angeles six years ago I made a bet that I could be manacled and buried alive six feet below the surface and get back to the land of the living without aid. The only condition I made was that the burial should be graded, first going under one foot of soil, then two, and so on. A party of us left Los Angeles at dawn and motored over the road to Santa Ana. I knew something of the geology of those parts, and I knew that surface vegetation was nothing but beard bristle on sandy soil. I was duly manacled in the graded graves, making my way out (hand and ankle free) from the shallower graves, but finding a little difficulty with the four-foot and five-foot plantings.

Somebody urged me not to try the six-foot grave, but, as is always the way of a mystifier who makes any pretense to wisdom, I had devoted more time to practice than my friend imagined. They remanacled me, and the extra foot of soil was dug up. I was buried and the soil dumped down on me expeditiously, as stipulated.

The shallower interments had accustomed me to the darkness and deafness of burial, yet the knowledge that I was six feet under sod—the legal requirement for corpses—gave me the first thrill of horror I had ever experienced in my career as a journeyman daredevil.

Jonah Down and Nearly Out

THE momentary scare—the irretrievable mistake of all daredevils—nearly cost me my life, for it caused me to waste a fraction of breath when every fraction was needed to pull through. I had kept the sand loose about my body so that I could work dexterously. I did. But as I clawed and kneed the earth my strength began to fail. Then I made another mistake. I yelled. Or, at least, I attempted to, and the last remnants of my self-possession left me. Then instinct stepped in to the rescue. With my last reserve I fought through, more sand than air entering my nostrils. The sunlight came like a blinding blessing, and my friends about the grave said that, chalky pale and wild-eyed as I was, I presented a perfect imitation of a dead man rising.

The next time I'm buried it will not be alive—if I can help it.

That was escape by the breadth of a split hair. And hardly less was an experience in Leeds, England, three years before the war. Disconsolate devotees of the good old days may think it a dream of the seventh heaven to imagine themselves immersed in a fifty-gallon cask of genuine ale. That is precisely what happened to me. And it wasn't heavenly. It was a plain foretaste of the hell which Dante devised for unrepentant topers. And I don't say that because I was then, as I have always been, a total abstainer.

An enterprising brewer of Yorkshire had seen me do my water-tank stunt. In that stunt, fettered and strait-jacketed, I fight my way out of a sealed and riveted milk can filled with water—and me. The brewer challenged me to make a similar escape, after being similarly fettered, from a man-size cask of ale. The challenge was accepted, and he sent a cask of his strongest ale to be spoiled and spilled on the stage of the Empire Theatre.

I had stipulated that the cask should be placed on a platform raised from the stage to enable the audience to see underneath, so that no obvious trapdoor device could be used. Then, after immersion and covering up the cask top, curtains were to be hung about the platform and I was to be given seven minutes to get out of the cask.

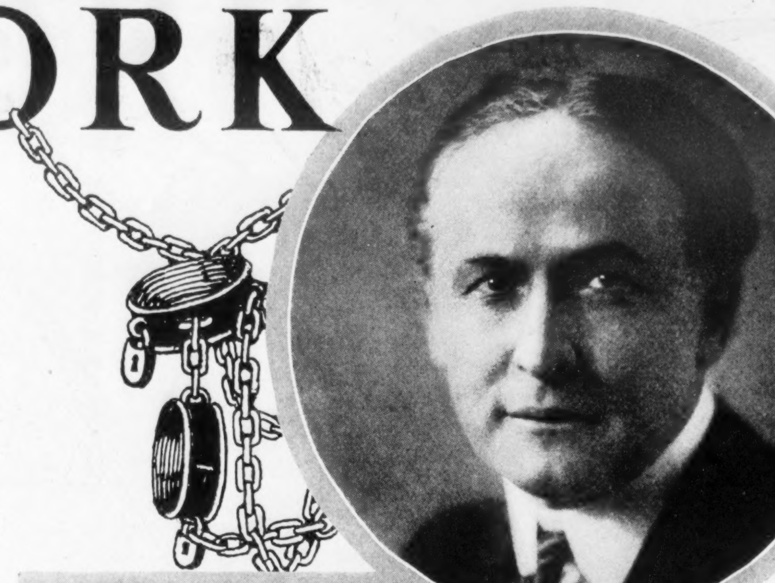
I stripped, as I always do for these major in-and-under water feats. The strait-jacket and other ornaments were applied and fastened, and I sank in the ale amid the hushed awe of the crowded theatre. That ale was strong. It was more. It was powerful, more than powerful. As I said, I'm a teetotaler, and have been all my life, but I quickly acquired an "outside drunk." The fumes of it bewildered me at once, so that I found my senses growing numb as I worked in the ale. It is necessary for me to use all my strength in such a feat. I fought myself free and got halfway out of the cask, when I was overcome by the fumes of the ale. I was sliding back in the cask. My assistant saw my plight, calmly stepped on to the platform, took me by the nape of the neck and hauled me to the floor—the audience evidently thinking that nothing out of the ordinary, save my escape from the cask as scheduled, had occurred.

Since then I have always had a fellow feeling, so far as a teetotaler can, with that Duke of Clarence who met death by drowning in a butt of Malmsey wine.

There ensued a resolve to accept no wagers to make escapes that had not been carefully rehearsed. Not that I avoided beer baths. Nearly every famous brewer, including the rather well-known Bergdoll, supplied me with casks full of the now precious liquor from which to emerge triumphant after submersion. Penitently I con-

Wriggling out of a strait-jacket while hanging by his feet, 40 or 50 feet above the ground, is no trouble at all—to Houdini. That's one reason why the word "Houdinize" may now be found in one of the great dictionaries

didn't WORK



He wouldn't be alive to-day if, on four different occasions, luck had failed to come to the rescue

fess that in my tour of the United States and Germany and other present and former homes of good, legitimate beer, I have spoiled enough to quench the thirsts of thousands.

My next big scare came in Boston eight years ago. The Cape Cod fishermen had dragged from the depths of the sea a curious monster, like a mongrel breed of whale and octopus. In a reckless moment—and all true mystifiers avoid reckless moments as they avoid explanations of their marvels—I undertook to be fettered and confined in the eviscerated belly of the monster, then submerged, after the manner of Jonah. Duly accomplished. But I hadn't reckoned on the chemical effect of salt water on the stuff used to neutralize corruption of the monster's body substance. It was acrid and sickening. I became dizzy and in my efforts to loosen the fetters I turned over the monster so that its huge weight bore me down. With nostrils choking and brain swimming I kicked at the cords binding the huge cavity that contained me. Those above took this as a signal of distress. It was really an evidence of panic that I should never have shown in my full senses. They commenced hauling the monster to the surface, taking its weight off me. That saved my prestige, and possibly my life. I worked quickly and got out of my shackles, and before they were able to drag the sea beast's carcass out of the sea I had made my escape and come up smiling—with added wisdom back of the smile. This feat was repeated under different circumstances on the stage of Keith's Theatre, Boston.

The Scrape of the Lock

IN ALL these feats while submerged, one thing and one thing only has been my mainstay, apart from my terra firma acquirements of speed and skill in operation: I should have been drowned long ago if I had not developed strong lungs and a capacity for long-distance swimming. Now, at fifty, I can swim two miles without fatigue. The average person in good health can hold his breath under water for but thirty to forty seconds, not because his lungs are weak, but because he hasn't labored in unceasing practice for breath control. I have. I can hold my breath while active under water for three full minutes. Fair enough for anybody not of the fish family—and as much of a key to the mystery of my methods as I shall ever give, having deep regard for the ethics of my profession.

It has always been one of my boasts—and who of us doesn't like to boast now and again when we forget that the hoodoo is in hiding?—that I went St. Peter one better. He broke prison, but he had the assistance of an angel. I've broken numberless prisons single-handed; or, to be literally accurate—double-handed and double-footed. In Cologne I even sued the chief of police once for charging me with faking. In a demonstration before Cologne magistrates I was vindicated by escaping from durance vile as conceived by the very thorough Cologne police. But of all the jails I've broken there is one—a formidable one—that I *didn't* break—and everybody but the turnkey thinks I did. And he knows the truth: that I could have—if he had let me.

This is what happened. In Preston, a thriving city of Lancashire, England, they are proud of their North End football team, several times champion of England; and they are proud of their jail. I made the claim that I could escape from their jail. It hurt their pride to such an extent that the officials of the city put me to the test.

I was stripped and, in a loin cloth only, incarcerated back of the six-inch-thick steel door of the condemned cell. A husky Irish turnkey did the incarcerating. Shivering and alone, with cold cloud light mocking me through the short, thick bars of the wall aperture, I was left to my fate. I at once proceeded to work with my hands on the lock. For minutes I tried, ears intent, fingers never so nimble. It had been an easy matter to dispose of the handcuffs, although they were the brand Scotland Yard used for its worst murderers. The lock baffled me. The bolts were simple; but the lock—I couldn't solve it. Freezing, with pneumonia threatening, I worked away. I even lost my temper, which no mystifier can afford to lose.

Eternities seemed to pass. Finally, numb and fainting, I sank against the door, my hands clutching the jut of the lock. Then the cell door opened.

Witnesses down the corridor, including prisoners, cheered, and the big turnkey came toward me. He caught up my collapsing figure and embraced me in the warmth of congratulation. I could only thank God for the escape.

Later, when I was dressed and refreshed, the turnkey took me to one side. "It took you three hours to get out of there," he said in a delightful brogue, nodding his head in the direction of the death cell.

"Long enough," I admitted.

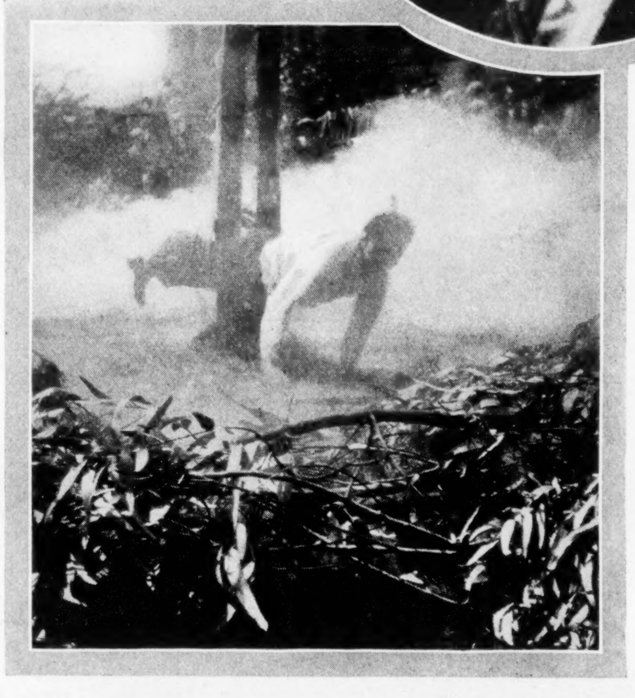
"Too long," he countered, "considering the door wasn't locked."

And so he explained that, pitying me (I'm short of stature dressed and shorter when stripped), he had figured the fetters were enough to get out of, and so had left the cell door unlocked. And I had worked three hours trying to force back the lock bolt, and all but caught my death from cold in the attempt to do it!

Another time in England—at Chatham—I had the experience of laughing myself out of a siege of troubles. There is a naval training college at Chatham. I undertook to be manacled and strapped to the mouth of a naval gun in a public square. A fifteen-minute fuse was attached to the gun. I had to be free in that time or else scattered in bits and pieces over the public square.

Duly and securely strapped, I set to work on the handcuffs first. Then, as the crowd gaped in wonder, a gentleman in resplendent uniform, the police chief of the port, came towards me and, the time-fuse creeping upward, solemnly warned me that in case of injury to bystanders through explosion of the gun I would be held responsible under the law! Before the fuse had burned out I was free. Which was just as well, even though my challengers had been fooled by the gunner who, sympathizing with me, had purposely omitted the charge from the powder chamber.

In San Francisco some Boy Scouts gave me my fourth big scare—and a taste of what burning at the stake meant. In an amusement park I was manacled to a stake in the center of a ring of fagots. I had estimated that I could break through the bonds in about ninety seconds, which meant that the fire, while it might give me a singeing, could not become really dangerous. When the crowd had gathered and the fire had been lighted there came a realization of an unthought-of danger, for not only had kerosene been sprinkled over the fagots, but a brisk breeze, it so happened, blew the smoke and flame straight at me. No man ever spent a hotter time than I did during two entire minutes; every mental and physical resource was needed, and the wildly applauding spectators did not realize the torture I was suffering. Choked, singed and my clothing actually burning, I wriggled and twisted as I had never done before and broke loose. It was not the clean-cut job I had intended to make of it, but it was the most uncomfortable stunt of any that I have ever succeeded in doing.



When Houdini was "burned at the stake" in San Francisco. He says that experience was the most "uncomfortable" of his entire career

Won't Teach Jailbirds to Fly

THE easiest trick I ever performed was one which the staid burghers of Dordrecht in the Netherlands regarded as a miracle.

The men of Dordrecht are famous basket weavers. When I was playing the Cort-Althon Theatre there some years ago they challenged me to escape from a basket they would make. I accepted. They made their basket, a strong wicker cage, building it around me. Then, at my stipulation, they flung a curtain over it. It was child's play to bend the wicker strands with my body, ply them with my fingers and feet and get out.

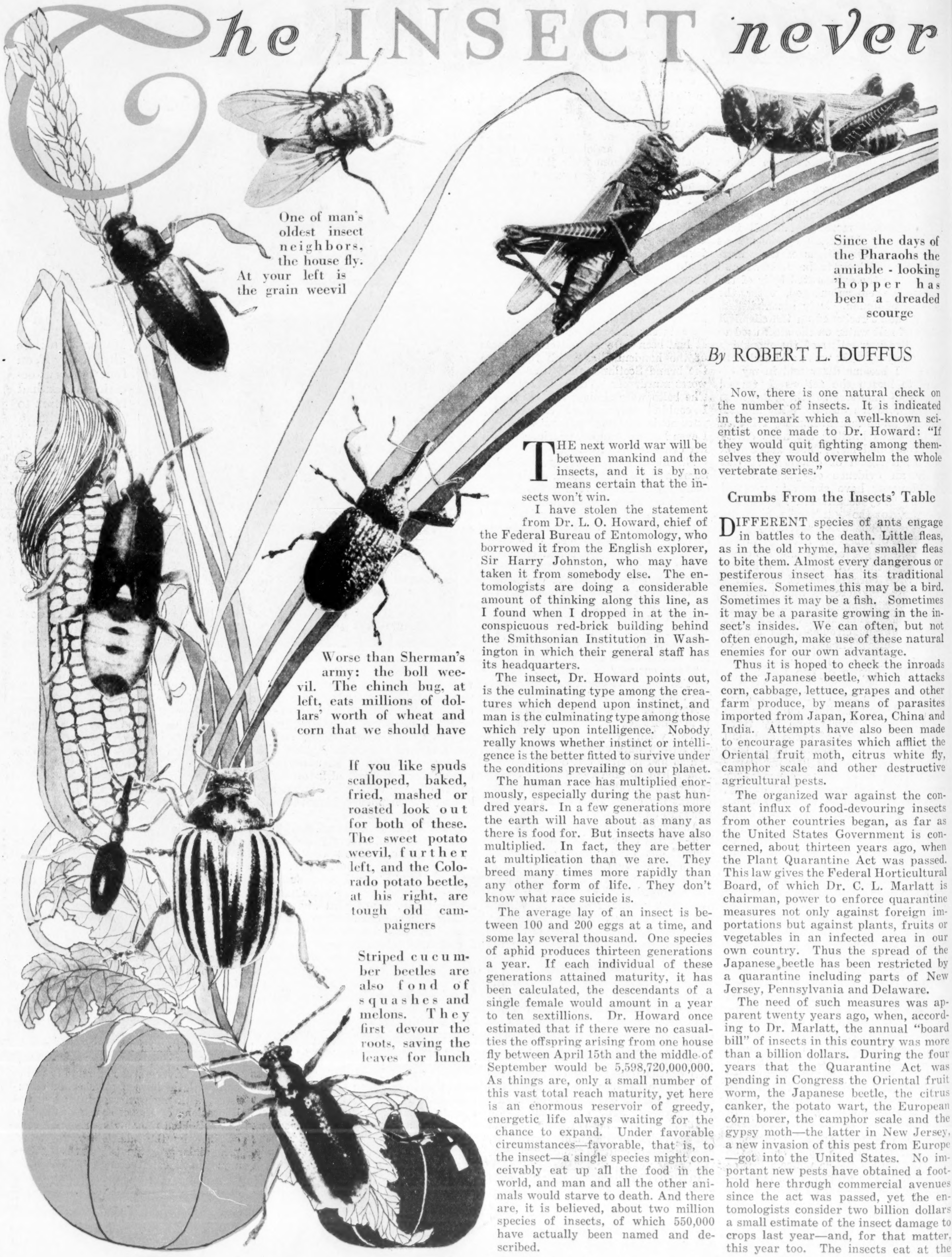
It wasn't so easy—after factory girls in Washington had wrapped me up in a large brown paper bag and sealed and tied it as if I were to be delivered somewhere C. O. D.—to escape without breaking the seals or the string.

But that's my secret, and one I'll keep. Since the days of my boyhood in Appleton, Wis., when I first practiced escaping from binding cords and learned the tricks of my trade—tricks I practice every day of my life in my dressing-room—I've resolved to have my technique buried with me. Rich friends of imprisoned criminals have offered me large sums of money to tell them how jails can be broken; but they'll never learn the way I break them. I shall give no correspondence courses for escaping convicts.

Spiritualism and the tricks of fakers who practice magic to fleece the mentally suffering I shall always expose when I can. And there isn't a trick of theirs I can't duplicate if they let me see them do it once. But I'm a professional mystifier, and I respect my brothers of the profession to the extent of preserving our technique, of whatever quality, in privacy.

But this much I gladly say: Every feat I have ever performed can be blueprinted. Every stunt of mine is in accord with the laws of physics and chemistry, with my own ingenuity and the limitations of the observer thrown in. I'm delighted that my success has been certified by the addition of the word "Houdinize" to the Standard Dictionary: that's satisfactory crystallization of a career. But, though I'm billed as a magician and a wizard, the terms are only relative. I know no real magic. There is none to be known. And my only definition for the word wizard is: There ain't no such animal.

The INSECT never



One of man's oldest insect neighbors, the house fly. At your left is the grain weevil

Since the days of the Pharaohs the amiable - looking 'hopper has been a dreaded scourge

Worse than Sherman's army: the boll weevil. The chinch bug, at left, eats millions of dollars' worth of wheat and corn that we should have

If you like spuds scalloped, baked, fried, mashed or roasted look out for both of these. The sweet potato weevil, further left, and the Colorado potato beetle, at his right, are tough old campaigners

Striped cucumber beetles are also fond of squashes and melons. They first devour the roots, saving the leaves for lunch

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS

THE next world war will be between mankind and the insects, and it is by no means certain that the insects won't win.

I have stolen the statement from Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Federal Bureau of Entomology, who borrowed it from the English explorer, Sir Harry Johnston, who may have taken it from somebody else. The entomologists are doing a considerable amount of thinking along this line, as I found when I dropped in at the inconspicuous red-brick building behind the Smithsonian Institution in Washington in which their general staff has its headquarters.

The insect, Dr. Howard points out, is the culminating type among the creatures which depend upon instinct, and man is the culminating type among those which rely upon intelligence. Nobody really knows whether instinct or intelligence is the better fitted to survive under the conditions prevailing on our planet.

The human race has multiplied enormously, especially during the past hundred years. In a few generations more the earth will have about as many as there is food for. But insects have also multiplied. In fact, they are better at multiplication than we are. They breed many times more rapidly than any other form of life. They don't know what race suicide is.

The average lay of an insect is between 100 and 200 eggs at a time, and some lay several thousand. One species of aphid produces thirteen generations a year. If each individual of these generations attained maturity, it has been calculated, the descendants of a single female would amount in a year to ten sextillions. Dr. Howard once estimated that if there were no casualties the offspring arising from one house fly between April 15th and the middle of September would be 5,598,720,000,000. As things are, only a small number of this vast total reach maturity, yet here is an enormous reservoir of greedy, energetic life always waiting for the chance to expand. Under favorable circumstances—favorable, that is, to the insect—a single species might conceivably eat up all the food in the world, and man and all the other animals would starve to death. And there are, it is believed, about two million species of insects, of which 550,000 have actually been named and described.

Now, there is one natural check on the number of insects. It is indicated in the remark which a well-known scientist once made to Dr. Howard: "If they would quit fighting among themselves they would overwhelm the whole vertebrate series."

Crumbs From the Insects' Table

DIFFERENT species of ants engage in battles to the death. Little fleas, as in the old rhyme, have smaller fleas to bite them. Almost every dangerous or pestiferous insect has its traditional enemies. Sometimes this may be a bird. Sometimes it may be a fish. Sometimes it may be a parasite growing in the insect's insides. We can often, but not often enough, make use of these natural enemies for our own advantage.

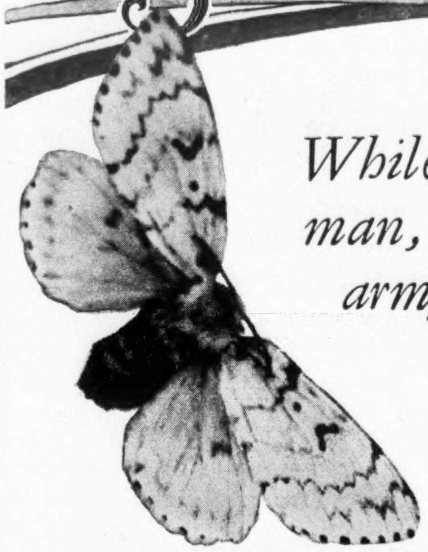
Thus it is hoped to check the inroads of the Japanese beetle, which attacks corn, cabbage, lettuce, grapes and other farm produce, by means of parasites imported from Japan, Korea, China and India. Attempts have also been made to encourage parasites which afflict the Oriental fruit moth, citrus white fly, camphor scale and other destructive agricultural pests.

The organized war against the constant influx of food-devouring insects from other countries began, as far as the United States Government is concerned, about thirteen years ago, when the Plant Quarantine Act was passed. This law gives the Federal Horticultural Board, of which Dr. C. L. Marlatt is chairman, power to enforce quarantine measures not only against foreign importations but against plants, fruits or vegetables in an infected area in our own country. Thus the spread of the Japanese beetle has been restricted by a quarantine including parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

The need of such measures was apparent twenty years ago, when, according to Dr. Marlatt, the annual "board bill" of insects in this country was more than a billion dollars. During the four years that the Quarantine Act was pending in Congress the Oriental fruit worm, the Japanese beetle, the citrus canker, the potato wart, the European corn borer, the camphor scale and the gypsy moth—the latter in New Jersey, a new invasion of this pest from Europe—got into the United States. No important new pests have obtained a foothold here through commercial avenues since the act was passed, yet the entomologists consider two billion dollars a small estimate of the insect damage to crops last year—and, for that matter, this year too. The insects eat at the

signs an ARMISTICE

While man keeps on fighting man, an atrocious invading army of fantastic midgets may master the earth



An undesirable immigrant, the gypsy moth, foe of shade and fruit trees

first table. The rest of us take what is left.

Some of them, comparatively harmless in their native country, might develop into a frightful menace in the more favorable climate of the United States. If they were all let loose at once they might cause damage beside which the property losses of the world would appear trivial. If our knowledge of how to control them were lost tomorrow, this army of fantastic midgets—Maeterlinck calls them beings "from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insensate, more atrocious, more infernal than ours"—might wipe out humanity in a generation.

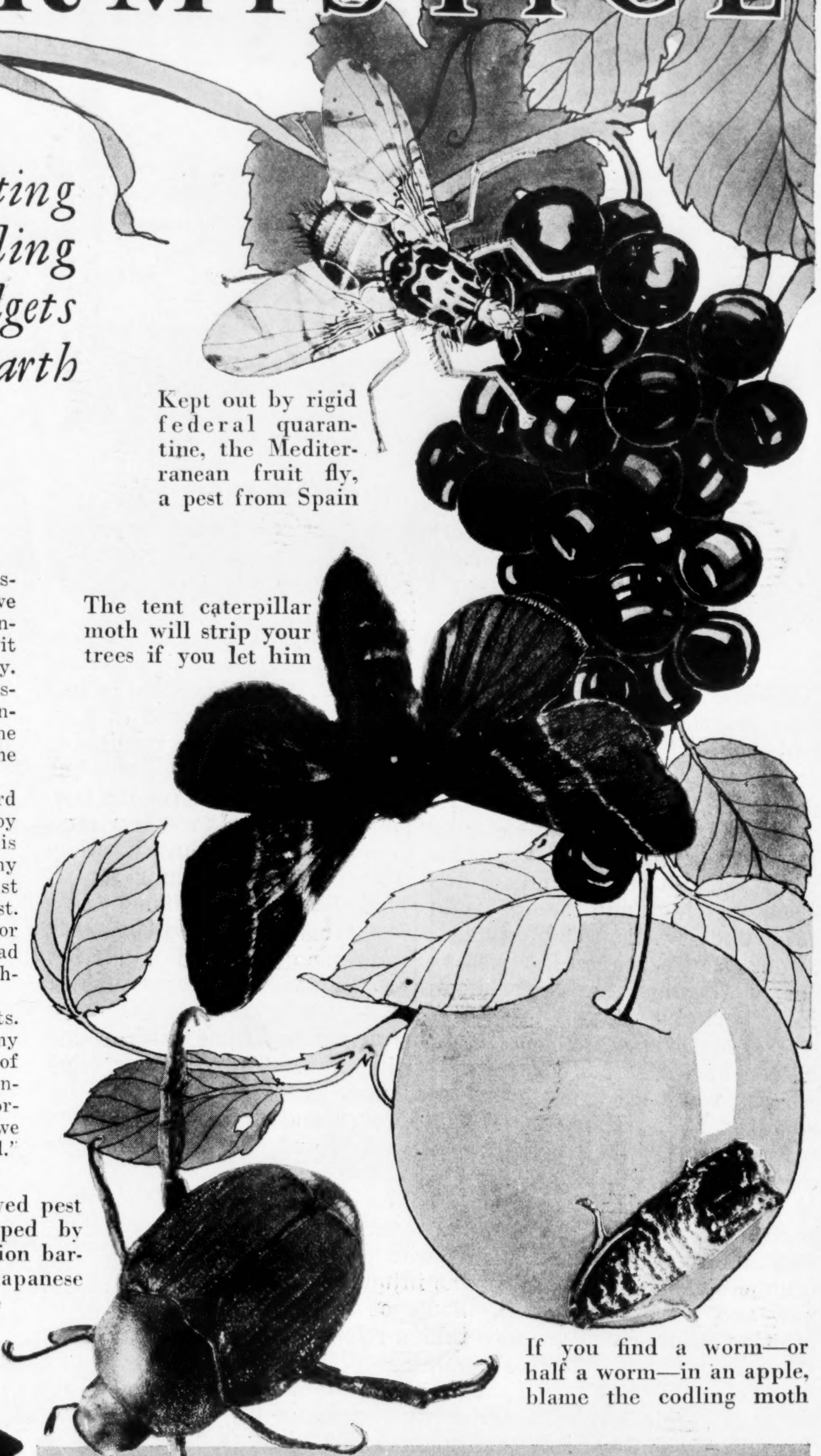
The Quarantine Act, fortunately, is well enforced. One inspector, examining grapes from Almería in Spain, a part of the beautiful old Moorish kingdom of Granada, found the larvæ of the Mediterranean fruit fly. Fruit flies are common in many countries, and are among the worst of the agricultural parasites. They breed in fruits and vegetables and render them unfit for food. Almería's grapes had to be excluded, despite the unhappy fact that the loss of the American market nearly ruined the grape growers of that sunny province.

I asked Dr. Howard what he thought the final outcome of the age-long struggle between man and insect would be. He pointed out that science has so far been most successful with the disease-bearing insects. The micro-organisms which cause malaria, typhus, typhoid fever, Rocky Mountain fever, yellow fever and a number of other diseases are known, and in most cases the insects which carry them can be controlled. Havana, the Canal Zone, even New Orleans, once pestholes, are now health resorts. But these victories were but skirmishes in the greater battle.

"The condition of the human species as regards insects," said Dr. Howard, in summing up his opinions, "is unquestionably growing more critical. If we are to believe the modern prophets mankind is increasing at such a rate that it will soon face a deficient food supply. The greatest waste in food at the present time is through the ravages of insects. It is estimated that they consume from ten to twenty per cent of all the crops planted.

"Plainly the first step looking toward the future is the control of insects by man. Far from doing this, in spite of his vaunted intelligence, man in very many cases is planting his food crops in just such ways as to suit the insects best. He is affording them opportunities for tremendous multiplication and spread which they could never have had without his help.

"The world needs more entomologists. It needs the intensive study of an army of trained men. It needs the help of chemists, physicists, agricultural economists and pathologists. Only by vigorous and long-continued efforts can we hope to bring the insects under control."



Kept out by rigid federal quarantine, the Mediterranean fruit fly, a pest from Spain

The tent caterpillar moth will strip your trees if you let him

If you find a worm—or half a worm—in an apple, blame the codling moth

An almond-eyed pest which slipped by the immigration barriers: the Japanese beetle

A challenge to Boston's famous Saturday-night menu. The bean beetle menaces the bean pots of North America

Beautiful, perhaps, but not good. The harlequin cabbage bug, which lowers the supply of coleslaw

WARNING
EUROPEAN CORN BORER QUARANTINE
DO NOT CARRY GREEN CORN BEYOND THIS POINT
FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS PROVIDE HEAVY PENALTY FOR VIOLATIONS

"They shall not pass!" The federal government established this quarantine line to halt the march of a dangerous invader

Collier's

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APRIL 18, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

PADLOCKS ON BROADWAY

A NEW United States attorney dramatized his inauguration into office by seeking to close a number of expensive establishments which were accused of selling strong drink in violation of the Volstead law.

The drastic procedure adopted by the district attorney had, however, nothing to do with his feeling on the subject of prohibition. A former law partner of Elihu Root, Emory R. Buckner had in private practice defended a brewer. He publicly announced that he had mounted the water wagon only when he had been nominated for office. As a private citizen he had felt free to adopt the customs of his community, but as a federal agent he had to enforce the law.

New York City, like many other populous places, is wet territory. It is still possible there, according to gossip, for the thirsty to buy what is facetiously—and all too truthfully—called "hair tonic." Prices are high and the quality is poor. But it can be bought at a price and it will probably be on sale for many years to come. It is not easy to change the customs of people quickly. For all that they do change, and the padlocks on the alcoholic emporiums of New York tell the story.

When District Attorney Buckner was a boy some enterprising citizen of Iowa rediscovered the injunction. This familiar legal weapon was used to close places counted as social nuisances. Instead of haling the offenders into court and trying the accused before juries of their peers, the property involved was tried before a judge.

If the premises had been used for illegal purposes the place could be closed and the occupants turned out. This was an Iowa idea and it spread widely. Cities which had been struggling against commercialized vice found in the injunction and abatement laws a new and powerful weapon. Some of those responsible for prohibition enforcement are now taking a leaf from this old notebook. If padlocks were effective against vice, why not turn the same weapon against the illegal sale of alcohol.

It is significant of America that a young man bred in Iowa should, as a United States district attorney, apply this device of the dry West to the thoroughly damp East.

It is conceivable that in time Americans will have a change of heart on prohibition. In another generation the temperance of Canada may seem preferable to the theoretical abstinence of the United States. While the public is pondering the issue, the drys have the votes in Congress and in most of the legislatures.

The law has now to be enforced whenever the issue is raised. That is why, regardless of personal predilections, the severe penalties inflicted on the owners of property used illegally elicit approval in a wet community. New York differs from Iowa on the merits of prohibition, but as to the necessity of compelling observance of the laws there is little debate among good Americans.

The First President of Germany

EBERT served, and saved, his country less by ability than by character. His very defects were of great value to the new republic. The socialism of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, to which he subscribed, is sixty years stale. But people knew where to find Ebert. Stolid perhaps, but solid and sure.

Germany had kotowed for years to the stagy, murderous mediocrity of the Hohenzollerns, while factions quarreled violently among themselves. After the great upset of 1918 that distracted country had little to hope for from the selfishness of such big industrialists as Stinnes or from the underground militarism now led by Von Seeckt. Their numerous wrangling political parties could, and did, find a rallying point in the stodgy, compromising day-by-day common sense of the stout ex-saddlemaker Friedrich Ebert.

Germany's immediate future turns on her keeping in office presidents who will stick to this truth: that policies of rule or ruin are useless, that dreams of world might are poison, that the lands between the Rhine and the Baltic must get back to doing the day's work, as we all must, in a human world for which empires are history.

Handcuffs in the Subway

TWO men swung around through the open door of the subway as though in a dance, and fell into a seat. Passengers, attracted by the pirouette, gazed at the odd pair. They were chained together. Prisoner and sheriff, and but one look was needed to determine who was captor and who quarry.

The captive of the law was but a boy. His long, thin fingers might have the cunning of the artist. The gray eyes roved wildly and a strange smile flitted over his young face as he caught the eye of an observer.

There he was enchained, something less than human, an animal trapped, stripped by crime or circumstance of the dignity of a man. Bravely, madly, he tried to smile away his humiliation, but no answering greeting came from the uncertain passengers.

The train came to a stop and the people passed on. Sheriff and prisoner again turned about queerly and moved with the stream. Down the street marched the pair, and the nickeled steel of the handcuffs shining in the bright light advertised his shame. The crowd looked on curiously. Who was he? What had he done? Whither was he going? Around the corner and they were gone. But the hungry smile of the prisoner who sought so bravely to laugh away his shame remains.

What made him what he was? Fate or his own folly? His own failure or conditions beyond the control of youth? Who can say? Yet the memory of the lad persists. Is all being done that can be done to prevent such tragedies?

Dictatorship in the Home

A GOSSIPY correspondent reports that the Mussolini children, Edda, Bruno and Vittorio, just won't behave. They storm about the flat, tip over the furniture, pelt one another with household goods. They have not even company manners. At a polite party they threw ice cream across the table. "It's no use my saying anything to them," exclaimed Signora Mussolini to their hostess. "Even their father can't manage them."

This is given as one reason why the family is parked at Milan while the premier rules at Rome. There is one place where the dictator cannot dictate. But his spirit dwells there. The sap of the old block pervades the little chips.

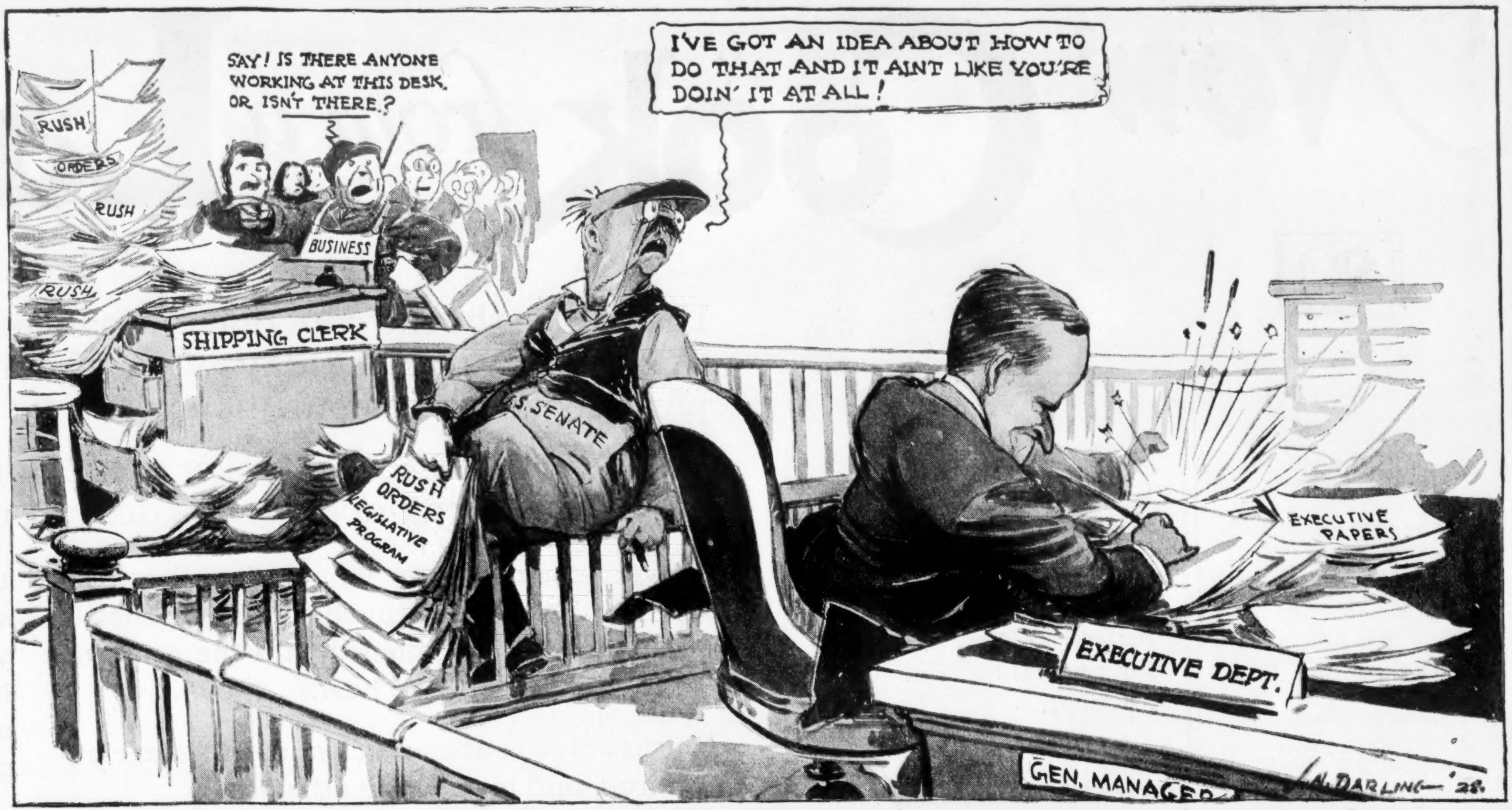
April, 1775

LEXINGTON and Concord and Paul Revere's ride in April, the battle of Bunker Hill in June; this spring is full of heroic memories from 150 years ago. The cause of a freer mankind then had to be advanced by stern resistance to the careless absenteeism of George the Third's personal government.

Those Yankee patriots of 1775 were a sturdy breed, close-grained and set in their ways—as they themselves said, "serving New England's God." One thinks of that skilled silversmith, Paul Revere, who spread the rallying word out from Boston through Charlestown and had endless poems written about him. William Dawes went by the Roxbury road on the same errand, but his name doesn't rhyme so well even though a musical Dawes is now Vice President of the United States. Morgan Stanwood of Cape Ann strode over the hills to the fighting and knew, as he told his wife, that he went to his death. Harrington of Lexington, mortally wounded, yet got home somehow to say good-by and die on his own doorstep.

The word of their deeds roused the land from Maine to Georgia, from tidewater to the far Alleghenies. Yet with all that devoted heroism it was fourteen years and eleven days from the battle by Concord bridge to the shouting at Broad and Wall streets of "Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

Could the patriots of 1775 speak to-day, would they urge that our land stand still and alone? Would they not rather hold that America should go forward to that larger place in a more united world of free nations, for which their struggle paved the way?


SAY! IS THERE ANYONE WORKING AT THIS DESK, OR ISN'T THERE?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA ABOUT HOW TO DO THAT AND IT AINT LIKE YOU'RE DOIN' IT AT ALL!
RUSH!
ORDERS
RUSH
RUSH
BUSINESS
SHIPPING CLERK
U.S. SENATE
RUSH ORDERS LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM
EXECUTIVE PAPERS
EXECUTIVE DEPT.
GEN. MANAGER
N. DARLING '25.

There's nearly always someone around the office who thinks he knows more about the business than the president of the company

UNCLE SAM IS A GOOD DRUMMER

By Edward N. Hurley

Former head of the United States Shipping Board

THE Congress has been known to provide an executive department with a ship and then in the hurry of a session forget all about voting funds to operate it.

But it may be news that one of the most important departments of the government—one of the most useful to the citizens and one which pays for itself many times over each year—depends for its existence upon an annual appropriation and that, if the Congress should slip up, not only would a most capable organization, formed with great care, be dissolved, but the business men and farmers of the country would lose much money.

© U. & U.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, built up by Secretary Hoover, which is of the very life blood of the Department of Commerce, has only the precarious footing given by annually engineering through a bill for its continuance.

My own interest is that of a near relative. Some years ago I made a beginning toward putting our people in the way of getting sound and timely information on the opportunities for American products in overseas markets. Although ninety per cent of our business is in the home market, a certain amount of export is vital if we are not to drain ourselves of money by paying cash for the many things which we must buy abroad, or cut down our national income by setting off the income from foreign investments against our foreign purchases.

* * * * *

This bureau does for the trade of the country at a cost of less than three cents per head of the population what the trades themselves could do only at a prohibitive expense. The comprehensive organization at Washington reaches out through trade commissioners and commercial attachés in forty offices in thirty-four countries and brings in full information on the economic and financial conditions overseas and on the possibility of developing markets for American products.

It has the latest information on foreign tariffs and responsible reporters and dealers, and also furnishes the current statistics on foreign production, exports and imports, so that the Amercan business man will know what his foreign competitors are doing.

It maintains the closest possible contact with the business communities everywhere and is always on the lookout for foreign discrimination against American interests and American products.

All this information is at the disposal of American business, and where the bureau a year ago got some seven hundred requests for information a day, it now gets seventy-five hundred a day.

Is this information of any use? A firm in Riga bought over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of wheat, sugar and lard from American exporters through aid given by the office of the commissioner in that city.

The bureau's representative in Vienna enabled an American firm to obtain an order for $1,500,000 worth of tobacco after five previous attempts without his assistance had failed.

As far back as 1921, the bureau was able to assist the California Rice Growers in disposing of about seventy-eight per cent of their rice crop—for which they had not been able to find a market.

When, in 1923, the California Raisin Growers produced a crop far above home needs, they appealed to the Department of Commerce, which immediately supplied them with preliminary figures for all raisin producing and consuming countries. As a result, the growers were able to export, in 1923, 30,000,000 pounds of raisins to Europe, 20,000,000 pounds to the Orient and 24,000,000 pounds to Canada.

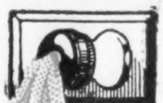
This bureau puts Uncle Sam not only in the industrial research business but actually on the sales force of American business men who have anything that might be sold abroad. But this productive salesman is not working on a regular salary.

* * * * *

There was a bill before the Sixty-eighth Congress to put the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce on a permanent footing.

That bill should have been passed, but it wasn't. It is not too soon now to tell the members of the next Congress that this bureau means too much to us to permit it to remain as a mere creature of an annual appropriation.

Now Cook *from a* La



The Everhot Electric Cooker bakes light, fine-grained bread and cake.

It browns roasts perfectly. It is ideal for vegetables, and for soups.

Ever since the introduction of small electric appl been hoping for the day when electricity d be plete cooking, without the expense of costl ent

The Everhot Electric Cooker, *which operat m a the electric iron does,* is the definite answ hat

Due to principles now for the first time perfected, it brings the economy and efficiency of fireless cooking, combined with the ease and convenience of electric heat.

It uses only about as much current as an electric iron, and is as easily attached.

It bakes bread and cake, and browns roasts perfectly. Brings out the full flavor of vegetables. It eliminates cooking odors from the kitchen.

It saves food by reducing shrinkage. It makes foods much more palatable and nourishing because it preserves the food juices and mineral salts.

Above and beyond its actual cooking advan-

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Dealers, write for new and interesting Ev les

THE SWARTZBAUGH MANUFAC G C
(Formerly The Toledo Cooker Comp
1501 Bancroft St., Toledo, O
Manufacturers of Appliances for the Home

EVERHOT ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Famous for winning the preference of discriminating housewives everywhere because of their beautiful workmanship, superior quality and greater durability.

Ask to see them at your dealer—he already has them, or can get them for you. The Everhot line is large and varied, including the following:

Everhot Electric Curling Iron—with controlled heat that cannot scorch hair—private and professional types—ebony and ivory finish, $1.75 to $3.00 each.

Everhot Drying Comb—Ebony and Ivory finish, $2.75 to $3.00 each.

Everhot Electric Soldering Iron—with Nickel Chromium Element and Adjustable Tip, $2.75 and $3.25 each.

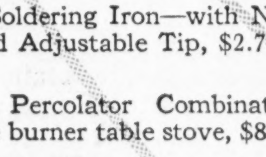
Everhot Electric Percolator Combination—Coffee Percolator and one burner table stove, $8.85 each.

All prices slightly higher in the extreme West.

Everhot

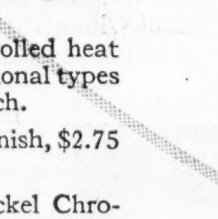
Everhot Reflector Heater, $7.50 to $10.00.

Everhot



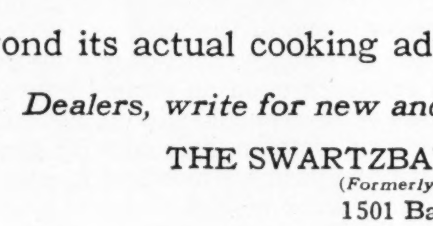
Everhot Hair Beauty Sets consisting of curling iron and drying comb. $5.00 the set.

Everhot



Everhot Everlasting Electric Irons—beautifully finished and lasts for years, $6.50.

Everhot



Everhot Electric Table Stove—two models—one burner and two burner sizes — $5.50 to $16.50 each.

Everhot

p Socket

appliances, women have d be available for com- ent control installation.

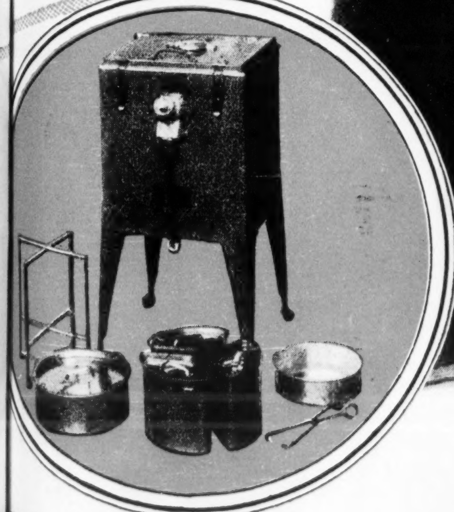
m a lamp socket just as hat widespread demand.

reat human fact that it frees itchen drudgery. It cooks while , and leaves you freer than you n before for the social and recre- hich modern life imposes. Food the morning is ready for dinner ous, full-flavored and steaming ly to be served.

ade in two sizes. and for sale at the selling electrical o and see it today. our home — live th less drudgery. resting booklet on etter way to cook.

les proposition

G CO.



Your Lowest
Priced Servant
Is Electricity

Electric Cooker

(Continued from page 17) suppose I am a sort of guardian to you and have to look into your interests at the laundry which is not paying nearly so well as your father led me to believe. I think he was already queer at the time and didn't fully understand what he was doing and I doubt if all that of his about preference shares which I never held with really but did to humor him ought to stand. Luckily there is no hurry about this has you won't have to pay anything for him where he is Mr. Punter says so long as you leave well alone and we can see about these other things when you have got over the first shock of your father's breakdown. My wife sends her love and kind sympathy. You must keep calm and not let these things disturb you too much because very often it is hereriterary and one cannot be too careful so leave everything to me and believe me to remain

Your affectionate cousin,
SAM WIDGERY.

"Rather!" said Christina Alberta and telephoned forthwith to put off Paul Lambone and Wilfred Devizes and hurried off with a combatant light in her eye to the Underground and Liverpool Street Station.

When Christina Alberta got down to Woodword Wells it seemed to her that the laundry was just a little smaller than it used to be and that a slight tarnish had fallen upon the bright blue delivery vans.

She went up the garden path to the door that had been home to her for nearly all her life, and it was opened to her by Sam Widgery himself, who had seen her coming. "So you came down," he said and seemed to hesitate about admitting her. He was a tallish, stooping man with a large, bare, pockmarked face, a dropping nether lip, a large nose that snored occasionally when he breathed and furtive, very small brown eyes. He was clad in dark gray ill-fitting garments, with a frayed collar and a very worn made-up black satin tie. His waistcoat was mainly unbuttoned and he fidgeted with his hands. He looked at Christina Alberta as though he found her more formidable than he had thought her.

"Did you see Daddy?" said Christina Alberta, coming straight to the point.

He compressed his mouth and shook his head from side to side as though he recalled painful things.

He led the way into the little living-room in which her father had so recently planned the conditions for the conversion of the laundry into a limited company. The familiar furniture had been rearranged rather amazingly and a large dark bureau had been placed under the window. With discreet gestures Sam Widgery closed the door and came toward her. "Sit down, Chrissie," he said, "and don't get excited. I was afraid you might come rushing down here. But, of course, I was bound to write to you."

"Did you see him?" she repeated.

"Mad as a hatter," he said. "They say he made a riot at the Rubicon Restaurant. Wanted to give a great banquet there to all the beggars in London."

"Did you see him? Was he well? Was he unhappy? What have they done with him?"

"You mustn't *pelt* me with questions, Chrissie. You mustn't let your mind go on at such a pace. I told you in my letter I went up and saw him. They called him out, and he came to me in a little room."

"Where was it? Where was this workhouse?"

"There you go again. Just sit down and take things quietly, my girl. I can't answer all those questions at once."

"Where was it you saw him? Was it at Gifford Street?"

"Yes. Where else could it be? They was waiting to remove him."

"Where?"

"Some asylum, I suppose."

"Cummerdown Hill?"

"Come to think of it, it *was* Cummerdown Hill. Yes—they said Cummerdown Hill. He came out. He looked much as usual, bit more vacant perhaps, until he set eyes on me and then he gave a sort of start and said, 'Don't know you,' he said. Like that."

"Well, that wasn't mad. Did he *look* mad? I suppose he didn't want to talk to you—after all the disagreeable things that have been said."

"VERY likely. Any'ow I said to him, 'What! don't know me?' I said; 'not know old Sam Widgery what you planted your laundry on?' Just like that—joking at him like. Quite kindly but—humorous. 'I don't know you,' he says and tried to go. 'Hold hard!' I said and took him by the arm. 'You're a base, complaining scoundrel,' he says to me and sort of tried to push me away. 'You'd rewin any laundry,' he says—him to me, what was in the laundry business a dozen years before he married your poor mother. 'Any'ow, I 'aven't your complaint,' I says, 'Mr. Albert Edward Preemby.' He sort of stiffened. 'Sargum,' he says, 'if you please. . . .' "

"Sargon," Christina Alberta corrected.

"Maybe. It sounded like 'Sargum.' And 'Sargum' he would have it. Mad as a hatter on that. I tried to talk, but what was the good of talking? I couldn't get anything plain or straight out of him at all. Started threatening me with the bastinado—whatever that may be. I asked him to be decent with his language. 'I've 'ad enough,' I says to the attendant at last, and the attendant took him away. And so we're quit of him, Chrissie."

"Quit of him!"

"Quit of him. What can anyone do?"

"Everything. Did he look very unhappy? Did he look frightened or ill-treated?"

"Why should he? They're taking proper care of him and he's out of harm's way."

"You're sure he looked—serene?"

"Bit jaded perhaps. That's his own internal workings, I expect. But he's where he ought to be, Chrissie. I feel that. What we've got to do, from what Mr. Punter says, is to let well alone. There he is with everything he wants, living on the ratepayers' money. We've got ourselves to consider. We've got to think of that crazy preference-share idea he's saddled the laundry with. *That's* urgent. It's a charge of nearly five hundred a year as things are, nearly ten pound a week. There isn't a laundry in London could stand it."

"I shall have to see my Daddy," said Christina Alberta. "I don't believe he *is* so comfortable. I've heard horrid stories of asylums. Anyhow, I ought to go right away and see him."

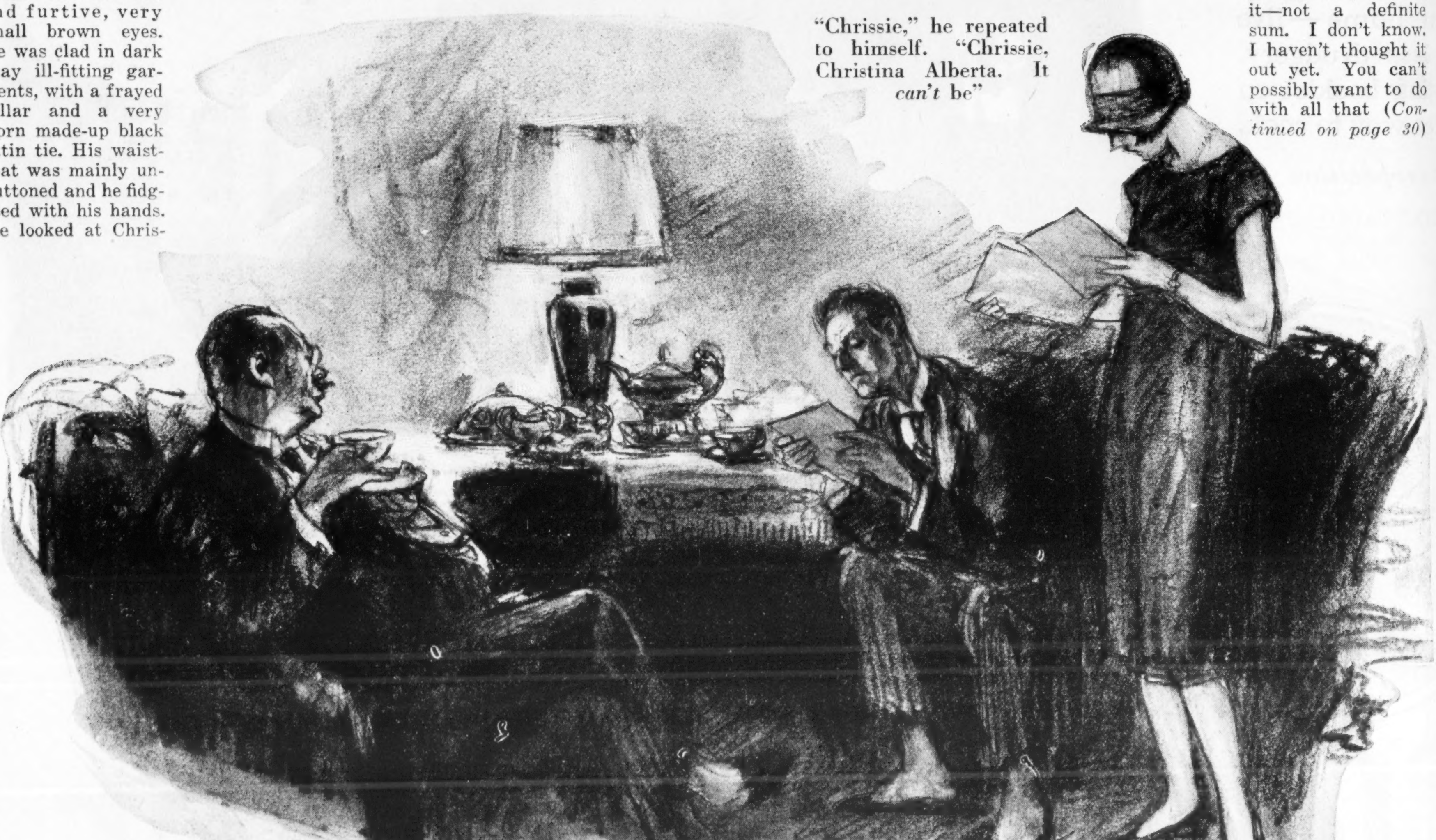
"Can't do that, Chrissie," said Mr. Widgery, shaking his large gray face slowly from side to side and watching her as he spoke. "They don't have visitors running in and out of these madhouses just whenever they want to. Wouldn't *do*, you know. The poor creatures have to be kept quiet and not excited. I daresay I could give you a letter for next visiting day—"

"*You!* Give *me* a letter!"

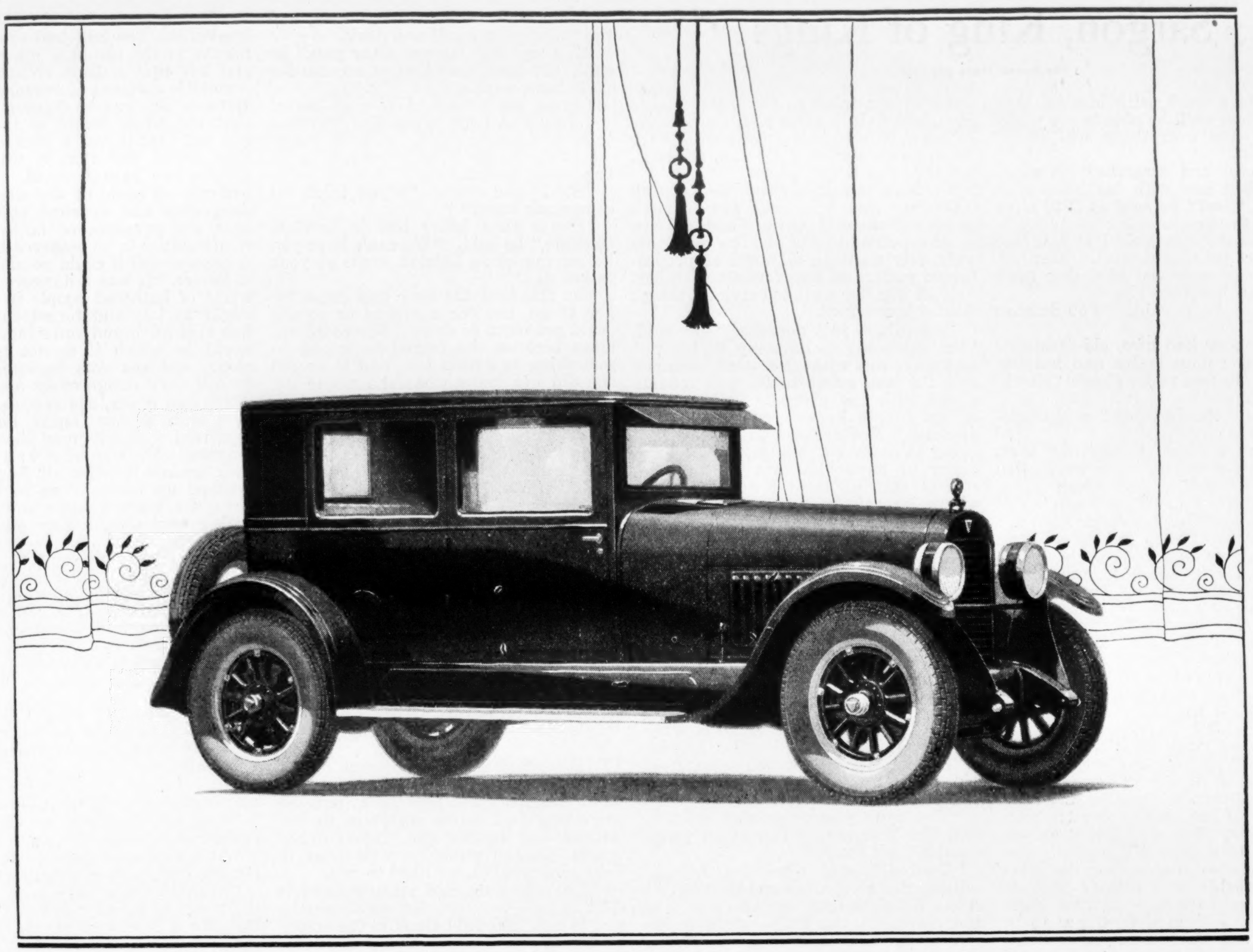
Mr. Widgery shrugged his shoulders. "It would help you to get in. But you won't make anything of him, Chrissie, even if you see him. And you'll have to wait for a visiting day. You must do that."

"I want to see him."

"Very likely. But regulations are regulations. Meanwhile there's all this business muddle we got to put straight. While he's in that asylum I think what I ought to do is to give you 'n allowance, five pounds a week say, and keep back the rest until we're able to get something settled up. Or four. Or perhaps as you want it—not a definite sum. I don't know. I haven't thought it out yet. You can't possibly want to do with all that *(Continued on page 30)*



"Chrissie," he repeated to himself. "Chrissie, Christina Alberta. It *can't* be"



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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

ten pounds a week with him off your hands. Then we'll be able to see where we stand and everything will be all right again."

He paused and scratched his cheek and watched her with his little sidelong eyes. "See?" he said as if to stimulate her to speech.

Christina Alberta looked at him in a silence that became painful. Then she stood up and regarded him—her arms akimbo and her face alight.

"I see now," she said. "You damned old Rascal!"

Mr. Widgery had nice, old-fashioned ideas about young ladies and ladylike language. He was taken aback. "Now!" he said. "*Now!*"

"Always I should think," said Christina Alberta.

"You mustn't say things like that, Chrissie. You mustn't use words like that. You mustn't get wrong ideas about all this. What d'you mean? Old rascal! Something old rascal! Why? I'm only doing what I got to do. You aren't really of age yet, you're just a mere child, legally speaking, and it falls to *me* naturally—*me*, his nearest relative, so to speak—to make such arrangements as have to be made about his affairs. That's all. You mustn't get wrong ideas about it all, and you mustn't get excited. See?"

"I called you," said Christina Alberta, "a damned old Rascal."

HE DID not meet her eye. He spoke as if he appealed to the bureau.

"And does it do you any good to use such horrible expressions? And does it do me any harm? And does it alter the fact that, whether I like it or not, I've got to look after his property now and see about it and see you don't get into any trouble or mischief? All me and your aunt have been thinking about is just what's right and proper to be done for you. And then you turn on me like a serpent and use language—!"

Words failed Mr. Widgery and, still seeking sympathy from the bureau, he shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

"You're no relation of his," said Christina Alberta. "I guessed when I read your letter that this was the sort of thing you'd be up to. You're glad to have him out of the way because he was such a one for punctual payments. You think I'm all alone; you think I'm just a girl and that you can do what you like now with me. You've made a mistake. I'll make you pay up every penny that's due on the laundry and I'll see you do it more punctually than ever. And why didn't you do something to get him out as soon as you heard they'd taken him?"

"Now don't you go getting excited, Chrissie," said Mr. Widgery. "Even if I ain't a blood relation of his, I am of yours. I'm your next of kin and your best friend and I got to think what's got to be done about *you*. I got to act for *you*. In spite of bad language and everything. I tell you he's right and safe where he is and I'm not going to have anything done to disturve him. Nothing at all. There he is and there he's going to stay, and I'm going to act as Mr. Punter advised me to act. I'm going to keep back his dividends as they fall due and pay you what I think proper to pay you for your keep and so on and charge it to him, and I'm going to see you live an orderly sort of life in future now too, same as my poor cousin Christina would have wanted you to do. You've been knocking about the world in a perfectly scandalous way and learning to curse and swear. It can't go on. That's how things are, Chrissie, and the sooner you see them the right way round the better."

The young woman stood speechless while Mr. Widgery unfolded his intentions.

"Where's Mrs. Widgery?" she said at last with an effect of stupendous self-control.

"Up in the laundry seeing to things. No need to bother her. We been talking about all this, over and over, and we're quite of one mind in the matter. It's *our* right to look after you, and it's *our* responsibility to look after you, and we mean to do our duty by you, Chrissie, whether you like it or not."

Unpleasant doubts assailed Christina Alberta. She was still two months short of one-and-twenty, and it was quite conceivable that the law gave this ugly, oily creature all sorts of preposterous powers of interference with her. Still, it was her style to carry off things with a brave face.

"All this is just nonsense," she said. "I'm not going to have my Daddy put away like this without a word from me, and I'm not going to let you muddle about with his property. Everybody in the family knows you're a crooked muddler. Mother used to say so. I'm going to see about him myself and I'm going to have him sent off to some special sort of mental nursing place where he can have proper attention. And that's what I came to tell you."

Mr. Widgery's little eyes seemed to weigh and judge her. "You're giving yourself high and mighty airs, Chrissie," he said, after a little pause. "You'll do this and you'll do that. You've got a sort of wrong idea of what you can do in the world. You haven't got any money and you haven't got any authority, and the sooner you get that into your head the better."

That scared feeling was gaining upon Christina. In order to counteract it she deliberately lost her temper.

"I'll jolly soon show you what I can do and what you can't," she said with a flaming face.

"Now don't *yew* go getting excited," said Mr. Widgery. "You of all people shouldn't get excited."

"*Excited!*" said Christina Alberta, rallying for a repartee and then, struck by an ugly thought, she stopped short and stared at the little bright brown eyes in the pock-marked face. Mutely they answered her mute, amazed question. This was the third or fourth time he had used the word "excited," and now she knew what he was aiming at. Suddenly she realized the train of ideas that her Daddy's extinction had set going in his head. He also had been studying the lunacy laws—and dreaming dreams.

"Exactly," said Mr. Widgery. "You have always been a queerish sort of girl, Chrissie, and the rackety life you lead, and now this affair has been a strain on you. Must have been. You've got no quiet friends but your aunt and me and no quiet place to come to but here. Don't you go flaring out at me, Chrissie. I mean well by you. I'm not going to go paying you money to keep you up there in London. Why, you might go getting drugs, or anything. Call me a something rascal if you like. Swear at me as though you were out of your senses; it won't alter what I mean to do. I want you to come down here and rest your mind and nerves for a time and let me get in someone to see you—see what ought to be done about you. . . . You'll thank me for it some day."

His big gray face seemed to expand and swim about before her eyes, and the room grew small and dark.

"It's my duty to see after you," he said. "It can't hurt you or anyone for us to have advice."

In the train from Liverpool Street she had told herself she had intended to wipe the floor with Mr. Sam Widgery, but things hardly seemed to be happening like that.

"Bah!" she cried. "D'you think I'd come back here?"

"Better than being lost in London, Chrissie," he said. "We can't have you wandering off in London, same as your father did."

She felt that the time had come for her to go, but for a second or so she could not move to do so. She could not move because she feared he might do something to detain her, and if he did she did not know what she would do. Then she pulled herself up by the feet.

"Well," she said with a step past him downward that turned him on his heel; "I've told you what I think of you. I'd better be getting back to London."

In his eyes she saw the thought of obstructing her flash into being and die. "Won't you stay and have something," he said, "before you go back?"

"Eat *here!*" she cried and got to the door.

Her hand trembled so that it was difficult to turn the handle. He stood motionless, staring at her with his lower lip dropping and an expression of doubt upon his face. It was as if he was not quite sure of himself nor of the course he meant to pursue. The course he wanted to pursue was appallingly plain.

SHE walked with dignity out of the open front door and down the garden path. She did not look back, but she knew his face came up close to the window and watched her. Never in her whole life had panic come so near to her. She would have liked to run.

After the train had started she felt a little safer. "How the devil can he get at me?" she said aloud to the empty compartment.

But she wasn't at all sure that she couldn't be got at, and she found herself trying to estimate just how much support and friendship she might find in her London friends. Could she, for instance, count upon Mr. Paul Lambone? If supplies were cut off, she could get some sort of job and keep herself for a time until she could extract her silly Daddy from the net into which he had fallen? How would Harold and Fay, perennially hard-up, behave if supplies ran out? And meanwhile there was Daddy, wondering why no help came to him—puzzled by what had happened to him and no doubt getting sillier and sillier.

Christina Alberta was growing up fast now. Beneath all her radicalism and rebellion there had always hitherto been a belief, tacit, subconscious, in the rightness and security and sustaining energy of the social framework. There is under most youthful rebellion. She had assumed, without thinking very much about it, that hospitals were places of comfort and luxury, doctors in full possession and use of all existing science, prisons clean and exemplary places, that though laws might still be unjust, the administration of the law was untouched by knavery or weakness. She had had the same confidence in the ultimate integrity of social life that a little child has in the invincible safeness of nursery and home. But now she was awakening to the fact that the whole world is insecure. It was not that it was a wicked or malignant world, but that it was an inattentive and casual world. It dreaded bothers. It could do the meanest, most dangerous and cruelest things to escape the pressure of bothers, and it would refuse to be bothered by any sufferings or evil it could possibly contrive to ignore. It was a dangerous world, a world of bothered people in which one might be lost and forgotten while one was still alive and suffering. It was a world in which it is not good to be alone, and she was beginning to feel herself very dangerously alone.

She had never, she reflected, thought very much of her family, but now she perceived a family may dissolve away too soon. She wanted a wall to put her back against if, after all, Sam Widgery screwed up his courage to be aggressive; she wanted someone who would be her very own, a safe ally, someone she could count upon, someone closer than law or custom, someone who would go about and find out exactly what had happened to her if she fell into disaster, who would refuse to accept her downfall, someone who would care for her more than he cared for himself and not be lightly turned away.

Himself? Not *herself*. In fact, a lover.

"Damn Teddy!" cried Christina Alberta and knocked a puff of dust out of the railway cushion with her fist. "He messes it up.

"And I knew what he was. I knew all the time exactly what he was!

"I've got to stick it alone," said Christina Alberta.

"And, besides, who'd have cared for me, anyhow, with a nose like mine?

"Even if there were such things in the world as lovers who loved like that! But it's a world of people who don't care. It's a world of people who haven't the guts to care. It's a dust heap of a world," said Christina Alberta.

Her thoughts began to flow into a new region. After all, wasn't there something too disagreeably justifiable in the suggestion that she was—how to put it—*queer?* Hitherto Christina Alberta had always regarded herself as a model of sanity and mental directness—with no fault, indeed, except possibly her nose. Now the word "queer" stuck in her mind like a thorn that had gone right home. She could not get it out again.

SHE had always, she knew, been different. She had always had a style of her own.

Most of the people she had met in the world had impressed her as being colorless, weak in speech and action, evasive—that was the word, "evasive." They evaded the use of all sorts of blunt words; they didn't know why. Christina Alberta was all for saying "Damn" and "guts," and so forth, until someone convinced her of some better reason for avoiding them than merely that they weren't used by "nice" people. These others were always not saying things because they weren't said and not doing things because they weren't done. And for what was said and what was done, however manifestly preposterous it was, they had a sort of terrified imitativeness. They just ran about being as far as possible somebody else until they died. Why exist at all, then? Why not get out of it and leave someone else in possession? But, anyhow, they got through life. They didn't get into trouble. They supported one another. And, on the other hand, if you didn't evade? You puzzled other people. You left the track. You were like a train leaving the rails and trying to take a cross-country short cut. You hit against—everything.

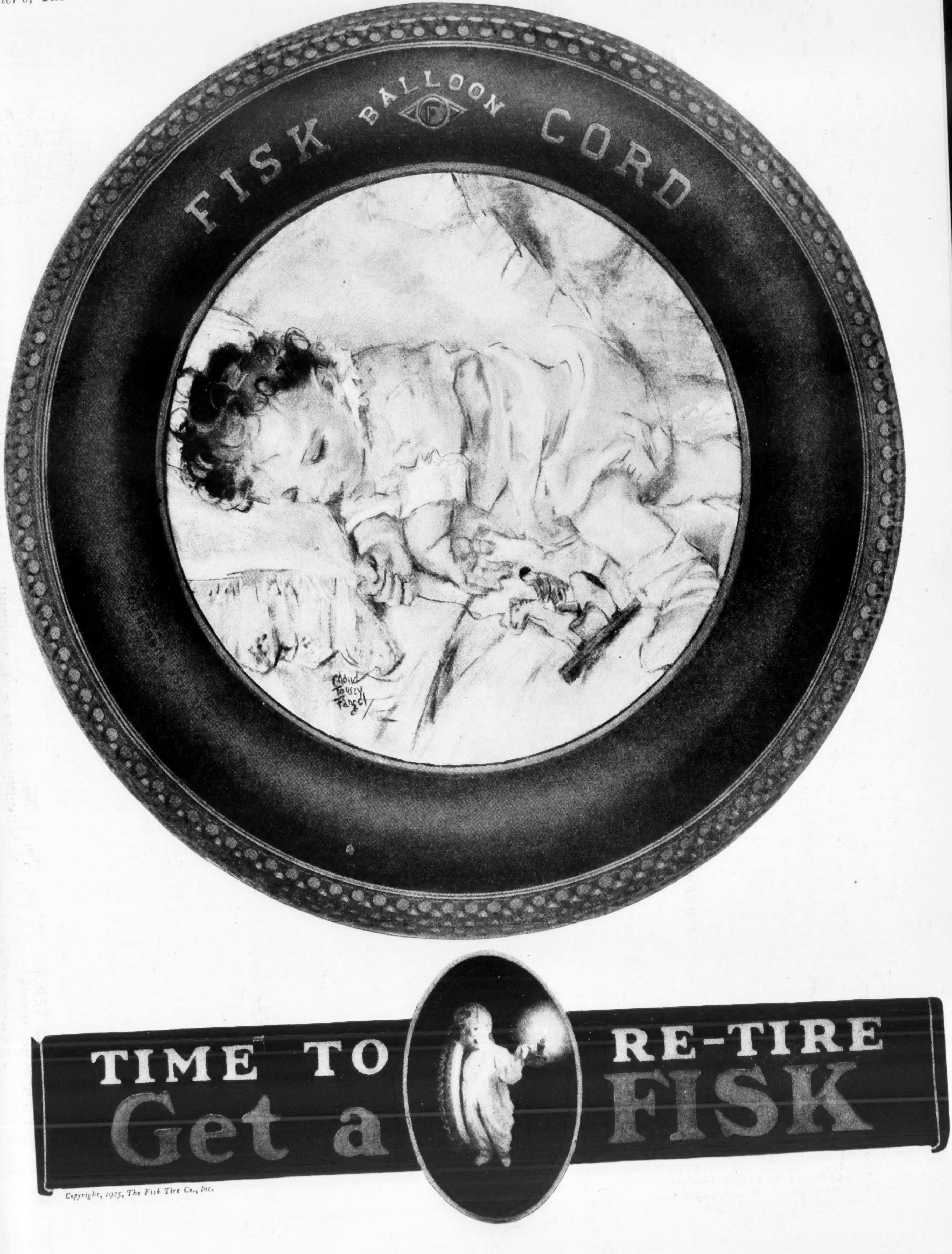
Was this evasive life she had always despised really the sane life? Was ceasing to evade ceasing to be sane? Sheep, she had read, had a disease called *gid;* then they wandered alone and died. Was all this originality and thinking

(*Continued on page 32*)

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Has written ten stories dealing with the adventures at Monte Carlo of Mr. Billingham of America, the marquis and Madelon. They are separate stories and may be separately enjoyed, although they will appear in consecutive weeks. We suggest that you chuckle over the first, which tells of "The Bamboozling of Mr. Gascoigne," and which you will find

In Next Week's Collier's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TIME TO RE-TIRE
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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

for one's self and not going with the crowd and so forth, that had been her pride and glory, just the way out from the sane life? Originality, eccentricity, queerness, craziness, madness: was that merely a quantitative scale?

Was not her Daddy's queerness this —that after years of the extremest evasion he had at last tried to break away to something real and strange? And had she, after her fashion, been attempting anything else? Was she, too, lopsided? Lopsided in a different direction perhaps but lopsided none the less. An inherited lopsidedness?

Would she have this lopsidedness gaining upon her in the years before her? Would she repress it for a time and then break out as he had done? Was this skirmish with Uncle Widgery only the opening skirmish of her lopsided soul against the commonplace world?

Ought she to drop her defiance and confusion; get clothes like other people, and cease to shock on principle?

Her mind went off at a tangent on the question whether she had really inherited anything whatever from her Daddy. Was his queerness her sort of queerness at all? It ought to be, seeing that they were father and daughter.

How different they were! For a father and daughter how amazingly different they were! . . .

Blup. Blup. Blup. There came a familiar variation to the familiar sounds of the train. Christina Alberta was running into Liverpool Street Station, and her perplexities were all unsolved.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S meeting next day with Wilfred Devizes turned out to be a much more remarkable affair than she or he had expected it to be. They discovered they were blood relations. But that only happened after they had talked for a long time about Mr. Preemby.

Acting on the advice of Paul Lambone, she had brought photographs and a letter or so in her Daddy's handwriting with her, and she had thought out what she judged would be significant things to tell about him. She went in a taxi with Paul Lambone to Devizes' house, just off Cavendish Square, and they were shown up at once past a waiting-room and a consulting-room to a dignified little sitting-room with an open fire and a table with tea things and a great array of bookcases. Devizes came in to them forthwith.

She was a little shocked to think that this lank, dark, shock-headed man could be recognizably like her. He was younger than she had expected him to be, younger, she thought, than her Daddy or Mr. Lambone, and he wore a long, unbuttoned frock coat. He carried the nose all right; he was, indeed, very good-looking.

"Hullo, Paul," he said cheerfully. "Is this the young lady whose father's been stolen? We'll have some tea. It's Miss—?"

"Miss Preemby," said Paul Lambone, "but everyone calls her Christina Alberta."

Devizes turned an eye that was by habit and disposition a scrutinizing eye upon her. He betrayed a faint momentary surprise and came and shook hands. "Tell me all about it," he said. "You don't think he's really mad but only rather exceptional and odd. That's it, isn't it? Lambone tells me he is sane. It's quite possible. I'd better go over the state of his mind first, and then we can discuss the question of the asylum afterwards. I gather you want to get him under your own care—outside. That isn't by any means simple. We'll have to study the obstacles. Meanwhile tea. . . . I've been disentangling the delusions of a perfectly terrible old lady and I'm rather deflated. Just tell me all about it in your own way."

"Tell him," said Paul, settling his shoulders into his armchair and preparing to interrupt.

Christina Alberta began to unfold her premeditated discourse. Every now and then Devizes would interrupt her with a question. He kept his eyes on her, and it seemed to her, even from the beginning, that they betrayed something more than attention to what she was saying. He looked at her as though he had seen her before and couldn't quite remember where. She described her Daddy's talks to her, when she was a girl, about the Pyramids and the Lost Atlantis, and so forth, and the odd spirit of release and renewed growth that had followed the death of her mother. She told of the spiritualistic séance and the coming of Sargon. Devizes was very keen on various aspects of the Sargon story. "It was odd that the suggestion fell in so aptly with Preemby's mental disposition. What was that young man up to? I don't quite understand him."

"I don't know. I think he just hit by chance on the stuff he talked. It was just bad luck that it fitted."

"Undergraduate ideas of fun?"

"Undergraduate fun. It might have been Tut-an-ka-man."

"But it happened to be Sargon."

"He may have been reading some ancient history."

"He didn't, I suppose, know anything about your father?"

"Couldn't have done. I suppose he thought my—my Daddy looked a little small and absurd, and I suppose it appealed to his sense of humor to single him out from the others and make him a great king. I'd like to have a few minutes' straight talk with that young man."

"This, you see, isn't a delusion, Devizes. It's a deception," said Paul Lambone.

"Is he generally coherent?" asked Devizes.

"Granted his thesis, he's amazingly coherent," she said.

"He doesn't sometimes become someone else, God or a millionaire, or anything of that sort?"

"No. He believes in reincarnation and hints at having lived other lives, but that's all."

"Thousands of people do that," said Lambone.

"And nobody is persecuting him? Nobody makes noises to trouble him or gets at him with X Rays or anything of that sort?"

"Not a shadow of that sort of thing."

"The man's sane. Unless he went mad when he walked out of your friends' studio."

"I'm for his sanity right out," said Lambone. "I wish I'd had a chance to talk to him. There's something—everybody's chattering now about an Inferiority Complex. Well, isn't it common for people who have been rather put upon and deceived, and so forth, and who don't want to face the facts of life, to take refuge in an assumed personality? And, putting the reveries, the spiritualist séance and so forth all together, doesn't it work out on those lines?"

"He knows he is really, *au fond*, Preemby?" Devizes asked.

"It annoyed him to tell him so," said Christina Alberta. "I think one reason why he went away was because I and my friend, Mrs. Crumb that is, at the studio where we live, would try to make him be sensible about that. It drove him away. He knows he is really Preemby and he hates it. He knows this is all a make-believe."

LAMBONE took up the discourse. "I do so sympathize with that. So far from that being insane, it's perfectly rational. Becoming somebody else greater than one's self is part of half the religions of the world. All the Mithraists used to become Mithra. The Serapists, if I remember right, used to become Osiris. We all want to be born again, really. Everyone with any sense and humility does. Into something greater. 'Who will deliver me from the body of this death?' That's why Christina Alberta's Daddy is so tremendously interesting. He's got imagination; he's got originality. He may be a feeble little chap, but he has that."

"Having an exceptional mind isn't insanity," said Devizes. "Or else we should put all our poets and artists in asylums."

"Few would come up to that standard," said Lambone. "I wish they did."

Devizes reflected. "I think I've got that clear. He's coherent. He's neat in his dress. He isn't persecuted. He's unselfish in his thoughts, almost romantically so. And he's not fattish and lumpish and he's never had any sort of fit. There's no insane type a properly qualified doctor could class him under, but then most doctors are altogether unqualified for mental practice. A stupid doctor might mistake his imaginations for the splendors of paranoia or take his abstraction in reverie for *dementia præcox* or think he was a masked epileptic. But all these are cases of mental disease and your father is probably not diseased at all. He's mentally disturbed, but that's all. The difference between him and a real lunatic is the difference between a basketful of fruit that's been overturned and a basketful that's gone rotten. Overturned fruit gets bruised and rots very easily—but being overturned isn't being rotten. What sort of man is he to look at?"

"She's got photographs," said Lambone.

"I'd like to see them," he said, and was given a recent one of Mr. Preemby as laundryman. "Too much mustache by a long way," he said. "Is there anything—with some at least of his face uncovered? There's nothing here but his eyes."

"I thought you'd feel that," said Lambone. "There's one of Mr. Preemby as a young man, taken soon after his wedding with Mrs. Preemby. Have you got it, Christina Alberta? . . . Here we are. . . . That's Mrs. Preemby in the chair. The mustache—in bulk—has yet to come."

"He married young?" Devizes asked Christina Alberta.

"He must have done," she said. "I don't know his exact age. My mother never told me."

Devizes scrutinized the photograph. "Queer," he said and seemed to be searching his memory. "Something familiar. I've met people like this.

"They were both London people, I suppose," he said, looking hard at Christina Alberta.

"Woodford Wells," said Christina Alberta.

"My father was born at Sheringham," she added as an afterthought.

"Sheringham. That's queer." With a manifestly deepened interest, he looked at the couple posed against one of those rustic backgrounds dear to Victorian photographers. "Chrissie," he repeated to himself, "Chrissie, Christina Alberta. It *can't* be."

FOR some moments Dr. Devizes ceased to attend to his consultants, and they remained intently observing him. He tried to fix his attention on the young man's face in the picture, but it was the young woman who sat on the rustic stile that absorbed his interest. Amazing how completely he had forgotten her face and how she came now incredibly unlike and yet like his memory of her. He remembered the glasses and the neck and shoulders. And a sort of stiff defiance. "When were your mother and father married?" he asked. "How long ago?"

The girl suppressed some active thoughts of her own and gave his question her attention. "Eighteen ninety-nine," she answered.

"And then you were born straightaway?" He asked the question with an affectation of ease.

"There was a decent interval," said Christina Alberta with clumsy levity. "I was born in nineteen hundred."

"Of course," said Devizes, and resumed his examination of the photograph. Nobody spoke for the better part of a minute. "Of course!" whispered Lambone to himself. Devizes drank a cup of tea absent-mindedly. "Extraordinary," he ejaculated. "I never dreamt of it."

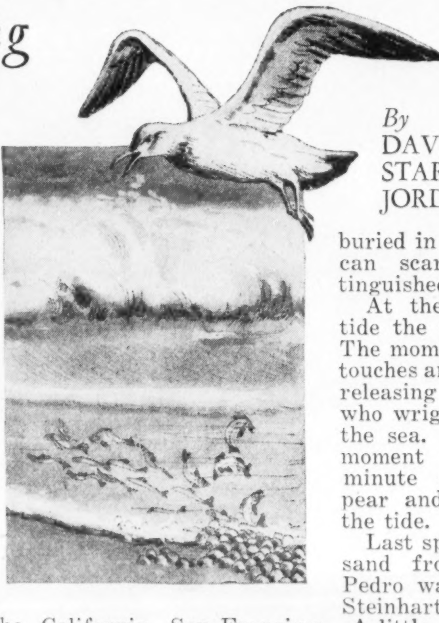
"What is?"

His answer went off at a tangent. "Christina Alberta's resemblance to my mother. It's amazing. It's been worrying me ever since I came into the room. It's been distracting my attention. I've got a little picture. . . ."

He jumped up, went out of the room, and reappeared after a brief interval with a small gold-framed picture. "Look at that!" he said and handed it to Paul Lambone. "It might be Christina Alberta. Don't you see how like it is? Allowing for that preposterous hair piled upon her head and the way

(*Continued on page 34*)

How to Bring SAND *to* LIFE



By
DAVID STARR JORDAN

THE grunion, which is found off the sandy shores of southern California, has lately come into the limelight of science through its singular breeding habits. It is a slender green-and-silver fish (much like the silver-sides on our Atlantic coast) about five inches long and an inch broad, and it runs in schools in shallow water. It is good to eat, but attracted no particular attention until Will Thompson of the California Fish Commission had the curiosity to look into its spawning habits. And this is what he found out:

At the time of the highest, or spring, tides in March and April, schools of grunion come up with the highest waves. They then plunge into the sand and bury their eggs with the germ cells at the very highest reach. Thereafter, when the tides are lower, the grunions slip back into the sea and are seen no more. But they have left their eggs behind them—eggs which, buried in the dry sand, can scarcely be distinguished.

At the next spring tide the waves return. The moment salt water touches an egg it bursts, releasing a tiny fishlet who wriggles back into the sea. At the right moment thousands of minute grunions appear and go out with the tide.

Last spring some sea sand from near San Pedro was sent to the Steinhart Aquarium in San Francisco. A little of it—containing eggs—was placed in a tray and salt water poured over it. At once the grunions sprang to life.

A high school boy who saw the process took home a cup of sand and a bottle of salt water to mystify his friends by causing sand to become alive! The sand seemed quite like any other granite sand. But at the magic touch of salt water, many of its grains leaped into life.

Now the word "grunion," of unknown origin (in science *Leuresthes tenuis*), has found its way into the dictionary.

Through Mud

When sticky mud drags at the wheels your *Milwaukee* Timer gives the extra "punch" that pulls you through.

In Sand

Milwaukee-timed Fords have the bull-dog power to buck through the deepest sand. Even firing means steady pulling.

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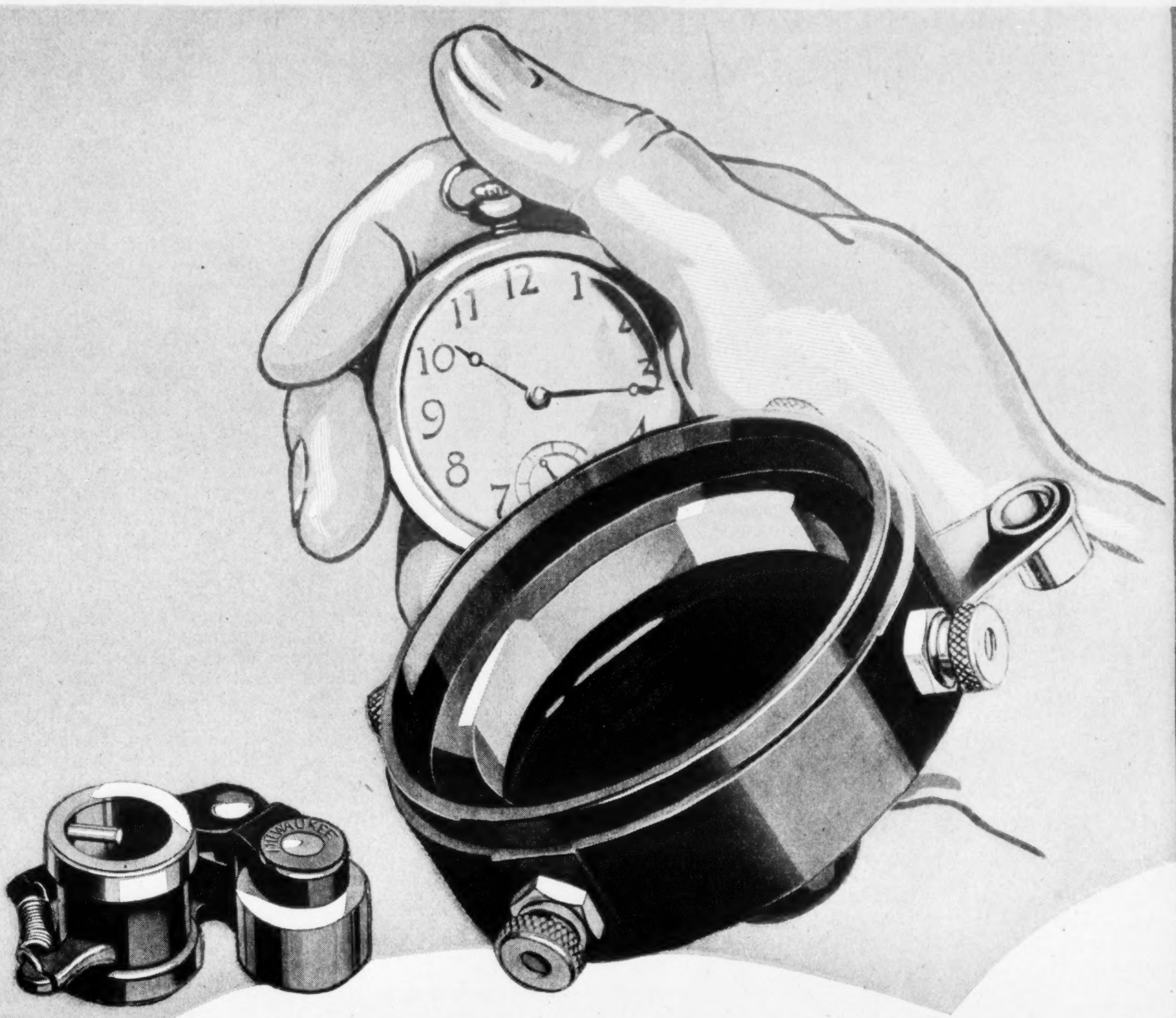
A *Milwaukee* Timer prevents most wet-weather ignition troubles — its Bakelite case is waterproof.

On Hills

Milwaukee timing helps Fords skim up steep grades in high. Full power from every cylinder!



Dependable As Your Watch

DEPEND on a good watch to time yourself accurately. Depend on a Milwaukee Timer to time your Ford accurately.

A Milwaukee will give your good Ford motor more power, peppier speed, quicker starting, faster pick-up. You can depend on it because of its

Higher-efficiency roller design (Ford's type)—
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TIMER *for* FORDS

SHORT-PROOF

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

her dress goes up round her neck."

He handed the picture to Christina Alberta.

"It might be me in fancy dress," Christina Alberta agreed with the picture in her hands. There came a long pause. Christina Alberta tried to pull the conversation together. "But what has all this to do with my Daddy's case?"

"Nothing directly. Of course *he* was a little fair, blue-eyed chap with rather an absent-minded manner. I seem to see him. Your resemblance to my mother is a pure coincidence. Pure. But it's a curious coincidence! Just for the moment it pulled my attention aside. Forgive me. You see, I've a belief that where there's a resemblance of this sort there's a blood relationship. I suppose your mother's people—what did you say they were called—Hoskin?"

"Did I say? I don't remember. Her name was Hossett."

"Ah, yes—Hossett! I suppose that two or three generations back the Hossetts and Devizes' intermarried. And there we are! Cousins—at we don't know what remove. But types go under in a family and then bob up again. It sort of links us, Christina Alberta, doesn't it? It gives me a special interest. I don't feel now that you're just any old patient. Or rather, just Paul's friend. I feel linked. Well—That's that. Let's come back to your father. Who married your mother just when they were starting the old South African war. He's always been a dreamy, unobservant type. As we were saying. Even from the beginning. . . ."

He stopped short.

"Always," said Christina Alberta after a long pause.

"We've had all that," said Devizes, and was for a minute entirely at a loss for words. "Yes," he said at last.

HER heart was beating fast, and there was a flush of excitement on her cheeks. Her quick wits had filled in all the gaps. She understood now—a hundred puzzling things. She would have liked to go away and think it all over at once. But that wouldn't do. She must disregard the questions that surged up within her. Her mind went forward like an obstinate traveler caught in a whirlwind. She had to tell Devizes all she had been prepared to tell him about her Daddy—her remote, pitiful and now extraordinarily unimportant Daddy. She had to carry it off. This amazing illumination might, after all, prove to be the completest illusion. She must take it away and think it over. Anyhow, there was to be no recognition of the facts—if they were the facts—of the situation. At present, at any rate. She must follow Devizes' lead. Yes—they just happened to resemble each other. What was he saying? She was observing him with all her being and deaf to what he said.

He was her true father. Of course a man like this was her true father. Dark and strong and clever, he looked. She would have liked him though there had been nothing, not even a resemblance, between them.

But attend to him, Christina Alberta; attend to him!

He was saying that, now that he agreed with them that Preemby was sane, he could see his way to the real business before them. It was the old, old story of making lunatics out of sane people which they encountered in Preemby's case. It was the old, old story of making lunatics out of sane people which they encountered in Preemby's case. (He repeated his sentence word for word without apparently realizing he had said it twice.) All exceptional people were in danger of being misunderstood, but such a type as Preemby, original and yet incapable of abstract expression or philosophical method, which sought fantastic expression for its feelings and impulses, was particularly liable to give offense, awaken suspicion and dread and hostility. It was just these borderland cases he was always trying to save from asylums and just such cases that were always going there. And they were the last people to bring into contact with real insanity. "To go back to my metaphor, the basketful of fruit isn't rotten, is scarcely specked with decay, but it is disordered and overturned. A mind is a delicate thing to knock about. It will rot very easily, and a mind like your father's particularly will rot very easily under asylum conditions. After all this rigmarole, I come to just the conclusion you've already reached, that we have to get Preemby out of Cummerdown Hill and away under restful conditions as soon as possible. Then we'll comb out his particular complex and get him into working relations with the world again. I'm quite sure we can do that somehow, make his incognito permanent, make him an Emperor in Exile, restore his proper name, organize a common daily round for him, and get him back more and more to be a chastened and released Preemby." He paused.

"That's it," said Lambone, roused from a profound contemplation of the two interesting faces before him.

"It isn't easy. Even to get at him isn't easy. There will be delays. A careless magistrate and a silly doctor can make a lunatic in five minutes. It takes no end of time to unmake one."

"That's what I want to set about doing," said Christina Alberta.

"Naturally," said Devizes, "and I'm with you."

He explained one or two points in lunacy law, began sketching a scheme of operations, considered the people to whom she ought to write and the people to whom he ought to write and how soon it would be possible to see Preemby and give him a word of encouragement. Already Devizes had had several brushes with lunacy organization; he was considered a troublesome but dangerous man for a medical superintendent to be up against. That might arouse either hostile obstruction or the propitiatory spirit. They must go carefully.

Lambone scarcely interrupted now at all. He had ceased to be acutely interested in Preemby, immured away there in Cummerdown. He was lost in admiration of the self-control his astonishing friends displayed. He tried to imagine what an undertow of strange excitement, of queer thoughts and confused emotions, there must be beneath their highly intelligent discussion of the case of Mr. Preemby. They wasted very little attention upon the onlooker. Christina Alberta's face was faintly flushed and her eyes glowed; Devizes was rather less of a conversationalist than usual and rather more like a university tutor with an exceptionally interesting student.

The subject was exhausted at last, and the time came to depart. Devizes came to the door with them.

"Don't forget that I'm always round the corner, so to speak," he said. "I'm in the telephone directory. And don't forget, Christina Alberta, don't forget I'm your long-lost cousin, very much at your service."

"I won't forget that," said Christina Alberta, meeting his eye.

A little pause, and then rather stiffly they shook hands.

"Did you suspect?" said Christina Alberta as soon as she and Paul Lambone were in the street together. "Did you suspect—before you took me there?"

Lambone was clumsy. "Suspect—what?"

"Wasn't it plain to all of us? That he's my real father?"

Lambone did not reply for a moment. "But how could it have happened?" he said.

"Then you *did* think?"

"My dear Christina Alberta, he didn't know you existed until he set eyes on you. I'm sure of that."

"But then. Wasn't it plain? He knew them both."

"Devizes," said Lambone, "is ten years younger than I am. He's not thirty-nine. He must have been—not more than eighteen. Nineteen at most. It's a little difficult."

"That makes it easier. You never knew Mother. If they were both young—"

"It's just possible," said Lambone, "there is some other explanation."

"But what?"

"Can't imagine. I suppose he was at Sheringham—perhaps for a holiday—and met her. But—"

"It must have been something casual, a kind of accident. Mother used to have flashes. . . . I never quite understood her. She used to suppress me, and perhaps she was suppressing herself. She had a sort of hostility to me and a kind of domineering jealousy. . . . She was ashamed of me in some way; she didn't like me. . . . It's incredible. And yet it explains a hundred things."

"He certainly never knew of you. He's—amazed."

"And what's going to happen next?" asked Christina Alberta. "How do we stand?"

"Legally you're Preemby's daughter. Nothing can alter that. All the resemblances and coincidences in the world won't alter that."

"And all the law in the world won't alter the facts. And—"

She turned on Lambone with a flushed face. "Do you realize what it means to think you are the daughter of a certified lunatic? And then find you are not? All last night I was awake with that unendurable thought."

"All night—at your age!"

"It seemed all night. And instead—!" She left an eloquent gap.

"*I* like Devizes too," said Lambone.

"And I don't know a thing about him. Is he a good man? Is he a bad man? Has he a wife?"

"HE ADORED his wife. And so did I. She was one of the loveliest and cleverest young women I've ever known. She was strong and jolly—and the beastly influenza and pneumonia got her. In a week. Almost before he realized the danger. It cut him to ribbons. They'd had no children. They'd had only four years together. He's attractive to women, they cluster about him, but I don't think there'll be a second Mrs. Devizes for a long time. I can't imagine it. Any other woman. Why! All that house—it's full of her presence."

"Yes," said Christina Alberta and thought for a time.

They were detached for a time in crossing Bond Street, and the pavement was too crowded and Piccadilly was too congested for them to talk again until they were in St. James's Street.

"Daddy," said Christina Alberta, "seems ten thousand miles away. But when I'm over the amazement of this I expect I'll get back to him all right."

"You'll come in for a bit?" said Lambone at the corner of Half Moon Street. "I could give you some dinner."

"No, thanks. I'll walk all the way to Chelsea," said Christina Alberta. I want to think this out by myself. I want to get alone with this spinning head of mine and try to slow it down. My life's gone topsy-turvy. Or it's been topsy-turvy and it's suddenly come right side up. I don't know which. Oh—I don't know anything! I've got to begin all over again."

She shook hands and paused. Lambone waited, for manifestly she had something to say. She got it out at last.

"Do you think—he liked me?"

"He liked you all right, Christina Alberta. Don't you worry about that."

(To be continued next week)

And Now They're Papering the EARTH!

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

Not a cubist picture: a sugar field safe from weeds. (Left) Laying the paper, clods weighting it

THEY call C. F. Eckart the "Burbank of the Hawaiian Islands." He's always evolving theories and giving them a tryout. Three years ago, for example, he tried one on his pineapple plantation near Honolulu, and it worked. It worked so well that, as a result of the experiment, his yield was so great and of such superior quality that the value of his crop was increased just about $185 an acre.

The big idea? Simple enough. Eckart believed that by using paper—spreading long strips of it on the ground—he could increase the yield of his crops. When the revolutionary idea made good, other pineapple growers tried it and, the following year, laid 4,261 miles of paper at a cost of $250,000. Next to fall in line were Florida and California, where the "papering process" has been tried on all manner of fruit and vegetable crops, increasing their yields between 25 and 168 per cent.

When a farmer papers his crops, heavy sheets of "mulch" paper, made from the waste of sugar cane, are laid down so that they will extend a foot on either side of the growing plants; after which roots, cuttings, tubers, bulbs or seeds are planted in holes punctured in the paper.

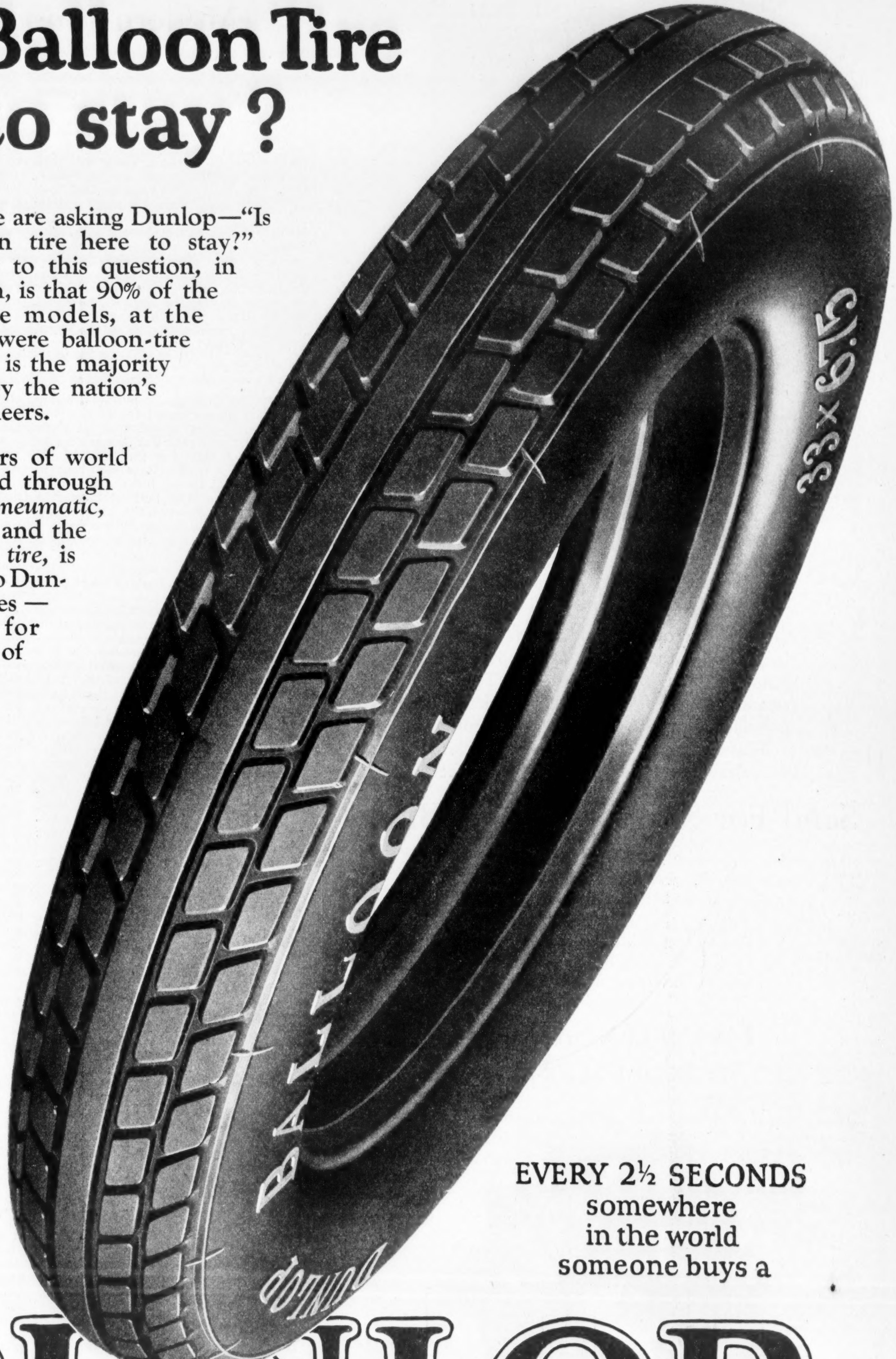
The theory behind the idea is, obviously, that a miniature hot house is created around the base of each plant, whose roots are thus placed in what is virtually a forcing bed. The paper—continuous along the rows and wide enough to cover two of them—prevents the growth of weeds and retains the heat and moisture in the earth. Also, it prevents hardening and baking of the soil, does away with the necessity for cultivation and permits various vegetables to grow almost on the surface.

Is the Balloon Tire here to stay?

MANY people are asking Dunlop—"Is the balloon tire here to stay?" The best answer to this question, in Dunlop's opinion, is that 90% of the new automobile models, at the national shows, were balloon-tire equipped. Such is the majority approval given by the nation's automotive engineers.

Dunlop's 37 years of world leadership, gained through building the *first pneumatic*, the *first clincher*, and the *first straight side tire*, is carried through to Dunlop Balloon Tires—already famous for their extra miles of *comfort*.

DUNLOP TIRE &
RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



DUNLOP
BALLOON
TIRE

—Dunlop has never done better

EVERY 2½ SECONDS
somewhere
in the world
someone buys a

DUNLOP

Made by the FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Section of
unstropped
blade magnified

A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes also affect them. That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade if stropped before using is improved 100%. If stropped regularly it will last indefinitely.

Most Men Shave the Wrong Way

THEY use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.

A Twinplex Stropper would completely change the shaving ideas of these men. (Maybe you are one of them.) A few turns and Twinplex puts an edge on a new blade that is a dream for smooth shaving. And ten seconds stropping each day before shaving will make that one new blade shave marvelously for weeks and weeks.

Send For Stropped FREE Blade

Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.

Twinplex is 14 years old—over a million sold by best dealers all over the world. Drop in at a nearby store and take a look at one. Sold with a long service guarantee.

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For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
Twinplex Stropper

Modern Innocents Abroad

Continued from page 6

trees in the Champs Elysées begin to fall, the great tide ebbs, the summer tourists turn round and go home, and Paris becomes French again. Only the American "colonies" in the various capitals are left and those who winter in Italy or on the Riviera. These fly south with the swallows and go to inhabit those enormous caravansaries that look as though they were made of yellow toffee, melting in the sun along the Mediterranean from Costebelle to San Remo. They are not, perhaps, despite our democratic theory, quite the same as their fellow citizens that roam the Continent in summer; it takes all kinds of people to make a hegira, and those on the Riviera are of another class. How goes the line in the old operetta, with its Gilbertian ring?

For he's a millionaire
Completely free from care.

They live there in an artificial world that they have created for themselves. To be sure, they spend most of their time on promenades des Anglais or in casinos or at tennis or golf; some have yachts and actually, it is said, put to sea in them at times; but the charming scene is there—the brilliant sun, the palm trees, the flowers, the white villas, the old Provençal houses with red roofs, and the incomparable blue of the Mediterranean.

Anglo-Saxons Great Travelers

THE English have been going to the Riviera each year in increasing numbers ever since Lord Brougham discovered Cannes nearly a century ago and have made it an English social colony. When the English go abroad they take their customs with them; they have taught the hotels and restaurants to make tea ("five-o'clock at all hours," as the sign on a little French tea shop that I know has it) and to serve breakfast—no mere bite of rolls and coffee, but a meal fit for a sailor. They have established English churches, and introduced golf and all their sports, even a mild form of fox-hunting. The English and the Americans are pretty apt to gather in the same places. Their habits, their tastes, their prejudices are very much alike. They share the innocent conviction of Nordic superiority; they think that the French eat frogs, and that the French language is but an inadequate, though amusing, substitute for English. And, as Mr. Winston Churchill once said in an after-dinner speech, they are bound together by a common love of soap. Since the Americans have been going to the Riviera in such numbers the hotels have increased in size and raised their prices and have installed all those things that the most luxurious and extravagant people on earth consider necessities.

It would be risky to attempt to say what impression all these tourists make on the natives. The rich are welcome everywhere, and there is something undoubtedly ingratiating in that golden shower of $400,000,000. And yet how much does our nation ever know of what another is thinking? The Americans, like the English, when they go abroad, take their customs with them, and are surprised and indignant not to find everything done as it is at home. I suppose that other peoples do the same, though other peoples do not travel as much as Anglo-Saxons, certainly not enough to make it to the interest of hotel keepers and shopkeepers to cater to their tastes.

National and regional prejudices are queer things. The sight of loaded *chars-à-bancs* excites amusement everywhere, though just why the spectacle of twoscore estimable strangers, seated in rows in a large benched car, earnestly bent on improving their minds by looking at historical monuments, should provoke a smile, I don't know. Now and then one reads in the newspapers that some deputy or town councilman seeing so many rich and happy foreigners sweep by, and fired by the nationalistic spirit so keen since the war, proposes to tax them, but the Syndicats d'Initiative, or bureaus organized to encourage tourists, suppress his zeal by an economic argument that would occur automatically to the mind of anyone but a politician. When the franc fell to 100 to the pound, and 27 to the dollar, the shopkeepers along the Riviera betrayed a little nervousness, and a French friend explained to me that it did get on their nerves to see such hordes of prosperous people, which was only human. However, the natives bore it well—and raised their prices. Yet I fancy that they are relieved when summer comes and their allies and associates go away.

One hot morning last spring, after the season was over and a summer somnolence had settled on the town, as I was walking through a deserted street in Cannes, I heard a Provençal, standing in the door of his shop, say to his neighbor, likewise taking the air on his doorstep: "Peace at last, eh?"

However, even this summer calm is now broken, for more and more the American tourists are extending their tours in order to take in the Riviera and have a look at Monte Carlo, at least, even if it is summer. And the southerners are beginning to advertise a "summer season," having suddenly discovered that, while the Riviera is warm in winter, it is cool in summer. I offer no testimony on this point; the best way to find out is to go and see.

As the Anglo-Saxons have made over the Riviera, so have they influenced changes elsewhere, especially in all that makes for luxury in travel. These palatial hotels, replacing the picturesque old provincial inns that soon will be found no more outside of Balzac's novels, are Anglo-American, and these Blue Trains and *Rapides*, that go swaying southward at ninety kilometers an hour—they are pure Pullman. They have introduced their sports on the Continent too: golf and boxing and football. The entire vocabulary of sport has invaded the French language, and has been, or soon will be, consecrated by the French Academy. These are contributions of the English-speaking race. There are other blessings that flow from American sources alone; Americans leave a good deal of their slang in England when they go there and it takes root and grows and the Society for Pure English will have a hard time to grub it all out. And if the fears of the head waiter at our hotel are well founded—and one must hope that they are not—our cooking one day will have replaced the French *cuisine*. There is always an "American bar," and American films are in every cinema.

Jazz is Rampant

AND then, of course, there is jazz; it bangs and drones and squawks and rattles its syncopated rhythm in every hotel and restaurant from London to Cairo. It has fairly got into the European blood, and pulses day and night. I never heard it rendered any better or louder than in the Hotel des Indes at The Hague the last time I was there. An orchestra equipped with all the instruments of noise kindly obliged afternoon and evening. The violinist wandered about the room in the approved dreamy way; the banjoist sat on the piano as abandoned as you please, and the bald-headed trap-drummer (not all musicians in Europe, however, are bald-headed) in horn-rimmed spectacles—to give an air of verisimilitude, no doubt—was so overcome at times that he raised his megaphone on high and shouted out the chorus, in American, but with a Dutch accent:

Oh it ant goin' rain no mo', no mo',
It ant goin' rain no mo'.

There was a French *danseuse* who danced with dignified old gentlemen of high blood pressure, while her dancing partner and another French professional danced with all the ladies present. One was hardly prepared to find it at The Hague, the staidest capital in Europe and the seat of so many well-meant efforts toward leading mankind to something of the deep peace it enjoys itself. But jazz is everywhere, like an epidemic, and the whole world whirls in its delirium. The imaginative might conceive it as the subtle revenge of an ostracized race on their oppressors.

A Dutch friend told me that American advertising methods were by way of being adopted in Holland, as elsewhere in Europe, and he thought that they might change the complexion of life on the Continent, and that before long they should find themselves living in an altered world, brought into being by the magic wand of Barnum.

It is in most ways a democratic influence that these tourists are exerting. They are all in holiday mood, and the American on his travels is genial and conversable. He chats with everybody and is so generous with tips and so lavish with wages that he has helped to raise the cost and perhaps the standard of living in Europe. He jokes a good deal, in the traditional spirit of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and has, or affects, a lack of reverence for historical things, especially if he knows little about them.

I should like to say something about the numerous American charities and altruistic enterprises. For instance, there is the Rockefeller Foundation, which represents the most intelligent use of a large fortune, I think, that the world has ever seen; it, and the Rhodes Scholarships and the Fondation Universitaire, with their exchange of college students, are doing a work that only future generations will be able to estimate.

My American family was back at the hotel again to-day. I saw the old gentleman in the lobby, talking to the concierge. He was asking about trains.

"Nearly through with this job," he said with a sigh of relief. "Just a few more pictures to see and then I'm done."

"Haven't you enjoyed it?" I asked.

"Well, yes," he admitted, judiciously; "pretty much." And yet he can't help feeling that the Europeans are backward in many ways.

His wife came up just then.

She feels that the trip has been improving; she has taken notes, and will prepare a paper to be read before her club in the autumn.

"He's felt better," she explained, looking at her husband with wifely solicitude, "since his home paper began to come."

"We've got a good town out there," he said. "Dry ten years before prohibition came in, nine miles of paved streets, gas, electricity, pure water, good schools, good churches, tax rate one-point-ninety-five and thirty-five hundred automobiles."

"And then," the wife continued, "he has felt better since he found a place where you can get good American home cooking."

He brightened at this recollection and kindly offered to give me the address; he couldn't just then remember the name of the street; "Roo, they call it here," he explained, with his shrewd, humorous wrinkle of a smile.

I asked the daughter how she had enjoyed herself, and she said just grand.

They are crossing to England tomorrow, and sailing on the Baltic next week. They had intended to go to Holland, but the old man thinks they had better be getting home. I am sorry to see him go; there is something about him—well, something that Europe, or any place, is the better off for having.

Have YOU *been* VACCINATED *Lately?*

By L. D. PARLIN

"A HUGE population that is susceptible to smallpox is coming into being in the United States."

That is Dr. Benjamin F. Simon's way of saying that we in America do not realize that smallpox is a plague that sleeps until a vaccinated generation dies out and then comes to life again.

Dr. Simon is the health commissioner for St. Paul, Minn. Smallpox awakened in St. Paul and he conquered it by heroic measures; and after his fight was over he found himself in a position to warn all America against neglecting vaccination.

"Smallpox," he says, "was five times as dangerous in 1922 as it was in 1920. In 1920 one out of every 100 sufferers died; in 1922 five out of every hundred died. Here and there the mortality rate is increasing, reaching as high as twenty per cent in some places."

The first cases to appear in St. Paul early in 1924 were very mild. But here and there appeared a case of the ghastly hemorrhagic, or "black," smallpox. Minnesota has no compulsory vaccination laws, so the health commissioner and the newspaper editors began to prepare the public for the disease which he foresaw.

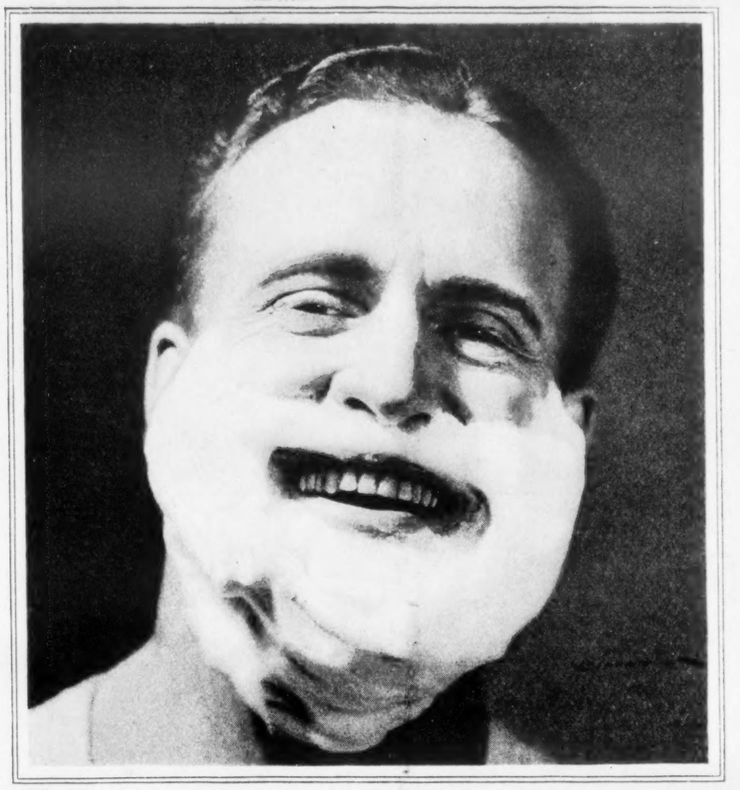
Unexpectedly, large yellow-and-black posters appeared in the city announcing that smallpox was taking victims in various parts of the state and that St. Paul citizens ought to be vaccinated. Free vaccination was offered to all.

Within a month over 200,000 citizens, men, women and children, were treated. The vaccinators were forced to move to the armory in order to secure room for the long lines of citizens waiting for their services. In one day alone 7,432 persons were vaccinated; the peak hour produced 1,100 vaccinations. To catch stragglers, night-time clinics were established. Free and tested vaccine was given to all physicians.

And the plague was stopped. In a near-by city, while St. Paul had fourteen deaths, 166 died.

Not one person who died of smallpox in Minnesota had been successfully vaccinated within seven years. A record for twenty-five years shows that 94.1 per cent of persons contracting smallpox in that time had never been successfully vaccinated; 4.2 per cent had passed the seven-year period, and only 1.7 per cent had been vaccinated within seven years. Not one of the latter cases caused death.

Dr. Simon believes that many other cities are in the plight from which he rescued St. Paul. He thinks it is about time for all of us to get vaccinated.



J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
Williams
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How does your lather finish — that's the test!

WHEN Nurmi, the great runner, toes the mark, he looks much like other runners. But under way—what a difference!

Lathers, too, look much alike at the start. Then the differences appear. One never *really* gets going—yields only watery suds. Another is better, yet dries out before the job is done. But when it's Williams, then there's lather that is lather!

Williams piles up thick on the face and holds its bulk throughout the shave.

It causes the oil film on the beard to disappear at once—so that *all* of each hair is softened for easy cutting.

And at the end of the shave, the soothing mildness of this famous lather leaves the skin as soft and supple as after a massage.

The skill of three generations devoted to the making of shaving preparations is in Williams. It is a pure, white cream, entirely free from coloring matter.

Send for a free trial tube. (Sample does not have the Hinge-Cap). Use coupon below or a postcard.

Regular large-size tube 35c. The double-size tube, at 50c, contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 34-B, Glastonbury, Conn. *If you live in Canada, address* The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

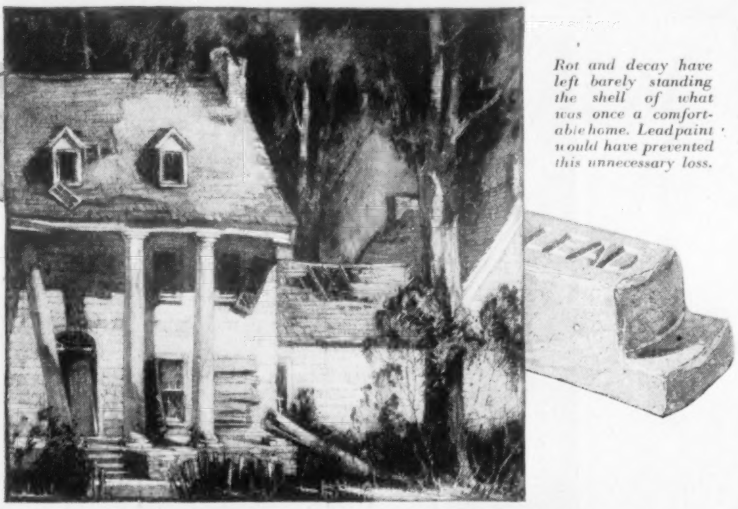
The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

Williams Shaving Cream

Send me free sample of
Williams Shaving Cream

Col. 4-18-25

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 34-B.



Rot and decay have left barely standing the shell of what was once a comfortable home. Lead paint would have prevented this unnecessary loss.

For the fire that makes no smoke
lead paint is the extinguisher

NEARLY fourteen million houses in this country are burning without sign of flame or smoke. The destruction is so slow that it is not noticed. Perhaps your own house is burning and you don't know it. Lead paint could stop this burning.

Wherever unpainted surfaces are exposed to the atmosphere, they burn just as surely as when a match is applied. This burning, or combustion, involves oxidation, during which oxygen is taken from the surrounding air. There are three kinds of combustion: almost instantaneous, or explosion; rapid, or fire; and slow, or rot. Slow combustion is destroying the fourteen million houses mentioned above, rotting wooden porch columns, window sashes, and exterior walls.

All combustion can be stopped by cutting off the supply of oxygen. You can keep the wooden surfaces of your house safe from *slow* combustion, or *rot*, by keeping them covered with a constantly maintained film of a paint that is impervious to air and moisture and does not crack or scale.

Lead paint is a real investment because it gives this complete protection to wood. It increases the value of your property and saves repair bills. It has been standard for generations. Professional painters prefer to use "lead-and-oil," pure white-lead made from the metal, lead, and mixed with pure linseed oil. Property owners specify white-lead paint for exteriors and interiors because they can depend on it to save the surface of their property.

Why people use Dutch Boy white-lead

Thousands of master painters and house owners use Dutch Boy white-lead. Dutch Boy white-lead is *pure* white-lead. It contains no adulterants to cheapen it and rob it of its merits. It is *ground fine* (it must pass through a silk screen containing twenty-seven thousand holes to the square inch). This insures a smooth, dense film with the maximum of spread. It makes a *tough, elastic* and *waterproof* film that sticks to the surface. Dutch Boy white-lead makes a paint film that *does not crack or scale* and has great *hiding* power. Users have learned to rely on the *unvarying uniformity* of Dutch Boy white-lead. The picture of the Dutch Boy Painter on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead is the trademark that guarantees a product of exceptional purity.

For exterior work use a combination of Dutch Boy white-lead and linseed oil. For flat finishes (usually desired for interior painting) mix Dutch Boy white-lead with Dutch Boy flatting oil. In either case the paint can be tinted to any color desired. Dutch Boy white-lead and flatting oil, either white or tinted, make a paint that gives particularly soft, beautiful flat finishes that rest the eye.

Send for this free paint booklet

We will be pleased to send you a new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative." This booklet tells what paint is, what paint does, and why paint protects the surface. It contains color plates of house exteriors and interiors and also of interesting and unusual artistic wall finishes that can be obtained with paint. This booklet sent free on request.

Other Dutch Boy products

In the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides white-lead there are flatting oil, solder, red-lead, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company makes, in addition, lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. Among these products are die castings, Cinch expansion bolts, Hoyt Hardlead products for buildings, and printers' metals.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to the nearest branch of National Lead Company.

"Save the surface and you save all"

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street

That Famous Love Affair

Continued from page 13

Instead, you went to Eleusis. Am I right?"

"Yes, Mother," Cæsarion confessed. "We were so weary of lessons!"

"But you did it by stealth, which shows that you knew it was wrong. Now tell me why I've asked you not to go there."

The boys stole an imploring look at Antony. From behind Cleopatra's back he gave them a solemn wink.

After waiting in vain, she continued: "I have reminded you that the booths and inns of Eleusis attract nothing but the scum of Alexandria. Is there any private gentleman in the city who would not be ashamed to go there? You have perhaps been sitting with the vilest acrobats, flute players and tavern waitresses—you, Antyllus, the son of the most powerful man alive—you Cæsarion, you are to be crowned on the Capitol at Rome. What foul stories have you heard there? What plague have you brought back with you, perhaps on these flowers in my arms? My son has not yet dared to kiss me. Why?"

Their faces blushed dark in the uncertain light. But Cæsarion exclaimed: "We drank, each of us, two cups of beer, and listened to sailormen's tales. There were no acrobats where we were, and the waitress who served us had dirty fingernails. We had something better to do than look at her! A sea captain told us how he was with you, sir, at Brundisium, and fought Libo with you, and set out with you to bring aid to my father in Macedonia. And he told us about the enemy's pursuit, and how you and he were in a frightful storm of water, and how the gods changed the wind at the last possible moment, so that you were saved, while the enemy's ships were wrecked."

"MY BOY is already growing subtle," the mother said to herself. "He has known how to set the potential ally into motion. Now we shall have it all! Hark."

Antony, in fact, had snapped at the bait.

"Do I remember it!" he cried heartily. "We were ready to go on the rocks—eight hundred horse and twenty thousand foot—when the gale shifted by a miracle. Who's your sea captain, lad? Do I know the rascal?"

"He knows you well enough, Father," Antyllus proudly replied. "He says there has been none like you since our ancestor Hercules."

Antony, rolling forward, threw an arm around the neck of each boy. Thus, towering between them, he faced Cleopatra, warmed by that victorious memory, moved by such praise as he no longer received every evening in the palace. She stood looking at him inscrutably, patiently, biting her lip, with an air of smiling not on her face but maybe in her mind.

"Come, Cleo, after all, what harm have they done! They sat down with men who taught them bravery and steadfastness—"

"Must they go to Eleusis to learn it?" the brave and steadfast Queen rejoined wearily. She shrugged her shoulders, and now a faint irony curved her delicate lips. "Brave as you are yourself, it's not you who should have been present at this interview. Well, while you are asking Antyllus how he came by that smear of rouge under his ear, I will have a word with my Cæsarion."

Gathering the half-wilted flowers into one arm, she drew her son behind the lotus-tipped pillars.

For a while they walked silently from one patch of light to another, past the dim wall paintings in which Isis and the infant Horus were always reappearing, like a motive for her thoughts.

At last she murmured:

"Never lie to me, dear. Bring your boredoms and your temptations to me for still a little while. I have never yet betrayed your trust, have I?"

"No, Mother," he faltered.

"Nothing must harm you; nothing must degrade you; your life and honor are far too precious for that. What do I live and work for, except your future? When you are a man, and I have made you king—yes, even over the Romans—I shall trouble you no longer with my discipline. Till then try to be a good boy, and make me happy."

They faced each other in the rays from a circle of candles on a stand.

How like he was to the one who had departed into the shades—the very image of her first love as he must have been in his youth! The same brow and nose, the same eagle's gaze; but she had never seen tears in the father's eyes. He had already become too weary for tears when she, as a lonely child-woman who sees a smile at last, had flung herself into his arms.

The mother and the son retraced their steps behind the painted pillars. Cæsarion blurted out:

"It is true that there weren't any acrobats; but we did meet two girls in a magician's tent and kissed them while the fellow was doing his tricks. Then we bought them honey cakes and promised to see them to-morrow."

"But to-morrow you will read in Homer about Circe the Enchantress."

"I know; who turned men into swine. Yet Antyllus and I didn't do anything swinish. We wouldn't have thought of kissing them except that the tent was dark, and their eyes were large and shiny in the darkness. Out in the sunlight they looked quite different. The one named Phannion was thirteen years old. The other, who called herself Myromeris, was twelve." He hesitated, then ventured, "Mother, if I wash my lips well, will you let me kiss you good night?"

"No, dear, you may kiss me now," she said. "The truth has washed those other kisses away."

THE two whom Rome called "the shameful pair"—those whom Egypt knew as "Royal Wife and Husband"—sat down in her study, where the walls were of softly painted stucco, the floor of glass mosaic, the furniture ivory, the rugs and hangings Persian.

Lamps of gold, representing sirens and harpies, shed their light upon a long table covered with countless papers: rolls of them standing up in precious boxes, piles of them spread out under jeweled paper weights, others in pigeonhole cases, tagged with different colored labels.

A FEW weeks before Walter Camp died, he brought to Collier's three articles on physical fitness. If he had known they were to be his last work we think he would not have changed a line. The first of the three will be published in

next week's

Collier's

Mardion, the eunuch, had been at work in the corner. Now he stood waiting to be questioned or to give advice, his plump hands folded on his girdle, his round face like a mask of wax covered all over with infinitesimal wrinkles.

Cleopatra explained to Antony:

"These letters came in to-day. Things are moving more quickly. At this rate you ought to have the whole fleet and army collected at Ephesus by the middle of winter."

SHE motioned to Mardion, who handed her a memorandum.

"Here is the list to date. We shall surely have Tarcondimotus of Upper Cilicia, Bocchus of Mauretania, Archelus of Cappadocia, Mithradates of Commagene, as well as the King of Galatia and the two Kings of Thrace. Eighteen, perhaps nineteen, Roman legions, the Greek, Jewish, Armenian and Syrian levies, the German and Arabian cavalry, not to mention the tribes that I shall call in from the desert. Tell him, Mardion, in round numbers, what it will cost as it stands."

The eunuch promptly replied:

"Twenty thousand talents, at the outside, should cover all expenses for half a year. Remember that Syria, Pontus and Armenia will send in their own supplies and a good deal more."

"It will still empty the treasury," the Queen reflected.

"There will be other treasuries," Mardion murmured, with a catlike smile. "Is there not, sir, for example, one at Rome?"

Neither was listening to him. Antony had closed his aching eyes. Cleopatra was meditating on this amazing gamble.

It was win all or lose all now—the rule of the world or irretrievable failure. She who burned the lamps every night, when all others were sleeping or drinking, had calculated everything precisely, except the spirit of the man that sat fidgeting beside her. Could he hold together such a host with those trembling hands of his? Mars had indeed been transformed into Bacchus. Could he be changed back into Mars during this next half year?

At a smothered moan from Antony, she demanded: "What in the world are you gurgling about?"

"My mouth," he declared, "is no better off than the mouth of a salted herring."

"Bring him some water, Mardion."

The hero of a score of battlefields looked alarmed. "No, no. Nothing at all, if it isn't to be a hair of the dog that bit me."

Involuntarily the Queen made a movement of disdain.

"You see," the sufferer explained, with a piteous look on his massive and mottled face, "when I cannot sleep it off, I have to walk it off. It's always been so, from the days when I first began it. How can I think of legions, kings and corn when my stomach feels as if it were at sea? I can't even read what is written here, for the wiggles before my eyes. Have pity, Cleo! To-morrow, when I am better. To-night let us take a nice long walk together. I'm sure you'll sleep sounder for it."

"Where, may I ask?"

"Why not in the city, as we used to do? Have you forgotten how we enjoyed knocking on the doors and running away, asking ridiculous questions of the passers-by or else pretending that I was abducting you? What fun you were in those times! As for me, I still have a bit of the boy in my heart."

"I admit it," she said.

"No, dearest, sheathe your claws; come out with me. How long since you've been in Rhacotis?"

"Ah, years," she admitted, and suddenly glanced down at the backs of her hands. She stood up, saying to Mardion:

"Tell the captain of the watch to have a file of Germans at the southern stairs in half an hour, armed, but in civil dress—"

"Pish!" Antony protested. "A guard for a walk in Rhacotis, and with me there to protect you? Where is that old gay recklessness of yours?"

"Very well," she consented, "I won't offend your pride in your arms, big baby. Run along and put on some suitable clothes. And don't come back smelling of cardamom seeds, or I shall stay behind."

He lifted her high in his gladiator's grip, then, letting her down, kissed her on both cheeks. He laughed:

"Who knows but we may see something new and be jolly together once more?"

THE sky was like a tent of deep purple spangled all over. There was no mist. A breeze was cooling the city.

Behind them to the east the two adventurers had left the region of great public buildings and temples. At the square before the causeway leading to Pharos Island they had turned south toward the district called Rhacotis. Before them, nearly a mile away, high in the glittering sky, they saw the fire baskets flaring in the porches of the Serapeum, the temple that dominated the quarter of the Egyptians. But those lofty beacons disappeared as they entered the narrow streets, where the blood of all races was intermingled or else about to be blended.

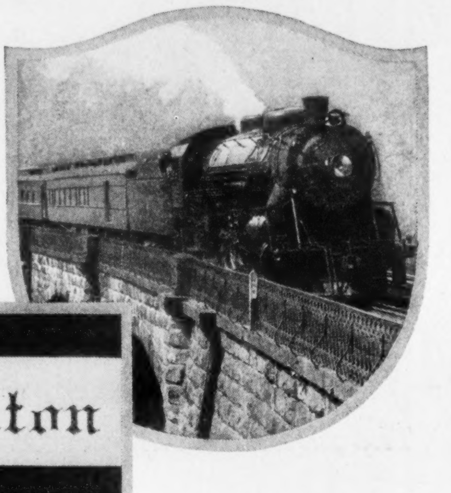
(*Continued on page 40*)

The MORAL CODE
Available for EVERYBODY

THE demand for the Moral Code for School Children has called for its third large printing. Collier's has undertaken to make possible the placing of the Code in every schoolroom in America by supplying large copies, printed in five colors on heavy paper, suitable for framing, free to superintendents of education of cities, counties and states—as many as can be actually placed in schoolrooms. But Collier's finds thousands of individuals, churches and civic organizations that desire copies of the Code; to these Collier's will supply the Moral Code for School Children at the nominal cost of 10 cents per copy, carriage prepaid. Address Editorial Extension Department, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Why the fastest trains in the world are timed with this watch

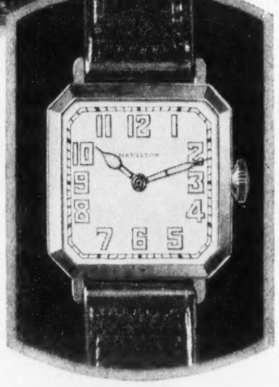
Be as sure of your time as the railroad conductor is of his



The Capitol Limited, crack B. & O. flier, crossing the Latrobe Viaduct at Relay, Md. This train covers the distance between Baltimore and Chicago in 19 hours. It has made 1261 on-time trips out of a total of 1336. Picture by courtesy of Baltimore & Ohio Ry.

At left—The new Decagon design. Hamilton pocket watches may be had in yellow, white or green gold, 14k or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $250. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.

Engineer Satterfield, of the B. & O. Capitol Limited, holding the Hamilton Watch that he has carried for twenty years. Do you realize how important accuracy is to him? Every mile of his run is based on knowledge of the correct time.



At right—The Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A timepiece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices $55 and $85.

"WHAT TIME HAVE YOU?" Ask this question of a group of business men. Out come their watches. One watch is three minutes slow, another five minutes fast, and so on. But ask this question of a group of railroad men. If there is any variation it is usually only a matter of seconds.

Yet it is so very easy for every business and professional man to have a watch as unfailingly accurate as the railroad man's. When you buy a watch, get the make he uses. For thirty years there has been one watch that has been generally favored on America's railroads, a watch that has earned the unique distinction of being called "The Railroad Timekeeper of America."

This watch of accuracy fame is the Hamilton. It rides in cab and coach of such famous fliers as the Twentieth Century, the California Limited, the Broadway Limited and the Olympian.

The secret of Hamilton's accuracy is capacity to take infinite pains. With us every watch is an individual piece of fine mechanism, tested and re-tested until final accuracy is obtained.

When you buy a Hamilton you can do so with the profound assurance that, with proper care, it will give you accurate time for years to come. Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men and charming wrist watches for women.

Send for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Address Dept. 2-D2, Hamilton Watch Company, on the Lincoln Highway, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

My Life Work

The finest shaving cream you will ever know

Let me send you a tube to try

By the Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

You have your own ideals and aims in life. Mine is to excel in a shaving cream. I devote myself to soap chemistry.

One of our creations is Palmolive Soap—a world's leading toilet soap. Now in less than 4 years, Palmolive Shaving Cream, too, has gained top place. Its success is a business sensation.

Will you do us the courtesy of trying it? Men literally are flocking to it. When we started, we little dreamed so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream.

We asked 1,000 men

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. They were not scientists. They did not know the prime requirement in a shaving soap. That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

We made 130 trials or tests

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded. Each was better than the one before. But none, in our opinion, reached the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is a monarch in its field. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

5
New Delights
Five Remarkable Results

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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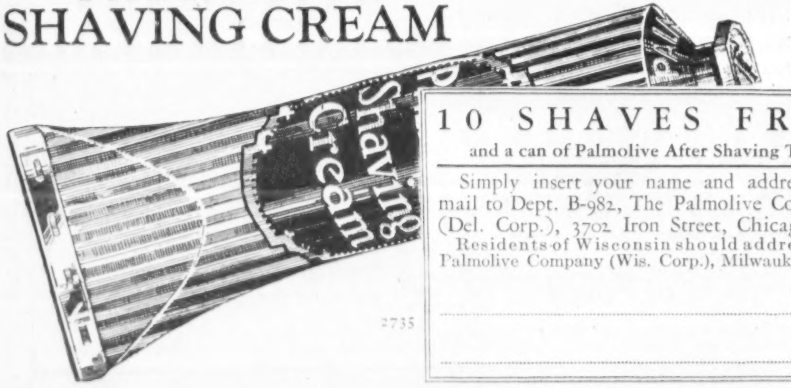
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-982, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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That Famous Love Affair

Continued from page 39

In a maze of alleys, splashed with the gleam of lanterns, they heard a babbling in Egyptian, Cretan, Libyan, Italian, Ethiopian, Syrian, Phœnician, Arabian, Gaulish, Cilician and Persian. The Queen, who knew nearly all these languages, began to be amused.

"Not so fast," she objected. "My feet are no longer used to such hard going."

"They have trod harder roads than this, however," he returned gently.

And both thought of the long struggle that had begun in her girlhood—camps and battles in the sand, sieges withstood and undertaken, rough voyages toward precarious new wars, and that last journey of hers, when she had come to his aid on the coast of Phœnicia, to find him wandering on the lonely shore, haggard, shaken from his defeat by the Parthians, who had sowed in his soul the first seeds of self-dissatisfaction.

"There's one more path," he reminded her, "that you were wont to linger on."

"Yes, the stairs to the Capitol," she assented, with an access of strength. But he made her walk slowly, his arm about her shoulder.

He had put on a coarse cloak borrowed from a slave, and a felt hat with the brim pulled down over his eyes. Cleopatra, her body wrapped closely in yellow stuff, her head and face veiled with blue, resembled one of those graceful shrouded figures made famous long ago by the artists of Tanagra. Men told one another, looking askance at her slender silhouette:

"It is a beautiful Grecian whose Roman lover is bringing her to watch the dancers."

Then, openly, even pointing their fingers at her, they admired her lovely carriage, her tiny feet, shod in yellow boots with soles of milky vellum, her whole aspect of antique elegance and grace, which qualities escaped like an irrepressible fragrance from the folds of her disguise. A ragamuffin laid a spray of iris on the cobblestones for her to step on, then followed her begging.

"You see," Antony pointed out, "in order to pass unnoticed you must cease to be yourself."

"They watch you as much as me. They think you're a myrmillo who has killed a thousand netmen."

Unconsciously he straightened himself, drawing in his abdomen and throwing out his chest.

THERE were glowing cookshops still open to the street. Bushes and placards hung at the doors of winerooms. From the outbuilt upper stories, from balconies of latticework and open loggias, came a twanging of harps, the quavering songs of women, oaths, a rhythmic clapping of hands and laughter. In the air hung the odors of frying fish, decaying vegetables, rank perfumes and sewage.

The Queen's eyes began to dance.

"Let's take the hint," she said, "and see the dancers—or rather, those who watch them. I can hear the drums."

At once half a dozen loafers were ready to show them the way. A violent squabble broke out among the guides. As if about to do murder, each bellowed in the others' faces the name of this dance house or that, of certain dancing girls, their fame and their special attractions. Eyes glared; mouths were distorted; the howls of argument drowned out all other noises. Cleopatra, catching Antony by the hand, took to her heels.

Alone in an alleyway hardly wider than a fissure between two houses, with a mass of dyer's rags hanging overhead, she sank into his embrace, panting and laughing.

"What simpletons!" she gasped. "They don't know yet that they've lost us."

Her eyes shone at him gayly in the faint light of the stars that reached them through the masses of dangling rags. His mirth died away; holding her fast with one hand, he unveiled her face, which appeared once more, in this ignoble gloom, like the happy face of a girl. And suddenly his lips covered her sweet cheeks with kisses, and her eyelids, which had languorously closed themselves, and her lips, half parted in wonder at this moment of illusion.

"Little Cleo—great Cleo," he stammered, "dear wife, faithful companion, unalterable sweetheart! If I have sometimes doubted your future loyalty, it was because I saw myself becoming unworthy of it. But you must not cast me off. I will redeem myself. Tell me that you'll stick to me till the end."

Held up in his straining grasp, she dreamed for a moment, then quoted, in her unique and all-enchanting voice, the words of Andromache to Hector, from the Iliad:

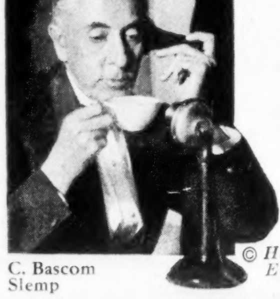
" 'It were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never will any comfort be mine when once thou hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Thou art to me father and mother, yes, and brother, too, even as thou art my goodly husband.' "

HIS strength began to hurt her; but she did not complain.

"These are the sudden events," he said, "that come to us as the unexpected gifts from the divinities round us. Lie still in my arms for one more moment, dearest. Why should there be such magic in this dirty alleyway, with melon rinds underfoot, and a festoon of shirttails flapping overhead? But when I hold you here I seem to hold all the treasure of my life, all the hope, all the joys and sorrows done with and to come."

He released her at last. Silently, her body still pressed against his, she wrapped her face in the head veil, so that he saw, once more, only her humid eyes.

In a din of drums and flageolets, stooping their heads to avoid the smoke-blacked lintel, they descended into the dance house.



C. Bascom Slemp

© *Harris & Ewing*

Round the vaulted room, flambeaux stuck out from sockets on the walls. In this shifting illumination one saw the dancers hemmed in by tables covered with wine cups and plates. They were brown women of the desert, crowned with miters of tinsel and feathers. Their painted eyes were closed as if they were asleep, while their torsos, bare to the waist, smeared with red, blue and yellow pigments, undulated to the clashings of the little cymbals attached to their fingers like castanets. There were four of them dancing. Each faced a different wall; each seemed a reflection of the others, perceived in invisible mirrors. At intervals a roar of admiration came from the spectators, whose lips remained parted and whose foreheads were covered with drops.

"This way, master! This way, mistress!" the Egyptian keeper of the dance house whispered, understanding that these were persons of certain note.

He led them to a niche in the wall out of the gleam of the torches, furnished with a table and two benches. While wiping off the board, the man chattered obsequiously:

"What shall it be, beloved of the gods? I have wine of the country, wine of mulberries and pomegranates, Greek wine flavored with resin, salt water and gypsum. If you wish to perfume yourselves afresh, I have also a bit of bakkaris and nard."

At this statement Cleopatra laughed behind her veil, whereupon Antony had the courage to say:

"Never mind the perfumes; bring us some of the good Greek."

She gave him a sidelong glance, but made no comment.

The dancers sat down on their mats, impassive, like idols that nothing but the conjuration of wild music could bring to life. The spectators surged on their benches. On all sides were touseled heads, woolly heads, bald heads, frizzled heads—Phrygian caps, sailors' hats and here and there a helmet. But when they had seethed and rattled their cups for a time a new shout was taken up, to swell into a chorus:

"Taui! Let us have Taui!"

The drums resumed their thumping. A new girl stood up alone, advanced and let a slow, homicidal smile dawn on her swarthy countenance, framed with chains of turquoise and silver. She began to quiver all over as though an icy breeze were blowing in at the door. But Antony, having drained his second cup at a breath, watched a blind old man make his way amid the tables, led by a sickly-looking half-caste boy of ten, who was naked except for a string tied round his waist.

"Look, Cleo," he prompted her.

THE spectators were cursing the blind man as he blocked their view. His face remained placid and humble at their insults. Shuffling forward, stumbling over legs, he continued to raise his sightless eyes toward the ceiling and shake some coppers in an earthen dish. His tattered tunic was ready to fall apart.

"Yes," the Queen assented, "it is a Roman."

"A Roman soldier, if I know the breed," Antony growled.

WHO is the busiest man in Washington? The President's secretary—possibly. For well nigh two years Mr. Slemp had the job. "What does the secretary actually do?" You'll find his frank answer in next week's issue.

The boy, catching sight of them, led the blind man to their table.

Isolated from the uproar by his infirmity, the beggar stood before them, staring over their heads, a film of tears always brimming those empty sockets. He was filthy, giving out as strong an odor as a flock of goats; his grizzled beard hung down over his chest; but on his extended arm were sword wounds half lost in the shriveled muscles. A profound placidity and harmlessness filled the beaked visage that had been young and fierce. The old voice went on, in a barbarous Greek jargon:

"You see, sirs, that I am blind. I haven't eaten to-day. I've taken only two coppers. If you refuse me, it's the gods who've refused me."

He started, for Antony had taken him by the wrist.

"Sit here beside me, old fellow."

"What do you ask?" the beggar mumbled in consternation, his countenance altered by fear of the unknown. "Are you a Roman, then?" Dragged down upon the bench, he shrank away when he felt a hand on his shoulder. "What game are you playing on me?" he lamented. "Have I offended you? Then pardon me and let me go."

"No," said Antony, patting the old man's cheek, "this time you have come into good hands instead of bad. Listen to me."

He whispered in the other's ear. The beggar indignantly tried to free himself. Antony persisted. Then the blind man, becoming as still as death, sat with his jaw hanging. Finally he began to tremble harder than the dancer.

Cleopatra, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hand, watched them inscrutably, as one might watch a play.

THE dancing girls were all resting and repainting their eyes. A group of Ionian sailors were bawling out a song. The dark smoke of the torches hung like a pall in midair.

"I was there," the blind man quavered, his withered fingers curling round a wine cup. "I saw you there too! In beautiful armor, not deigning to put off your scarlet cloak, you were the first over the ramparts. When you disappeared we all thought you had met your end. Again, after the sack of Lissus, I watched you come among us while we were eating. You laughed and bore the salty jokes of the soldiers, giving hot ones in return. We loved you because you were not too haughty to sit down at our tables, as you are not too haughty, even now, to make me sit down at yours. And before the last battle at Pharsalia I was with you on the left wing. You walked along our lines at the head of your officers, so splendid that the men round me swore they would go on fighting for you with their bellies ripped wide open."

Antony hugged the beggar.

"Old wolf! Were you Cæsar's man before that?"

"Yes, in Gaul, with the Tenth. Eh! the good days. Sometimes, in my cellar, I recall them one by one. A glamour of brass rises before my eyes; I see the Eagles surrounded by drawn swords. I hear the trumpets, the whir of the javelins, and the legion shouting 'Alala!' like one man. We went into their cities singing, covered with foreign jewelry, snatching, with our arms still red to the elbow, at some squealing girl who soon became so fond of us that she wept when we departed. I gained a lot of booty for myself, but lost it all, somehow. I was strong; then I became old and finally blind. Such is the life of man. But henceforth I shall remember that I sat with you, your arm embracing me."

"Is this loyalty?" Antony asked the Queen, after rubbing his eyes.

She laid a finger against her lips.

"Who is with you?" the blind man inquired, timid again.

"A lady of this country."

"Ah, yes; you are not yet old. And may your youth be eternal." The beggar ruminated, then asked in hushed tones: "Tell me, sir, do you think that you could give me a good death? I know you're going to war with that rat Octavianus. If only I could be there, sword in hand, in the first line of the legions! Not to fight, of course, but to strike just one blow into the air as we come together, and then receive the end fitting for a soldier. The rest could close up over me in a jiffy— But I speak like a fool. Why should you go to that trouble? It was because it's hard, after what I have seen, to end alone in a gutter."

Antony, pulling a ring from his thumb, called the sickly boy to him.

"Lead your old friend to the Royal Palace, kiddie. Show the ring to the men at the gates. Say that this Roman soldier is to be taken in and cared for. Forward, veteran! No need of asking for coppers on the way."

The drums began a frenzied tumult. The four dancers, who all resembled the same idol, leaped to their feet. One bore a curved Egyptian sword, another a cage containing a black dove, the third a whip, the last a vase full of fire. As they began, Cleopatra and Antony issued into the street.

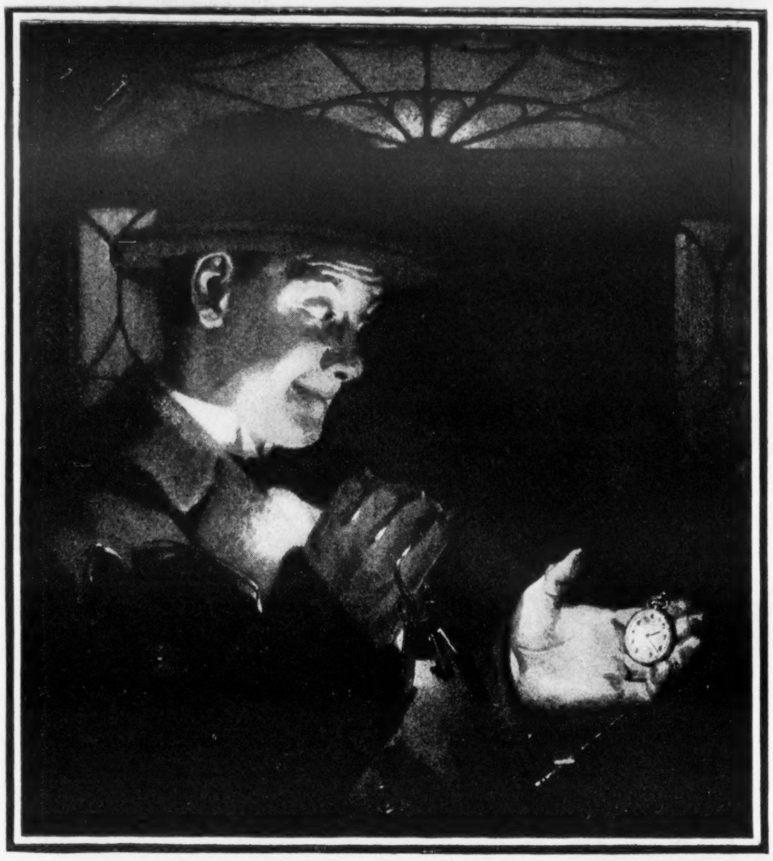
They walked in silence. The lamps became less frequent, the shadows deeper. The doors on either side were shut and barred.

"Let us go home," said the Queen. "It is late. We shall see nothing more."

Rousing himself, he mused:

"Back there is something more valu-

(*Continued on page 42*)



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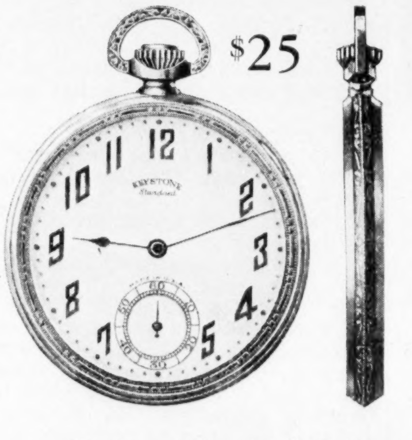

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That Famous Love Affair

Continued from page 41

able to us than the cavalry of Bocchus of Mauretania, or all the spearmen of the two Kings of Thrace. The old legionaries, remembering me with warm affection, have made me a myth for the young ones and the recruits, almost as if I were already a hero of tradition. This is worth while, Cleo. Octavianus is the object of no such feeling."

"Live, then," Cleopatra rejoined, "so that nothing can dim the luster of that fame."

He said no more, and they turned back toward the lights.

They became aware that a thin girl in gauze was walking beside them, a double flute in her hand. She was coughing and pleading faintly in Greek:

"Let me go with you, illustrious ones. Let me play my flutes for you. I have no money with which to buy even a dish of chickpeas; yet nobody plays more sweetly than Acalanthis. It is because my face has been disfigured that they won't have me; but you needn't look at my face. You will look at each other, and hear only the music."

They stopped under a lamp set before a shrine of Anubis. The flute player's paper-white countenance was revealed. The cheeks and brows were scarred all over with slashes, jagged, methodically criss-crossed and hardly healed.

"Who is to blame for it?" Antony inquired, after a pause.

"Lykas the Cretan did it," mourned the girl. "Oh, now that you have seen me you will not have me! Nobody will have me! And I am still young."

Hiding her face in her hands, she began to wail hardly louder than a kitten, between fits of coughing, standing before the two strangers struck silent by her hideousness, in the flicker of light from the shrine of the dog-headed god.

"And where is Lykas the Cretan now?" Antony persisted, joggling her elbow.

"Yonder, sir, I suppose, in Fish-Sauce Street, unless he has gone to sea."

"Were you his slave?"

"No, my lord; I was born free."

"If you know the way lead me to him."

"Marcus!" the Queen protested, laying her hand on his.

But now he was firm, and his firmness disquieted her. She knew his Roman callousness to suffering—perhaps a greater callousness than that of her own Macedonians—and how war in many lands, with all sorts of ferocious allies, had made him especially indifferent to mutilation. But she was also aware of his peculiar sympathy for little creatures like this one: musicians and tumblers, pantomimists and singers, who in other days had surrounded him on his journeys, telling him their obscure sorrows and longings, and feelings his big fingers consolingly pinch their chins.

Would there be a scuffle? She had never seen Antony in a fight. Maybe it was because she had not that the Queen—once on a time so reckless, so curious, so sure of her destiny—let her hand fall to her side.

The flute player, with an obeisance, took Antony by the cloak to lead him forward. Cleopatra followed them.

BY THE light of a tallow-dipped bulrush, they climbed a ladder staircase to the second platform. They heard a woman laugh behind a door.

Of a sudden the Queen felt that they were in a trap, midway in this black shaft like a chute in a mine, cut off from the city, before the door that concealed at least more than one person. Unhesitatingly, with her perfumed fingers, she turned the scarred face of their guide toward the little flame. The eyes were terrified but honest. Nevertheless, Cleopatra urged:

"This is a bad place, Marcus. You are mad to go on."

"Pah!" he said greatly. "A Cretan!"

He drove his heel against the latch. The door flew open; he strode into the room. He saw before him, round a table on which some earthenware lamps were burning, six men and three girls. He said to himself at once, "These fellows look no better than so many pirates." He realized the fix into which he had got his Queen.

But she, motionless on the platform, was watching, not them, but him.

They may well have been astounded by the apparition of him—a huge, broad figure, a Roman face with set jaws, blazing eyes half-hidden under a hat brim. They rose slowly to their feet like one piece of mechanism that he had set into motion. The girls, scenting death, scurried into the corners.

The faces of the men were dark and savage. Some were bearded under their chins. One wore a red cap with lappets. Two, bare to the waist, showed on their bodies the seams and burns of sea fights. They eyed the intruder like beasts of prey confronted in their lairs, intent, implacable, ominously still. On the table, amid the lamps, were a checkerboard, wine cups and a basket of figs.

"Go, Cleo," Antony whispered out of the side of his mouth.

The flute player was already gone. The veiled figure of the Queen remained in the gloom of the platform.

"Which of you is Lykas?"

A MAN shorter but broader than Antony with a gaunt, deadly visage, a broken nose and sunken eyes, answered harshly:

"I am Lykas. What do you want with me?"

"To take the skin off your back," Antony said. "Has one of you dogs got a whip?"

The Cretan sprang through the air—a knife had appeared in his fist. The two bodies met with a thud, welded themselves together, then twisted into unbelievable contortions. The quick stamp of feet was like a succession of blows. Through rents in their garments the straining muscles bulged out. But the eye could not follow those movements. There was a grunt and a crack. The Cretan slipped to the floor with a broken neck.

Antony, stooping to pick up the knife, was forced to dodge away. The others were hurling themselves upon him silently. He leaped over the table, caught up a stool, gave a deep shout of joy. His eyes were dancing; his face was transfigured. Cleopatra watched him now as one watches a stranger, while past her, unheeded, one by one, the girls darted from the room and clattered down the ladder.

"Evo!" Anthony cried, laughing happily.

He was here—he was there. As the others fell, he kicked at their heads while aiming a fresh blow. The stool had become a single leg, with which he sent the knives flying. But round him the faces of his enemies, convulsed and streaked with blood, kept rising and closing in. Then, all at once, three men managed to catch him round the body; he slipped, and one who had crawled behind him smashed at his skull with a jug.

Antony went down like a falling tower.

Four staggered to their feet. When they had regained their breath, and found a knife or two, they came to cut his throat. Their way to him was blocked by a woman who had stripped a blue veil from her face, which was as white as the winter moon. And they remained awestricken before that beautiful and terrible countenance.

"You have already done enough to merit death," she warned them icily. "Do no more, lest you merit worse."

As she spoke, the room was full of hooded men with drawn swords, blond faces congested by anger, beards like spun gold or copper.

They were the Germans that Antony had scorned.

When they had lifted him up on the table, and she had assured herself that he was merely stunned, silence fell in

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the sooty room. The Queen considered for a moment.

The great Marcus Antonius, the descendant of Hercules, the hero who was going to possess the earth, had been laid low by hoodlums. The silence of these Northern mercenaries could be counted on; but those ruffians, released, would go boasting over the seas, "It was I who broke the head of the man who wants to break the head of Octavianus." It would fly everywhere, that shameful story. It would be told in the Senate House at Rome. The soldiers of Octavianus would make a song about it. Above all, her own army, her fleet, the allied kings who were putting their trust in this man, the Romans still to be won to him from his rival!

She turned to the German captain. "Can you swear your men to keep this to themselves?"

"I and my men will die before we speak," the mercenary replied, blushing a bright red. "If desired, I will swear them now, by the gods of our own country."

"At your leisure, captain. As for these prisoners, I will be merciful. Those who live are to have this choice: they may die to-night by the sword, or they may go to the galleys with their tongues cut out. Let all the doors of this house be closed, and the street cleared, when we leave. But first take these scoundrels away. I have smelled enough blood and sweat for a little while."

WHEN he saw the southern façade of the palace rising before him in the light of its lanterns, Antony freed himself from the two German soldiers who had been supporting him. He pulled off and threw away the bandage from his head, put on the broad-brimmed hat, squared his shoulders under the cloak that the captain had given him.

"Remember," the Queen remarked in an undertone, "if you tell your Romans about this I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"I shall tell them that I caught a loose roof tile on my pate," he muttered.

"Does it still hurt, you frantic infant?"

"I am not whimpering, am I? But it annoys me that, with the best intentions in the world, I've merely exchanged one headache for another."

"Yes, merely a headache, as it happens. But tell me, Marcus, what you think would have befallen me if the Germans hadn't arrived, with you on your back inviting flies into your mouth?"

"Indeed, I'm a most lamentable escort," the culprit acknowledged. "But how in Hades was I to know that there were so many of them? I had kicked in the door, you see: I was in that embarrassment. True, at another moment I might simply have passed the time of night with them, telling them I had made a mistake in the house, and asking them to direct me to some imaginary person with a funny name. But you were there watching me, Cleo. What would you really have thought of Antony if he had turned tail before six mangy sailors? As it was, I'd have done for them all, and showed you the stuff I'm made of, if I hadn't slipped."

"May Aphrodite pity me!" she sighed. "All these years of trying; yet I'll never make you over."

"As if I didn't know already," he assented humbly, "that you are the star of the world, and I the muddy pond in which you try in vain to reflect yourself."

Down the palace steps came running a flood of torch bearers, to light them up. The guard of the night was turning out on the terrace with a rattle. In the vestibule, Mardion, the eunuch—who had made the Germans follow them after all—showed a sly look of satisfaction on his bloated face. Quickly leaving a group of ladies-in-waiting, some Romans, already half-tipsy, wearing wreaths of roses, came forward to greet the truants. Smiling and bowing low, they exclaimed:

"Hail to the New Isis and the New Dionysus, returning in triumph after rejoicing their people!"

"Yes," the Queen said dryly, "we

(*Continued on page 44*)

Make Your Own CHOP SUEY

MILLIONS of Americans have the chop suey habit to-day without knowing why they like the stuff and without knowing of what it is made; they are eating it on faith. But there is no great mystery in chop suey; in your own kitchen you can prepare a far better dish than the best Chinese restaurants put out.

The basic ingredients of chop suey are onions, celery and soy sauce. You may buy the soy sauce in pint or quart crocks at any Chinese grocery—and there is a Chinese grocery in every city where there are a dozen or more Chinamen. Simply fry your onions and celery in peanut oil, olive oil or butter, add the soy sauce to taste and serve with steamed rice.

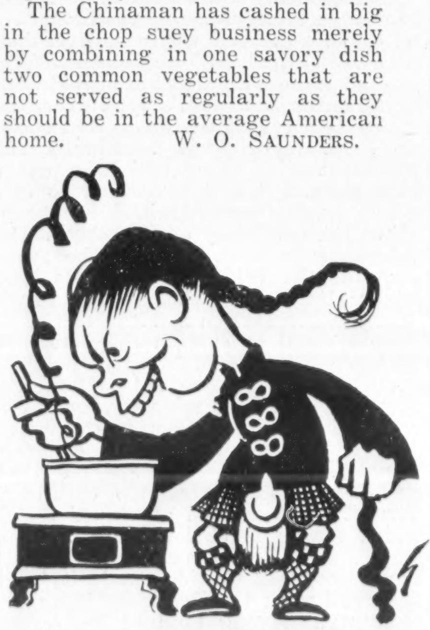
That's the simplest recipe for chop suey. To this simple base you may add chicken, pork or beef cut in strips; or shrimp, lobster or oysters. You may further improve the dish by adding finely sliced Chinese water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, mushrooms or roasted almonds—any one or all of these. You can get the bamboo shoots and water chestnuts in cans from the Chinese grocer.

One and a half pounds of Spanish onions, a large stalk of celery and the breast of a hen or a can of shrimp is ample basis for a service for five or six persons. The other ingredients, including the soy sauce, should be added sparingly or to one's individual taste.

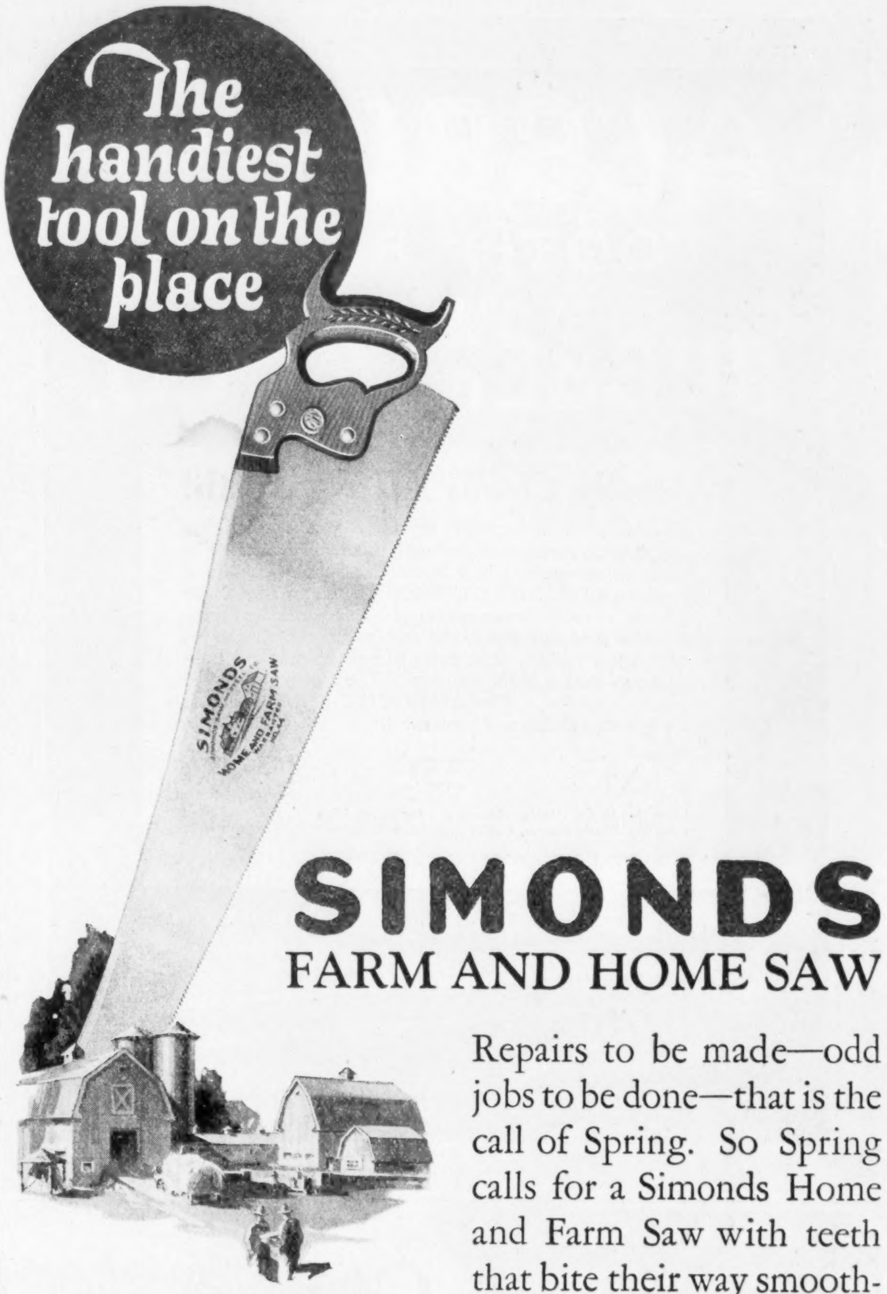
And don't worry about the little, white, wriggly things you find in your dish of chop suey in the Chinese restaurant; those little, white, wriggly, wormy-looking things are simply a cheap filler which your cunning Chinaman utilizes for profit; they are made by sprouting little green Chinese beans. A pound of these beans, costing about fifteen cents, will swell to almost a bushel of sprouts if kept wet in a warm room for five days or a week. You may omit these bean sprouts to advantage, for it's the combination of onion and celery that's good for you and supplies the vegetable filler which every normal human digestive system needs and craves.

The Chinaman has cashed in big in the chop suey business merely by combining in one savory dish two common vegetables that are not served as regularly as they should be in the average American home.

W. O. SAUNDERS.



Your cunning Chinaman utilizes those little, white, wormy-looking things for profit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That Famous Love Affair

Continued from page 43

have indeed rejoiced them. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I leave you alone to your own pleasures. I have had a surfeit of mine and am off to bed."

She touched Antony's hand, turned on her heel and moved away, a diminutive figure in the midst of the lofty hall, which was like the hall of a giant's mausoleum, with its gold-encrusted ceiling far overhead, its columns springing up as if into a remote and glimmering heaven, its wall-niches, as large as town gates, adorned with colossal statues of the unhappy Ptolemies.

The eunuch followed her noiselessly from apartment to apartment, where the guards came to attention and slaves kept kneeling down.

"Go away, Mardion," she uttered at last. "I shall not work to-night."

She went on alone, more solitary, as it seemed to her, than in many a long day. Lonelier than when, as a girl and a fugitive in Syria, with everyone against her except the unknown Cæsar, she had drawn out of her own character the strength to win from her enemies this power, this wealth, this splendor, this hatred of Rome and this undying fame. Her little feet were sore; weariness dragged at her limbs; depression stole into her mind. Yet she walked on with that inimitable grace of hers, buoyant, fresh to the eye, like a maiden returning from a promenade in a garden.

She entered the children's apartment.

They were slumbering in their small beds beside the nurses' couches. She leaned over first one, then another, changing the position of a chubby arm, making a curly head more at ease on its pillow. Then, after standing there for a while, she forced her weary feet to bear her onward.

"Cleopatra is no longer young, no longer young," she breathed to the moving likenesses of herself, reflected on each side in polished marble.

She knew that the brown and yellow slaves of the dressing-room were waiting for her yonder, with their cosmetic boxes and unguent vials, prepared to aid her once more, before her sleep, in the struggle against Time. But they would not be able to draw out, with their flexible fingers, the age that was in her brain, or the disillusionment and uneasiness that were beginning to enervate her spirit like an insidious poison.

She passed a guarded vestibule and entered the antechamber of Cæsarion's rooms. An armed slave, who had been dozing on a threshold against a flowery curtain, jumped up, although the Queen had made no sound.

"Is he asleep?"

"Sound asleep, Magnificence."

So she contented herself with pressing her cheek for a moment against the flowery curtain, as if it had been the cheek of her son Cæsarion, her hope and prayer, her reason, nowadays, for everything.

The Great Test

Continued from page 10

he comes to a question which interests him he reads it aloud and answers it laconically rather than specifically, cautiously but not evasively, though weary withal. When he speaks definitely it is without much force; when he speaks indefinitely it is without any humor. Such is the attitude which he turns to the reporters. Such is the attitude which they in turn must reflect to their readers as "the White House attitude" upon any given public question. Recently twenty members of the House of Representatives filed into the White House to ask for a certain place for Governor Groesbeck of Michigan which the President might have bestowed. When the delegation had talked itself down and had no other word to say, he spoke up rather coldly, something like this:

"Now, gentlemen, the resolution overriding my veto to the postal salaries bill is pending in the House. I am interested in it. How many of you are with me? I should like an expression."

The delegation was astounded. No such crass interference by the Executive with the power of Congress ever had been seen by the White House before. The leaders of the delegation had been fighting the President's veto. But the other members of the delegation spoke up in a friendly way. Finally the President said: "That will do, a pretty fair showing," and proceeded to clip out some dry noncommittal comments about the candidacy of Groesbeck. The delegation retired, and on the front steps of the White House made loud lamentation. Nevertheless the President's demonstration had its effect. The Senate voted to sustain the veto, but with nicely tempered irony in the vote, sustaining it by one more than the necessary one-third minority, leaving a rather definite impression in the White House that the Republican congressional leadership had studied that sustaining vote rather too carefully. The situation created an armed truce, which makes it obvious that all the stage managing of the campaign and all the tremendous Coolidge majority will not avail with the President if he attempts the strong kind of leadership which Roosevelt or Wilson essayed. So we are facing four years with a rather tense situation about to unfold. If there is no session of Congress until December 7th possibly the tension will relax, but it may recur. It always will portend while Coolidge is in the White House.

It is the battle of the myths in the hearts of congressmen that produces this dramatic tension in Washington. Congressmen and senators do not know the President. Less than any President in a generation do they understand this one. So congressmen and senators fall into two hostile camps: those who believe in the superman Coolidge and those who believe in the minus man Coolidge.

It is significant that during his four years in Washington and his occupancy of the White House up to the time this is being written Coolidge has made no open enemies—no regular Republican at least dares to defy him publicly. But, alas, neither has he made any strong friends in Congress, no affectionate and devoted followers who will defend him against those who secretly plot against him! He seems to be insulated against any emotional contact, whether of hatred or of devotion.

His first public act upon coming to the White House was to join the Congregational Church. He has been a Congregationalist by birth, environment and church attendance for many years. Mrs. Coolidge and his children were members of the church in Northampton. Even before he was sworn in as President, apparently something in his nature called out for a definite statement of his faith. It was characteristic of him that, in those days when his heart was troubled by the things of the spirit, he doggedly went to work inquiring, reading, fitting himself for an intelligent and final decision. That decision seemed to come to him in Plymouth before Harding's death. He came at his decision slowly. There was no Congregational church in Plymouth, so he took his time, as he always does in decisions. Then came Harding's death.

The spiritual impact upon any man who assumes the Presidency—the tremendous weight of responsibility, the astounding consciousness never leaving him that something of the faith of 100,000,000 Americans, and through them all men in the civilized world, rests upon his decisions, upon his smallest daily acts—gives the man a new relation to life, shakes him fearfully in his inner-most heart. When he arrived at Washington from Plymouth to enter the White House for the first time as its master, the precise processes of his mind and heart had their creed ready. Probably some of the New England Congregational pastors with whom Coolidge had been talking, to whom he had been writing for books, let the Congregationalists in Washington know something of the state of the President's feeling.

The Sunday following Harding's death President Coolidge attended the First Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., a church which he has been attending since he came to Washington as our President. He had known the pastor, Dr. Pierce, in Amherst.

The Sunday after Harding's death was communion Sunday. The President attended as usual. Dr. Pierce extended the usual invitation to all persons, whether or not members of the church, who accepted Christian principles as the guiding force in their lives to partake of the communion. At that time and for the first time Mr. Coolidge publicly partook of communion, but did not unite with the church.

This happened in August.

In October the National Assembly of the Congregational Church met and the President was nominated honorary moderator. Dr. Pierce said that when this happened he was "sweating blood" for fear that somebody would rise and ask whether the President was a member of the church. The question, however, was asked of him privately. In behalf of the Assembly, Pierce then sent the President a telegram advising him of his election as honorary moderator and asking him whether he would accept. He personally, then, sent a second telegram asking the President whether he would not unite with the church upon the profession of his faith as of the date of that Sunday in August when he first publicly partook of communion. To this the President assented and that is the explanation for antedating the President's admission to the church. The next Sunday he went to church as a member, without spectacular initiation, in perfect Coolidgian fashion.

One often sees him in the White House, not in the office building annex, but in the family rooms, a shy figure, sometimes walking two or three times across one end of a room in and out of it, before being able to turn to a friendly group chatting in the corner. But when he does turn he will appear before the group, sometimes, if they are strangers, standing a bit detached, throwing in some little cosmic scrap of conversation, unable to plunge into the midst of the social chatter. Mrs. Coolidge and his son stand in no great awe of him. He is no stern, awesome father in the Coolidge household. Openly and merrily they mock his quacking Vermont drawl, which is the highest testimonial to the beautiful family relations that prevail in the White House. Once, early in the winter, when Mrs. Coolidge had a gathering of wives of the great around the White House table at luncheon, they were thrown into a flutter by the first announcement that the stork was hovering over a well-known national household. Suddenly it occurred to all the guests and the hostess to wonder as to the date of the expected visit, and the question buzzed up and down the table. The spare little man at the head of the table, in the master's chair, had said no word, given no sign that he knew what was in the social wind. Finally in a lull he snapped in:

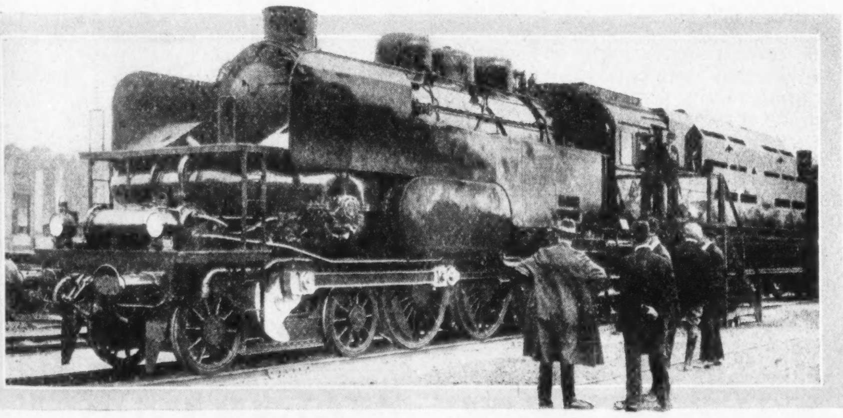
"Middle of February, I understand."

That was all. He had known the whole story, possibly for weeks, and no word or hint had come from him to the wife of his bosom about the big news of the day. He enjoyed more than anyone else, though wild horses could not twist a smile from his face, the triumph which his five words brought to him.

The Coolidge bashfulness does not keep him from enjoying parties. He does not like the kind of parties that Harding gave—select, jammed with stuffed lions and sometimes too noisy with good fellows. The Coolidge parties, on the Mayflower for instance, are always made up by the President himself. He picks friends, or those whom he might come to know as friends. Then he avoids them and enjoys them to the limit.

A most human man he is, back of the mask. When sorrow came to the Coolidges in the summer of 1924 and their son Calvin was taken, the President was terribly broken. The boy was like his people, looked like his father, was a thoroughgoing Coolidge. Yet the President found few words to assuage his grief by releasing his expression of it. He was inarticulate in his woe. He did not let the storm in his heart reflect itself upon his face. He went through the whole heartbreaking public ceremony, realizing that his office gave him no pri-

(*Continued on page 46*)



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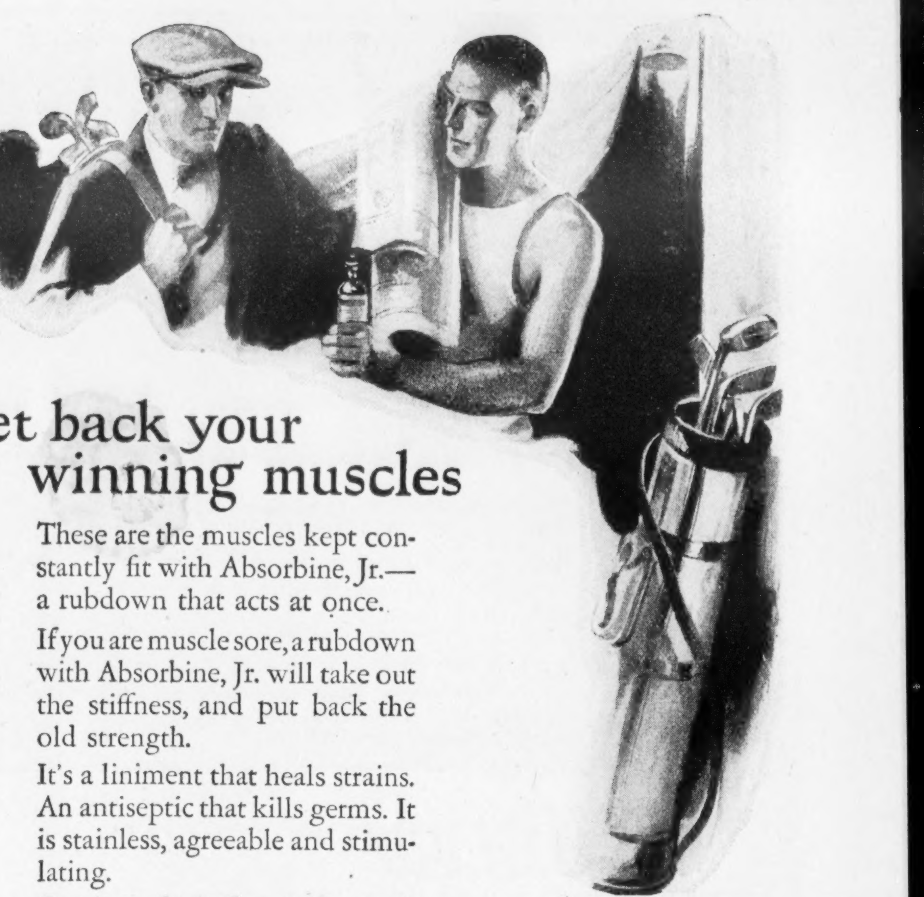
By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

OF TREMENDOUS importance—for it threatens to doom even our most highly improved type of piston-driven "iron horse"—is a new hybrid engine, the "turbo-loco," built by the Krupp works in Essen. The boiler and cab part of this locomotive looks like an own brother to one of our Yankee moguls. But the portion around where the "cowcatcher" ought to be appears to have suffered a collision and been telescoped into a shipment of steam turbines. Those turbines mounted in the prow are the "kick" of the whole device. In its simplest terms, this Essen invention is a steam turbine plant on wheels, "many times as efficient as the piston-driven engine, and with an economy of fuel amounting to nearly fifty per cent." This is the message which Henry Zoelly, a Swiss engineer, brought recently to the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Economy appears to be the "turbo-loco's" middle name; it even economizes water. The tender carries a special device for cooling the exhaust steam so that it may be used over and over.

New photographs recently received from Essen show several types of these new locomotives. In one, the steam turbines generate the power for a perambulating electric plant. Thus the idea enters into direct competition with schemes for electrifying railways.



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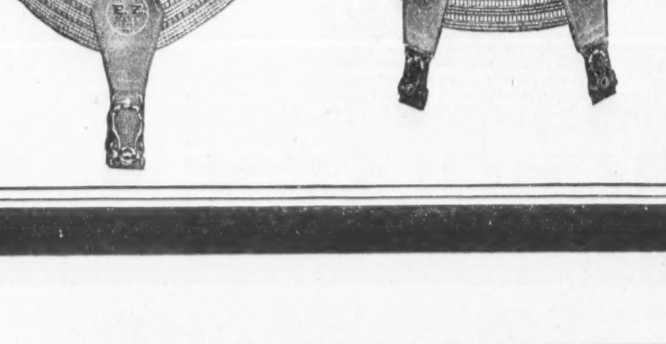

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, *of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1925*

State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank A. Mansfield, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Comptroller of P. F. Collier & Son Co., publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, John B. Kennedy, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. (owners); stockholders of P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; George D. Buckley, Hearst Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; A. E. Winger, 52 East 19th St., N. Y. C.; Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; Joseph P. Knapp, 52 East 19th St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Peabody, Houghteling & Company, Chicago, Ill.; First Trust Co., of Appleton, Appleton, Wisconsin; Knap Securities Corporation, New York City.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. F. A. Mansfield, Comptroller.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1925.
[Seal] Michael J. Ducey,
Notary Public, Bronx County, N. Y.
(My commission expires March 30th, 1926.)

The Great Test

Continued from page 45

vacy, with no flinch or flicker on his face that betrayed what his heart was enduring. A friend came to him in sympathy, spoke some gentle word, and after a silence the President said, as unemotionally as though he were discussing some remote, impersonal thing:

"Yes, he got a blister on his heel. Used iodine. Nothing could be done."

Only that, and he stood looking mutely at the floor. Behind the man raged all the tumult of his grief.

Coolidge is embarrassed by his tremendous majority in the campaign of 1924. It is so big that it means nothing clearly except a protest against radicalism, whatever that may mean. Coolidge should be constructive; he must be constructive. But the crossword puzzle of the Coolidge character, imposed upon our national heart and mind, which makes him the man of the hour, is not solved by the election. We have words that don't fit. Our foreign policy, for instance, and party regularity cannot be combined. Coolidge has a majority in the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate if he cares to make that majority out of its Democratic members and his Republican adherents. But he cannot make a Republican majority. He can approach his foreign policy only in the spirit of compromise, which means surrender, or he can compromise with party regularity. What will he do? In his domestic policies he is in something the same position. If New England dominates the Republican party, it cannot produce a majority in Congress. If Coolidge goes outside of New England to produce a majority in Congress, he must accept Democratic support. He came into the White House as he has come into every situation in his life—ignored, snubbed, insignificant. Congress flaunted him in the session of 1923-24.

The gravest question in American politics to-day is this: Will those qualities which won success for Coolidge in Amherst, in Northampton, in Boston, suffice him in Washington? Can he rise above neglect and contumely as he has risen? Can he repeat himself in the White House? The crossword puzzle is not solved; time alone may solve it—time and the times. Things move swiftly these days of radio and airplane, thought transference, sales resistance and mass psychology. We do in years what our fathers did in decades and our grandfathers in centuries. Coolidge has ever been a man set in his way before any given problem. But he has never been a man who could not change his ways when problems changed. He voted with the Rooseveltian Progressives in the Massachusetts legislature and was a mild, nonpoisonous variety of Rooseveltian. If the property-worshiping masses of to-day change their idols to-morrow Coolidge, who unconsciously takes the protective coloring of his time, will change with them if he repeats himself. He has had, always, to change in order to repeat. He sloughed off Vermont in Amherst; sloughed off Amherst in Northampton; sloughed off Northampton in Boston. And as the governor who welcomed President Wilson in 1919 with a League of Nations speech, he sloughed off Massachusetts in Washington.

If the times do not change, the danger of Coolidge probably will be stubbornness. With all his virtues, he seems to have inherent in him a lot of determination to have his way. He can change his ways with the hour, but he cannot be persuaded to give up his ideals for expediency. Such are the faults of his virtues. These are not dramatic times. Coolidge is an undramatic personality. In this much the crossword puzzle fits: he has the conviction of his times. But whether or not he can take strong leadership, can make his private sentiment our national policy—that is a serious question. If he can repeat his achievements in every other station to which life has called him he can do this thing. But the pitcher may go to the well once too often. He has never failed in a crisis. The betting odds are with him.

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The Last Man

Continued from page 19

looked at his man, his rigid and unrivaled pride of hatred and contempt. Then he said coolly, "Very well. Tit for tat. You don't want me, and I don't want you."

Snake looked at him with interest. "Not bad," he muttered. "All right. But not so fast. Answer my questions."

The doctor met Snake's eyes. "It depends on the questions."

"Well, here's one. Are you one of the good people?"

"What are they?"

"They do good to others."

"No," said the doctor gravely. "I'm not one of the good people."

"Then why did you come here?" asked Snake triumphantly.

"Because," said the doctor lightly, with a faint smile, "my friend Joe over here came and told me he had some rare pickings for me, a morsel I wouldn't miss."

"So it's that," snapped Snake; "you like to see the specimens laid out."

"Well," laughed the doctor, "call it an appetite for life—a pretty husky appetite."

"It must be a strong appetite," said Snake, "to gnaw at a bone like me."

THERE was silence. Joe shifted about uneasily, while Snake kept looking the doctor over. Then he said, "Why did you bring your wife?"

"Couldn't get rid of her," said the doctor, laughing. "I've a cold in the head, and she's afraid I'm getting sick, so she won't let me out of her sight."

"Yes," Snake mused, "some women are like that."

There was silence again. Then Snake painfully shifted his position a little, bringing his face more toward the doctor. He groaned as he turned.

He spoke slowly, but still with a certain evil in his voice, a touch of blighting malice, a quality which made Sonia grow pale and shiver and clutch her hands tightly together.

"Doctor, the real reason I don't tell you to go straight to hell is because I've got to speak to a man on two counts. My Chinese friends won't do in this emergency. They're all right, but they don't talk my lingo.

"Get this. I've never taken a man—or a woman—into my confidence. I've never blabbed, confessed or opened my works. I've set my hand against everyone and had every man's hand set against me. Nor have I any fear of a judgment and a God that takes an eye for an eye.

"At the same time, call it anything you want. I've got to talk to a man before I die. It's—yes, it's what they call putting your house in order. Why it's so, I don't know and don't care. Maybe it's an instinct, like spitting into your enemy's eye. But whatever it is, I've got it. Shall I shoot?"

"Yes," the doctor said.

"Doctor," said Snake, "I was born what I am, and I've been true to what I was born. My mother was stupid, my father was hard. I was against them from the start. I liked to torture things, whether it was a bird or a cat or a dog or a woman. I liked to steal. I liked to set fire to a house and see the people behave. I liked everything that was called bad and hated everything that was called good.

"I'm a Jew, Doctor, the same as you, and the Jews are supposed to be a pretty good people, at least when it comes to family, to mother and father, and temperance. Well, I never took to liquor or dope; but, barring that, there was no temperance in me, and as for being a Jew, if Satan was such, then I was too."

A racking cough stopped him and his eyes burned bright with fever.

"You'd better rest a little," suggested the doctor.

"No," he snarled. "It's now or never. Not that I have much to tell. The history of my crimes? Nothing to it. It's just that I want to tell something I've never told before; the manner of man I am."

He stopped to give a final cough, then went on. "Doctor," he said, "I'm the last man."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said Snake, "one evening I passed a Salvation Army bunch at a street corner, and I heard the boy saying: 'And in the New Testament it says that the scum of the earth shall be crowned on high. It says, "The last shall be first."'

"I thought that over," Snake continued, "and I concluded that it wasn't so with me. I've seen all sorts of people. I've seen them here on the Bowery and along the river and in all the hell-holes of the city. I've seen them in hospitals—the battered-in wrecks, the loony people, the dopes, the demons and all. And I've been in prison and seen all the low-downs. But I never met myself anywhere. They that were the scum scorned me. Why? I was the last man."

His glare was almost one of triumph.

"You get me, Doctor? Even the low-downs drew in their skirts when I passed. A man with my record ought to be a hero and a king in prison. I was bad enough to be great. But not so. They felt that I didn't even have the honor among thieves you hear so much about. I was against them, and they against me.

"You see, there was something in me that made me hate my kind. It didn't matter to me whether a man was a saint or a criminal. He was the rotten stuff they call human. That was enough."

"And," put in the doctor, "did you hate yourself too?"

"Only when my pride ran low," snarled Snake, "only then. When my pride was fierce, when I felt like spitting in the face of creation, then I liked myself. That was being true."

"What you're trying to say, then," said the doctor, "is that you knew no one as evil as yourself."

"Evil?" cried Snake. "That's what they all say. But I've seen that evil lurking in the good people too, so I'm not so sure. But call me the last—the last man—the one cut off from the human race—and you've got my secret."

"You've never loved?"

"I never loved a woman or a man. And I've never had a woman love me but in the end she loathed me."

"Were you lonely, ever?"

Snake winced. "You've touched the spot, Doctor. That was my weakness. I could have died a thousand times, but my pride kept me up."

THERE was again a deep silence. The house seemed asleep; the room was steeped in a deep hush. Joe stirred uneasily; Sonia trembled, unable to take her eyes from the terrible face against the pillows.

"Is that all?" asked the doctor.

"No," Snake's voice quavered a little. "There's one thing more. I said I had to talk to a man on two counts. And now I'm showing you I take you for a man, for now I'm showing you where I'm afraid."

"Go ahead," said the doctor.

Snake shook in his bed, and then he said in a series of gasps:

"Take the lamp . . . open the closet door . . . push aside the clothes . . . there's another door behind in the back wall of the closet . . . open that door . . . and go inside . . . you'll see what I mean."

Joe whistled softly. "So that's the layout."

He rose. The doctor went to the table and took the lamp. Sonia stood up also.

"Hadn't you better, Sonia—" he began.

"Let her see," said Snake.

He opened the closet door, and with his free hand pushed to the left the clothes hanging on a rail. The inner door was disclosed. He turned the knob, pushed it open, and entered an inner room, Sonia and Joe behind him. This inner room was not without beauty. Curtains of yellow and black Chinese silk hung at the sides of the dormer window. There was a rug on the floor,

(*Continued on page 48*)

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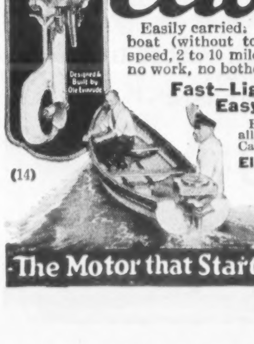
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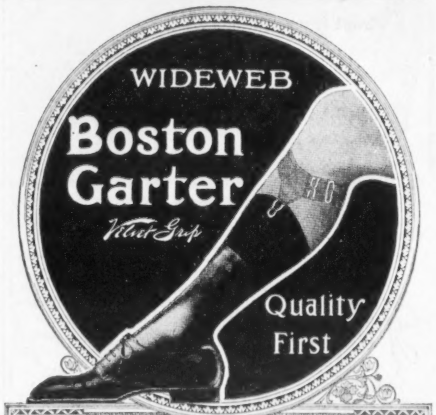

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The Last Man

Continued from page 47

pictures on the wall. The furniture was upholstered in blue. The walls were a pearl-white.

And in a corner stood a little bed, and as the three approached they saw, by the lamplight, a child, a girl of perhaps six, fast asleep. Her hair was a soft yellow, her face was calm and beautiful.

They were more amazed than if they had stumbled on a heap of skulls. Something like awe kept them silent. This bit of innocence, of unspoiled and lovely childhood, this secure little spirit who slept so soundly; this, as against the terrible man dying in his cot, the last man, was overpowering.

The doctor quietly turned and led them back to the other room. . . .

As they entered, Snake watched them sharply. They sat down. Then the doctor spoke. "Who is she?" he asked.

"I'll tell you," said Snake, his chest heaving. "All of six years ago, just after getting out of prison—I haven't been in since—I had one of my spells. Loneliness. There's nothing like it in the world. It's nakedness. It's a big eye looking at yourself. It's the terror, you know.

"I walked down by the river, and there at the end of a wharf I saw a basket. I looked in. In it was a baby. I thought: 'Some woman almost as low-down as I left it here.' So I took it home. She's been mine since.

"I've lived quiet since then. It gave me a good feeling to have someone to steal for. It was, I suppose, more homelike and less lonesome than just raising the devil for the sake of raising him. And I brought her over here, because the Chinese can keep their mouths shut and I was afraid I'd lose her if the cops got wise. They wouldn't have her contaminated," he sneered, "by anyone like me.

"But they didn't get wise. And she's as good as gold. Just my opposite. She's good all through, and loving. And she and I did well together. She's the only creature on this earth who was willing to take in the last man and make him at home.

"So that's that, and you don't get another word from me. Only this: There's a bit of money, the Chinaman who owns the house will give it to you. It's for her upbringing. And you see, Doctor, I trust you: I know you will find a home for her, a place where she will be happy, after she forgets me and mends her heart."

There was profound silence again.

"You promise, Doctor?"

"I promise," he said in a low voice.

"It's enough," said Snake.

Again they were silent. . . . Even then a strange rattling noise began, and Snake heaved and sank down.

The doctor leaned over him, Joe and Sonia came to the bedside.

"No, not dead—but going," snarled Snake. "And what do you think of the last—the last—the last—" he made one terrible effort that almost brought him to a sitting position, "the last—*man?*"

Then he fell, and lay where he fell.

The doctor leaned over again. "He's dead," he said. . . .

Give Human Nature a Chance

Continued from page 15

never known a man in my life who was temperate and good because the law told him to be so. If common sense doesn't teach the lesson policemen never will.

Now, at ninety-one, I have just as much pleasure out of life as I can stand. I go to the theatre regularly, but I'm always in bed before midnight. I work every day. The weather makes no difference to me. This business of ducking seasons to which one is born is not the best thing for middle-aged people. The old are entitled to it, but the longer they can go without it the younger they are.

I've reduced my diet steadily since I was sixty. Now I eat fruit and cereal and drink one cup of coffee for breakfast, get a light lunch of chicken or fish and vegetables and eat my heaviest meal in the evening—all told, about two pounds of food and liquid, exclusive of water, a day. It might be useful to remember that diet when you get to be ninety. It's about half as much in quantity as my diet was at fifty, and, as I'm about twice the age, the mathematical proportion is scientifically correct.

It's quite true that there are men of sixty and seventy who eat and drink heartily. But they are freaks, not types. I believe with Henry Ford that the worst thing for any engine is too much fuel.

The great mass of people refuse to put a limit to their pleasures. They don't know when to go slow. They put reverse English on the philosophy of living for to-day instead of for yesterday or to-morrow. They want to crowd every twenty-four hours, when time won't be crowded.

In the years when I could do it, sixteen or eighteen hours' work was nothing extraordinary. Most men and women of middle age use their energy to that extent now, but they work at amusing themselves instead of advancing themselves. Indeed, with all the added forms of pleasure, it seems to take more hard work to get a good time nowadays than it ever did.

Moderation, adopted as a day-by-day life plan and not as any self-righteous demonstration, enables me to use all my faculties now. I can go through my day without the aid of crutches, ear trumpets or glasses. I read three hours out of every twenty-four—newspapers, magazines and books. And I'd just as soon read a best seller as a classic, although the classics are the foundation of my reading, as they should be of everybody's. At eighty-six I read "The Sheik" and enjoyed it just as much as any of the striplings who took it too seriously.

There isn't an innovation in art or science affecting everybody's lives that I don't try. I listen in on the radio every day and talk over it occasionally. I'm fond of making speeches because my friends tell me I make good ones and I agree with them. I go to the movies, and I do everything that's modern except tote a flask.

Conscious exercise never appealed to me. It doesn't yet. A man gets plenty of exercise if he's active—unconscious exercise, which is the best kind. I've never held a golf club and never shall.

Anybody can be old and happy if he once learns the secret that happiness is not a matter of age, but a state of mind. Enjoy things as they are. Remember that you get the respect you earn, no more, and that if the young appear to be heartless it is merely because they are thoughtless, as we all were when we were young.

Thoughtful consideration for others is a product of experience and responsibility. The inexperienced and irresponsible are to be pited and taught. Scolding hardens them.

Above all things, in the philosophy of living for to-day and letting the past stay gone and the future be patient, learn that argument avails nothing; it irritates you and doesn't convince your opponent. Reasoning is another thing, and much rarer.

Old Joe of Peekskill summed up the lesson of life when he was dying: Give human nature, including yourself, a chance, he said. It's lasted a long time and always turns out well in the end if you don't push it.

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How Far Can They Hit 'Em?

Continued from page 14

unwinding his 210-pound body, would find the golf ball just beginning to rise as it cleared the center field fence of any ball park ever built. And it would then hold its flight for another 150 yards on beyond. We have seen Tolley on a rain-soaked course reach the green with a drive and a spoon on a hole measuring 540 yards in length.

Hitting a polo ball is still another art. Here, as in tennis, the effort is one-handed and in addition there is the timing handicap of the galloping pony, where greater concentration is needed than any other sport demands. Polo is the most exact of all the competitive arts, calling for rare horsemanship as well as hitting ability.

Three of the hardest-hitting polo players in the world are Tommy Hitchcock, Devereux Milburn and Luis Lacey. The first two are famed members of America's Big Four. The latter is the brilliant Argentine-Englishman who has starred on Argentine and British teams. How far can they hit a polo ball?

"I have seen Tommy Hitchcock," says Devereux Milburn, "hit the ball slightly more than half the length of the field, which is 300 yards. Luis Lacey, in one of the Argentine invasions, also reached this range, which is, however, something unusual."

The figures quoted include both carry and roll. Tommy Hitchcock can hit the ball as far as anyone, and he finds a polo carry of 100 yards takes his ultimate effort at hitting. There are few in polo who can carry beyond 70 yards and to get beyond 90 is something well beyond the ordinary.

Hitchcock, Lacey and Milburn are all brilliant horsemen, and so are able to come upon the ball with perfect balance. But when a safety shot is attempted from a distance of 50 yards it is a rare occasion when the ball carries well past the goal in flight. Once in a while a Hitchcock carry will be above the posts as it passes over, but unless a hurricane is blowing it is almost impossible to carry over 100 yards.

Hard Hitting Makes Appeal

THERE is a vast difference between the make-up of a polo ball and a golf ball. One is made of wood, the other largely of gutta percha and rubber, extremely elastic substances. The golf ball is the most elastic missile of the entire lot. The modern baseball, with the cork center and the improved quality of wool wrapping, is much livelier than the old ball, which held the home-run record at twenty-five for nearly twenty-five years. Yet a baseball isn't nearly as elastic as a golf ball is. Babe Ruth has driven a golf ball close to 300 yards on the carry, about twice as far as he has ever hit a baseball.

Bill Tilden, with the lashing power of his wrists, should be able to hit a golf ball a long way, but it doesn't follow that Jack Dempsey could, although his tremendous arms might be trained to get an unusual range.

There is a difference between slugging and scientific hitting. Neither Cobb nor Keeler, averaging above the fold for many years, was ever a home-run star. Bobby Jones can keep in close sight of the longest hitters in golf, yet he is content to keep down the middle with a drive quite long enough. At Oakland Hills with a favoring wind one of his drives finished up 352 yards from the tee, and that is quite long enough. The hole was over 500 yards, and he played a mashie niblick on his second shot up to the pin.

Scientific hitting carries the greatest value, but the boom of the long wallop is still the sweetest music to the multitude. There is an added appeal in raw power. The man who can hit one further than anyone else, or the man who can hit another human harder than anyone else, will never be called upon to exhibit his wares to empty seats.

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IN the United States today, it is estimated that over half a million people a day are cleaning their teeth in a new way. These are people who used to have dull and dingy teeth. That is why you see gleaming teeth wherever your eyes turn.

Now leading dentists tell how to clear up dingy teeth. A method that supplants old type dentifrices—combats, without harsh grit, the stubborn film that covers teeth and makes them ugly.

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. This offers you free a 10-day tube of the way authorities advise combating it. Simply mail the coupon.

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Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And a chief cause, according to world's dental authorities, of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the common cause of pyorrhea.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

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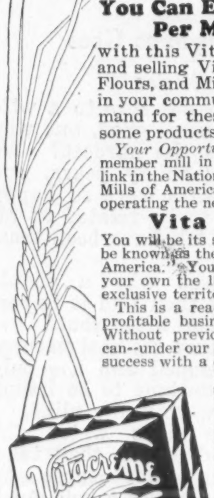
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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

MODESTY seems to be a common virtue among What's On Your Mind readers. Letters come in signed with such descriptive names as "Hopeful," "Disillusioned" and "Irate Citizen." But the Post Office Department needs more definite directions in delivering mail. So please, when you write in about what's on your mind, send your real name and address. We'll give you a pen name if you wish, but we must have the real one, and your complete address, for record here.

There's Paint and Paint!

To the Editor of Collier's:

A good many tourists passing this way say what is needed most in this section of our country is a coat of paint.

That is true about our buildings, and I have been trying for ever so long to induce some of our women to share their supply of paint with many of our close-fisted property owners, but the women come back with the argument that a coat of paint improves the faded-out face of some women as much as it improves the surface of many old faded-out barns.

As we have been having "Thrift" weeks and "Pay Up" weeks and "Old Home Coming" weeks, I move that we have a "No Paint" week and let the women of the land refrain from using paint for one week and the next week have a "Paint Up" week and the paint that the women saved during the "No Paint" week be used by the property owners on the neglected barns and dwellings and then see the difference. Do I get a second to my motion?

W. G. Cox, Burlington, N. C.

When Happiness Goes

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your Ten Commandments to a wife and to a husband were good, but why call the first years the hardest? We have been married thirty years, and the first twenty years were so happy they do not seem to be related at all to the last ten, which have been most unhappy.

One often wonders why a couple raise a family and then find it impossible to live together after that.

I think it is because the real natures of each have developed and the only couples that can continue to be happy are the ones that were really alike.

During courting days watch the straws, see what direction they take. If a girl finds her suitor coarse and vulgar just once, or shows a hot, quick temper one time, remember that later in life he will not be able nor care to conquer it as he does now when young. If it is hard work to get him to go to church now it will be impossible to get him there after thirty years. Did he flirt just once and spoil the picnic? If so, he will always be discovering some interesting woman and paying homage to her. It does not matter in the least if she be inferior to his own wife. He will be devoted to her till he meets another.

My problem still is how to get along with a man who is not at all like the young loving man I married.

H. B., Vermont.

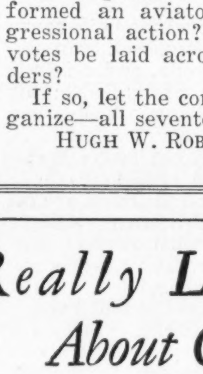
A Bill That Didn't Pass

To the Editor of Collier's:

Once more the Winslow Bill, which would have done more than anything else possible to advance commercial aviation, and so supply a military aviation reserve, has failed to be enacted in the House. And not because of any opposition but simply because the House couldn't find the time!

The only groups seeming to desire the bill were the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Bar Association, the National Aëronautic Association, the Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce, the Navy, the Army, the Post Office Department, five other governmental bureaus affected and the great American public.

The only groups opposing the bill were led by General Indifference and Major Debility, both of the House of Representatives staff.



In 1783, Benjamin Franklin witnessed in Paris the first free balloon ascension in history. He was asked for his opinion of the value of this new instrument. His reply was:

"Of what use is a new-born babe?"

Congress seems to be asking: "Of what political value is a new-born industry?"

Is it possible that there must be formed an aviators' bloc to get congressional action? Must the threat of votes be laid across the solons' shoulders?

If so, let the commercial aviators organize—all seventeen of them.

Hugh W. Robertson, New York.

When White Really Learned About Coolidge

IN THE Republican National Convention of 1920 William Allen White was a delegate from Kansas. He was elected by the convention to notify Calvin Coolidge of his nomination for Vice President. He had acted as reporter for a syndicate of large newspapers during that convention, as well as a delegate and a member of the committee on resolutions and also of the subcommittee that wrote the Republican platform. As a reporter William Allen White went to the Democratic Convention. Worn out by the raging conflict, he went to Estes Park, Col., for a rest. From there he notified the Republican organization that he could not serve as chairman of the Coolidge notification committee. He held no great admiration for Coolidge then. Probably he went into the investigation of the life of Coolidge for Collier's with a rather detached interest. He went to Vermont, then to Northampton, and when he came back, if he had come to scoff, he remained to pray, for his attitude had changed. The Great Test, on page 9, is the fourth and last of Mr. White's articles on Calvin Coolidge. It indicates something of his changed attitude.

The Modern Helpmeet

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wonder if all the wives who read "Why Men Won't Marry" will let the comment pass—

"A wife to-day is not the asset she was a hundred years ago, when she contributed genuine service to the home."

My mind goes back, quite naturally, to my grandmothers and what I have been told of their lives. They contributed—that is sure. One raised twelve children, the other fourteen! They retired at the age of forty, in soft woolly shawls and lace caps, and at fifty-two they passed out—I hope to a land of rest. They were not rich of course, only in their work.

Now for the modern version. I was married at twenty to the finest boy in town, we lived for some time on fourteen dollars a week and kept house. At the end of five years we owned a splendid lot in the suburbs and were on our way. We have been married now twelve years and our richest possession is a healthy, happy youngster; also, my husband is teller of the bank, we own our home, our automobile and our youth.

I like to think I have helped—that I have given real service. Our town is full of worthwhile girls, happy wives and contented mothers. Mr. Johnston should travel out of his way a bit before he tells the world "Why Men Won't Marry"!

Mrs. G. G. M.,
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

The Fleet Finns

To the Editor of Collier's:

In reply to Dan Patch, I'd like to say that the Finns are not total abstainers. Of course all athletes must abstain while in training.

The Finns do a great deal of skiing. The muscles used in skiing are exactly the same as those used in distance running. Because of that fact their endurance is naturally very great. With such a fine base to build on it was just a matter of time before they produced the marvel Nurmi.

You may remember the Kohlemainen brothers of a few years back. Hannes told me that his skiing was responsible for his endurance. The style in which both Ritola and Nurmi run suggests the gliding motion of a ski expert.

J. W. Brooks,
Buffalo, N. Y.

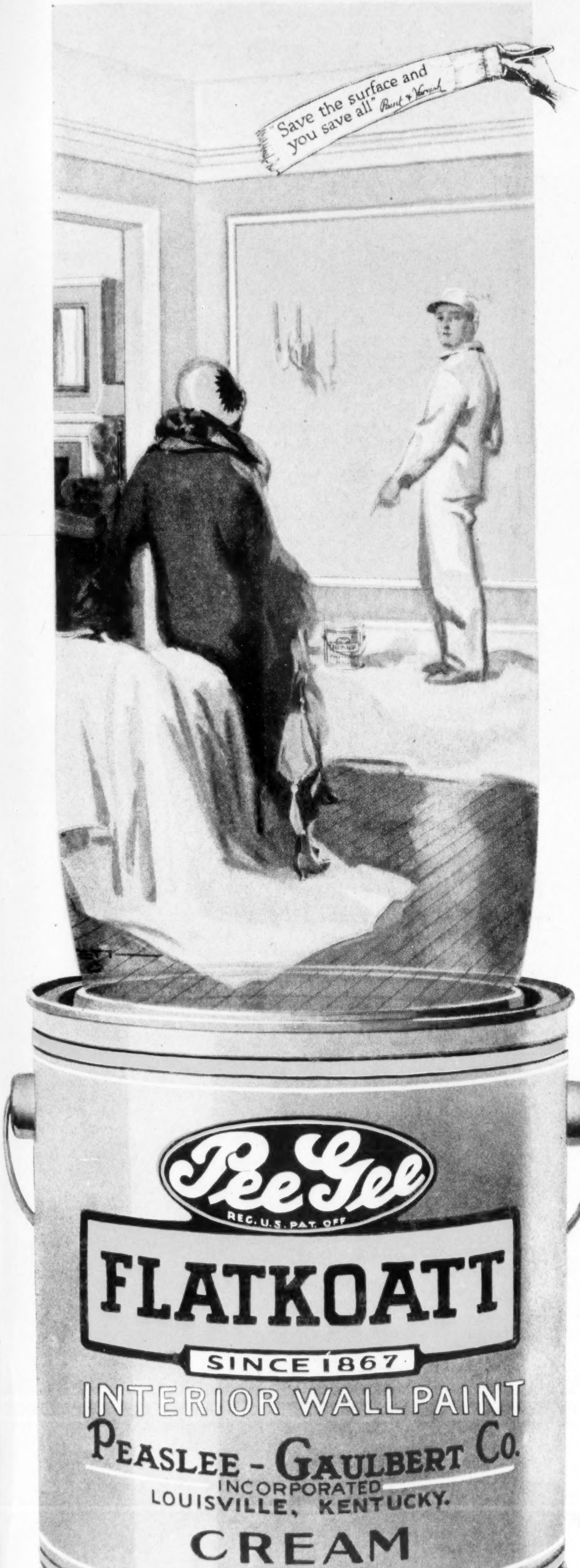
"Commence Firing!"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Is the girl of to-day losing her feminine grace through too much sport? Fifty years ago a girl would never think of walking boldly forth in breeches. To-day they think nothing of such immodesty.

Where will such boldness stop? The flapper of to-day does not even resemble a woman. What with bobbed hair, paint and powder there is very little of the original woman left.

Two Respectable Old Maids,
Medicine Hat, Alta.



Beautifying home interiors

So conspicuous are walls and ceilings that they mar or make any home interior. In using Pee Gee Flatkoatt the home can be made bright and cheerful.

A flat-oil finish, durable, sanitary and soft in tone; it is made in a rich range of colors. There is a choice to harmonize with any furnishings. It is capable of innumerable decorative effects and can be easily cleaned.

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Pee Gee Mastic Paint: The economy of its great covering capacity, durability and protection to property values—lessening cost of upkeep and minimizing repairs—has made it an important factor in community life. It beautifies while it preserves, retains its luster when inferior paints "go flat."

Pee Gee China Enamel: With charming effect Pee Gee China Enamel Gloss White is used on doors, stairways, pillars, wainscoting, and all interior or exterior woodwork. It gives a smooth, hard, brilliant finish that does not yellow with age. Also made in various tints and eggshell finish.

Pee Gee Floor Varnish: With your eyes and those of visitors on the floors of your home, you flush with pride at the smooth, flawless and mirror-like finish Pee Gee Floor Varnish has given them. And to this is added the satisfying thought that they are kept so with very little effort.

Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac: By staining, varnishing and waterproofing in one operation Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac serves in a threefold capacity. It restores to original freshness and beauty furniture, marred woodwork, scruffed floors, faded bric-a-brac—whatever time has dimmed or usage impaired.

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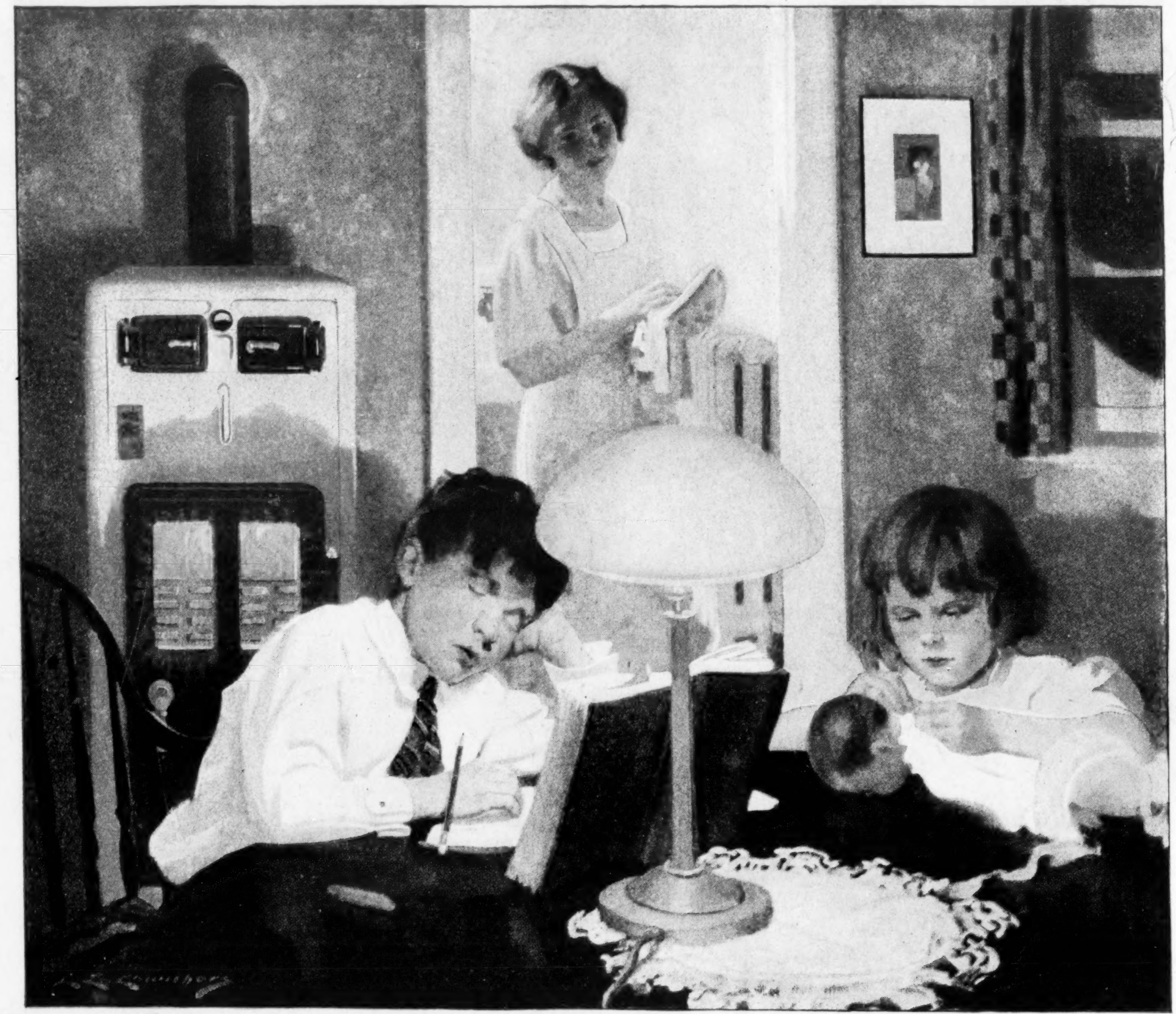

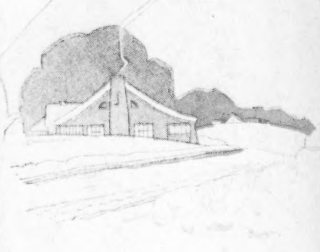

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A little fuel at morning and night and the new ARCOLA almost runs itself—thanks to its wonderful self-regulating damper control. This saves care, steps and fuel. Send for the new ARCOLA book that gives the full facts.

the answer is Arcola", says Mr. O'Brien

"When I arose this morning," writes A. L. O'Brien, whose home is at Lake George, N. Y., "it was twelve degrees below zero on my front porch, but it was 70° inside. The answer? ARCOLA!

"Last winter," he continues, "we baked around the usual 'parlor stove' while water froze in the adjoining rooms. This winter the landlady installed the ARCOLA Heating Outfit, attached with an American Radiator in each room. The results are unbelievable. Our coal bill's cut one-third; and we have even hot-water heat the whole house through.

"The increased rental does not dampen our satisfaction and provides an annual return of about twenty-two per cent on the investment for the owner."

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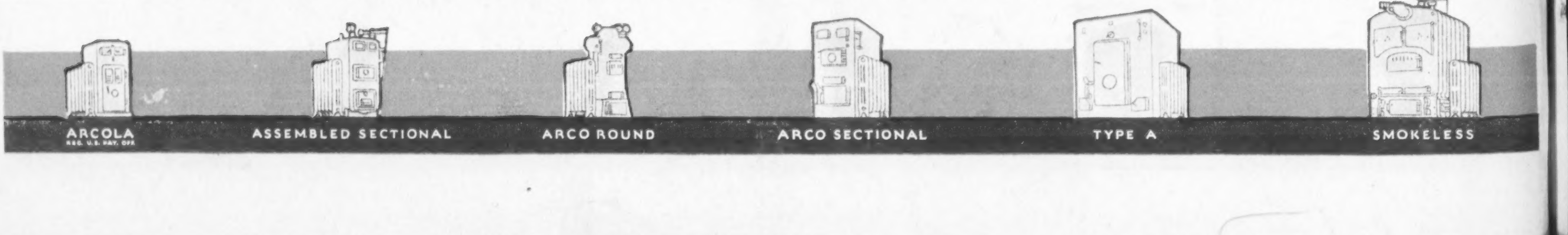IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED